

**DOCK
WALLOPER**

THE STORY OF
"Big Dick" Butler

RICHARD · J · BUTLER

AND JOSEPH DRISCOLL

G · P · PUTNAM'S SONS

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**The Story of
"BIG DICK" BUTLER**

**By RICHARD J. BUTLER
& JOSEPH DRISCOLL**

FOR the real low-down on New York, this is the book. Tourists don't know this side of the town at all; many a resident is equally ignorant. Startling frankness characterizes this story of a giant Irishman from London who fought his way up from the waterfront slums to the New York State Assembly and won international renown as the forceful ruler of longshoreman activities in the Port of New York during the World War.

Dick Butler is the man who smuggled Harry Thaw out of Matteawan. He was dangerously close to the Becker-Rosenthal murder case. He is no saint, as he himself says; he is a bit of a rogue and a rascal, and most charmingly so. But if you want to run for Governor or open a saloon or gambling house, consult Dick Butler by all means.

Big Dick has experienced the joys and sorrows of being elected and indicted, of being exalted and arrested, canonized and exorcised. He is a rare, racy character and the original tales he spins are as salty as the sea breeze that sweeps up the Hudson and ventilates his own beloved Hell's Kitchen.

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G · P · PUTNAM'S SONS · NEW YORK

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MANUFACTURED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
AT THE VAN REES PRESS

INTRODUCTION

BIG DICK BUTLER is an original living character right out of Hell's Kitchen who is not to be confused with Trader Horn, Baron Munchausen or Sinbad the Sailor. What he relates is the gospel truth, mellowed and strengthened by age like the whisky of which he is so fond.

What a memory the man has! He remembers not only the nice things that prim people store away among their souvenirs, but a variety of happenings that are startling, indiscreet and highly unethical. Why, the man has no shame, you will say; and correct you are. Dick Butler lost his conscience in the cradle and he never regained it. He didn't even try to find it. In politics and the dock walloper's rough and ready world, he quickly learned a conscience was no great help to progress.

For unabashed frankness, the memoirs of Butler are akin to the "Confessions" of Jean Jacques Rousseau. The comparison would please Butler. Not long ago he picked up a copy of Rousseau at a cut-rate Times Square shop because the book was cheap, and he reads it over and over because he thinks Jean was one swell guy, a bozo who was content to be himself and not a plaster saint.

INTRODUCTION

Seemingly Butler knows more people in all ranks of human society than any other New Yorker. He's on to everybody along Broadway and he's equally at home over in Hell's Kitchen or down at City Hall. He has friends among Governors and gangsters, politicians and thieves, judges and con men, cops and palookas, authors and actors, rum runners and speakeasy folk, show girls and waitresses. In politics, business and sport he knows Who's Who and also Why. He is the Peck's Bad Boy of the Big City.

He has been on familiar terms with Presidents and Mayors. He has rubbed shoulders with reformers, grafters, gamblers and bawds. He was never one to be choosy about his company. He is no saint, as he himself says; he is a bit of a rogue and a rascal, and most charmingly so.

He broke into politics under the colorful Big Chief Devery and was elected to the State Assembly by the simple expedient of bashing skulls and having his army of repeaters cast ten ballots at a time.

Politics was a springboard from which Big Dick proceeded to dive in all directions—into leadership of the longshoremen's, ironworkers' and teamsters' unions, the opening of one saloon after another and the promotion of enterprises ranging from boxing to rum running.

His literary associations were precious. He was waiting to guide David Graham Phillips to local color around the docks when Phillips was assassinated by a maniac. He was asked by Frank Harris to smuggle "My Life and Loves" into this country. It was as a favor for

INTRODUCTION

his friend, Alfred Henry Lewis, author of "Wolfville," that he kidnaped Harry Thaw from Matteawan.

"I'm one of those fellows who never likes to see anybody in trouble," says Dick. "When I see a fellow in trouble I'm sorry for him and try to help him out."

That's Big Dick's guiding philosophy. He is a sort of direct-action Clarence Darrow who would empty the jails and prisons if he could. In helping others out of trouble, he involves himself in reckless undertakings, but a reckless life appeals to his untamed nature. His Celtic humor keeps him from taking himself too seriously.

In editing Butler's story an attempt has been made to preserve his salty vernacular, with due regard for the sensibilities of the public. A few of his more trenchant expletives have been dropped, but their purport may be imagined.

It was a pleasure to help Dick assemble his narrative, and this was done in the fitting atmosphere of a Broadway hotel room, to the accompaniment of gay parties in the adjoining suites, speakeasy smells and taxi horns. Dick's method was to sit on the edge of his bed, remove his black derby, coat, vest and shoes, loosen his tie and let down his suspenders. Then, in that unforgettable fog-horn voice of his, he would boom forth his yarns of days that were gone. At the risk of losing his trousers, he would now and then jump up from the bed, extend his fists, and act out some of the hand-to-hand battles in which he figured. A pint of "Lincoln Inn" on a bedside table served to oil the cogs of memory.

By one or two o'clock in the morning, we'd have

INTRODUCTION

enough material for a chapter. Dick would put on his shoes, vest and coat, adjust his suspenders and tie, cock his derby at a rakish angle, and sally forth to prowl like a tom-cat about the city he knows so well.

JOSEPH DRISCOLI.

July 11, 1933

CONTENTS

Introduction	v
1. Irish in London	3
2. Longshoremen on Parade	11
3. Father and the Vanderbilts	21
4. Romance in a Beer Garden	32
5. Politics and Big Bill Devery	47
6. Rough Stuff and Tammany	65
7. The Gay Assemblyman	77
8. How to Open a Saloon	84
9. Racketeers in Labor	98
10. The Wicked Tenderloin	110
11. The Ethics of Grafting	129
12. The Becker-Rosenthal Murder Case	140
13. Kidnaping Harry Thaw	153
14. A Fugitive with Thaw	165
15. On Trial with Thaw	177
16. War—German Spies—Bribes	193
17. The Big Strike	205
18. Al Smith—Whitman—Miller—Gaynor— Curry—T. R.	222
19. Courts and Fixers	237
20. Man-About-Town	250
21. The Kaiser's Yacht—My Ship Comes In	259

DOCK WALLOPER

THE STORY

OF "BIG DICK" BUTLER

CLEWS TO THE BUTLER VERNACULAR

IN THE KICK—in the pocket or purse
SO I RECOGNIZED THE PLACE—allowed a resort to operate,
protected it
CHAVVIES—children, brothers
THE OLD MAN DIDN'T SLUG ME—father was kind
I WAS TIED UP NICELY—dressed neatly
HANG ME UP FOR IT—charge the drinks
DORNICK—half a brick, Irish confetti
WEALTHY WATER—champagne
JOHNNY-ON-THE-RATHOLE—ever alert
TENEMENT HOUSE PIANO—accordion
LITTLE BUNDLES—small people
A BIRD, A LULU—great
HURDY-GURDYS—ballot boxes
CON A SUCKER—deceive a dull-wit
KEEP YOUR NOSE CLEAN—be careful
DO THE BROADWAY ACT—spend money without restraint

CHAPTER ONE

IRISH IN LONDON

I WAS born into strife and poverty and for half a century I've been fighting to get away from it all. I'm still short of my first million, but I've got my health and my memories and far be it from me to complain.

The Butlers were kings in Ireland, so I've been told, but I guess every Irishman was a king at one time or another, just like every Mexican soldier used to be a general. The Irish are great people for looking up their family trees, sometimes when they'd better let the dead alone. I remember my father was proud of his ancestry and of the Butler crest, with its six cups, three feathers and a crown and the words "Comme Je Trouve," which are supposed to mean, in French or Gaelic, that the Butlers take things as they find them.

Imagine a longshoreman with a coat of arms! That was my father for you. Let old Tom Butler have his crest, and a mug of mulled ale, and a tin flute to play Irish jigs on, and he was happy as a lord, whether in the back room of a pub or in front of the fireplace at home. He was a fine, upstanding working man with a big beak of a nose and a flowing walrus mustache that almost hid the flute he was playing.

DOCK WALLOPER

My mother, Margaret Holleran Butler, was a good-looking little woman, with a full share of nose and chin and a pair of sharp blue eyes that could laugh or scold. She had a pronounced cockney accent until the day she died—and she lived to be one hundred years old.

I, Richard Joseph Butler, was born within sound of London's Bow Bells, and the saying is that everybody born within earshot of those chimes is a cockney. However, I've never had much of an accent of any kind; I suppose the Irish brogue fought with the English cockney and both lost out.

My family on both sides came from Tipperary, when the potato crop or the poteen failed. I was born too late to see my grandparents, and I wasn't fated to have my father for long. Father was one of seven children. I was one of two; brother Bill was born three years after me. Seven's been my lucky number, so I had seven boys of my own, and added three girls for good measure.

The Butlers were one of the largest clans in Ireland and I did my best to spread their numbers in America.

It was in July, 1875, that I arrived on the scene. London's East End where the Butlers held forth was something like Manhattan's West Side waterfront, with poor dock workers living in squalid shacks and hovels. Our family occupied a plain two-room cottage on Park Street, along the river Thames, near Peckham Rye and the old Kent Road and not far from London Bridge and the Tower, Limehouse and the West India docks, and the foreign colonies of Irish and Jews. Our street was about as wide as an alley, and we had a community

IRISH IN LONDON

dustpan at the foot of the street instead of individual ashcans in front of the houses.

Tom Butler worked on the Thames docks, loading and unloading ships. He was a capable man, but work was scarce; he was paid by the ships and not enough ships came in to keep him busy every day. His earnings averaged about two pounds a week.

He liked his beer and ale and whisky, too. He didn't have much education, but he had the gift of gab and he was always spouting off in the pubs. The pubs were opposite the docks and he didn't always come straight home. Mother would be worried then, but she busied herself keeping the kitchen and parlor in apple-pie order.

Evenings when father did come home were happy hours for me and Bill. We sat on his knees and he played the "Cuckoo's Nest" on the straight tin whistle that passed for a flute. He played like a major. Irish airs, sailors' hornpipes, nothing was too difficult. He also played the jews'-harp. He had a big one and he played it like hell, with his wild mustache getting in the strings. I've inherited his musical talent. I can play the jews'-harp and the accordion, or, as we say in Hell's Kitchen, the tenement house piano. Father tried to learn me to play the tin whistle, but I was never much good at it.

While father played for us "chavvies," as he called us—"chavvies" is French, I guess—mother would be heating the iron poker in the coals. Then she would stick the red hot poker into a pint of ale, and the music would stop suddenly while the mulled ale was passed from

DOCK WALLOWER

mouth to mouth. We children shared in the ale with the grownups, and waxed strong on the stuff.

Saturday nights father would comb his mustache and put his tin whistle under his arm and make the round of the pubs, playing and drinking all night long. He was a corker. Sunday mornings he would be too tired to get up and go to church. My dear mother was a devout Catholic—she had met my father at church—and she and Father Donnelly, the parish priest, saw to it that father went to mass.

I remember one Sunday mother summoned Father Donnelly to the house and the tiny white-haired priest in the rusty black clothes picked up a stick and chased father all the way to church. Father was big enough to lick all the priests in the country, but he feared them more than he feared God.

All in all, he was a good father. The old man had a donkey, a little jenney, that he used to take us riding on up and down the street. He was trying to hold me on one day, but I let go and fell off, landing on my head, which may account for a lot of my actions since. I've never cared for donkeys or horses since that accident.

The Butlers have fierce tempers, which may explain why the family had to move from Ireland to England and from England to America. I wasn't much more than knee high to a grasshopper when Tom Butler got into a jam on the docks and had to leave London in a hurry to keep out of jail. He may have busted somebody's skull, for all I know. Mother didn't care to discuss the matter, but I heard that the trouble started over father's

IRISH IN LONDON

coat of arms when some wiseacre said "Comme Je Trouve" meant the Butlers took things where they found them.

Father rushed home after the battle, threw some belongings in a grip, and kissed my mother, my brother Bill and myself.

"I'm going to America," he said to my mother. "Take care of the two 'chavvies.' As soon as I get enough money saved, I'll send for you. England's no fit place for an Irishman, anyhow."

Father Donnelly, who had married mother and father and christened us boys, helped father in his getaway.

It was a pathetic scene at home—mother left with us two kids, and not a penny in the house.

To crown our misfortunes, I had to let a horse step on me and break my left knee cap. I was taken to Guys Hospital and three doctors gathered around my bed and agreed it would be best to cut my leg off. One of the doctors was a Jap named De Kocci or something like that.

The fact that I never lost that leg, and have only an ugly scar to show for the accident, is due to my spunky mother.

"I'll cut the heart out of the first doctor who lays a knife on my boy," she told the sawbones.

She was a game lady. She could fight as well as a man, and did on occasion. She could drink like a man, too.

To support the family during my father's absence, mother went to work in the Kent hop fields outside London. The hop pickers work during a season of six

DOCK WALLOPER

to eight weeks in the autumn after the hops ripen. They don't make much money, but they have a lot of fun, singing at their work. You'd think they were on a picnic.

Men, women and children work side by side. The hops are picked like grapes and dropped into baskets or bins holding about eight bushels, and when the bins are full they are carried to carts. The hop pickers work in companies, and each company takes its orders and gets its pay from a hop-sheriff. I was pretty young to qualify for a company, but just the same I helped mother to fill up her bins faster than her fellow workers.

Mother rented herself out for the season, and took Bill and me along with her wherever she went. We were better off out in the country than back in the city streets. The fragrance of the hops was supposed to be wonderful for the lungs. Eventually the hops went into Guinness' Stout and Bass' Ale, and that was good, too.

Every morning mother went out to the big bends, where she picked the hop vines. Bill and I sat alongside her. At night Mother Butler and her two "chavvies" slept on bags of straw in farmers' barns. Some days while we were out in the fields, the donkeys sneaked in and ate our bedding.

When the hop season was over, the radish season began. Mother worked on small truck farms, picking radishes and bunching them for the market. She had a big pocket in her dress and she used to stow away some radishes for herself. There was a little larceny in her, I confess.

My injured leg was mending nicely, and I had fun

IRISH IN LONDON

pushing a toy wheelbarrow full of dirt, playing at being a farmer.

As my mother and the other women from the London slums labored on the truck farms, they whiled away the hours by singing old songs like this:

Water cress, fine water cress,
My cress, I took from shallow brook
Some miles away at break of day
When slumbering in your beds you lay.
Bunches a penny, some at less
O, my cress, fine water cress.

Back in the city, my mother had a hard time keeping our home a-going, but she refused to be downhearted. Whenever she and four or five old gals around the neighborhood got a few shillings together, they'd have their beer. Mother sang like a nightingale at the pubs after a couple glasses of beer.

Now and then we received a letter from father, who was in New York. He had worked his passage as a stoker, taken out citizenship papers and gone to work for the Red Cross lines at West Sixtieth Street. In a year he saved enough for our passage. The steerage was cheap in those days, and it was terrible.

For some reason, we came to New York by way of Antwerp. I remember mother took us to the Notre Dame Cathedral in Antwerp and prayed for a miraculous passage. We said a couple "Our Fathers" and four or five "Hail Marys," and it wasn't a bit too much.

Our ship was the old Red Star Liner *Zealand* and we were way down in the hole, huddled together like

DOCK WALLOPER

cattle. They fed us anything they liked. Everything was tin, tin pans, tin cups. For two weeks we laid on our bunks and didn't much care. The boat was rocking and jumping around, and we were praying and puking.

Holy Christ, we were sick!

CHAPTER TWO

LONGSHOREMEN ON PARADE

THERE was no Ellis Island station for immigrants in those days, so we landed directly on the tip of Manhattan at old Castle Garden in Battery Park, where Jenny Lind once sang and where strange fish now frolic in the Aquarium.

White slavers used to hang around Castle Garden and try to pick up the innocent Irish girls as they landed. The situation became so bad a Catholic mission was opened across from the park to shelter the girls who had no friends to meet them.

Brother Bill and I sat on a hardwood bench, munching chunks of baloney, while mother ventured outside the receiving station to see if any one had met us. She didn't know a thing about New York, but fortunately the first man she ran into was Uncle Ned, my father's brother, who had come down for us. My father hadn't taken off from work to come down himself, because there was some doubt as to what day we would arrive.

Uncle Ned, who had nothing else to do anyway, put us greenhorns aboard a Tenth Avenue horse car. We rode up as far as Fifty-ninth Street and then walked

DOCK WALLOPER

over to Quinn's saloon, opposite the Red Cross docks where father was working.

Father came running over to the saloon and there was a grand reunion, with father kissing the three of us and mother flooding the sidewalk with her tears, she was so happy. Then father, mother and Uncle Ned went inside the swinging doors to celebrate over a round of beers. Minors were not allowed in the saloon, so my brother and I had to stand outside, nibbling at moldy pretzels and wondering whether we were going to like America after all.

Then father marched us over to a home he had furnished up for us at 552 West Fifty-second Street, between Tenth and Eleventh Avenues, in Stryker's Lane, way uptown in those days. Our new home was in an old three-story brick tenement, and father had furnished the four rooms with a couple of beds, half a dozen chairs, a dining room table, a pot-bellied stove and not much else.

His problem now was how to support a growing family on starvation wages. America was supposed to be the golden land of opportunity, but father discovered his earnings were not much more than in England. He made thirty cents an hour and worked ten hours a day when he had a chance, but that was only when the ships came in. He was lucky to average ten to twelve dollars a week.

I was put in public school on West Fifty-eighth Street, but soon we moved downtown to Twenty-ninth Street—perhaps, because we couldn't pay the rent—and I went to primary school on Twenty-eighth Street, from which I was transferred shortly to another public school on

LONGSHOREMEN ON PARADE

Thirty-fifth Street. As you see, life was one school after another for me, and my teachers were glad to move me on. I was growing bigger and older, and trying to be good, but it just wasn't in me.

The blowoff came when a bully in the class with me called me Canary Bird Butler. He got the idea out of the First Reader which showed a picture of a drooping canary in a cage with these words:

This Is a Can-A-Ry Bird. It's Name Is
Dick. It Is A Pet. It Is Sick.
Dick, Dick, My Pet, Are You Sick?

When that bully called me Canary Bird, I knocked his teeth out just to prove I was no sick pet, and the teacher thought I was a trifle too sensitive.

The report cards handed me every month were nothing to make a parent proud. "Teacher doesn't like me," I explained to father, but he knew I was a chip off the old Butler block and had a bit of the Old Nick in me.

As long as the teachers wrote "Bad" on my reports, I carried them home to be signed, but when one teacher wrote "Very bad," I was scared to go home with it. That extra word "Very" got me excited and I flung a bundle of books at her, upsetting an inkwell on her desk and spilling ink all over her face and clothes. I abandoned my books and went on the bum up where the goats browsed on the meadows, where the cricket games are now played in Central Park. That night I slept in a deserted shanty. A watchman notified the police and I was taken to the nearest station house. Father came and got me. The old man didn't slug me

DOCK WALLOPER

for quitting school and running away from home. I was always grateful to him for that.

I was still too young to go to work—only ten—so father enrolled me in St. Michael's parochial school at Thirty-first Street and Ninth Avenue.

Bright and early, at 7 o'clock every weekday morning, I rolled out my coaster wagon and went down to the docks to pick up any coal or wood that was lying around loose. Having attended to the fuel, I would visit the New York Central yards where potatoes from Long Island and Maine, and cabbages, carrots and other vegetables were liable to fall out of freight cars, or get pushed out.

Us boys were not above stealing off of butcher wagons and grocery wagons coming uptown from market. We'd grab hams, tongues, baloney, half a mutton, fish, butter or whatever was within reach.

When free food just wasn't within reach, mother would send me up to the slaughterhouse to get thirty to forty pigs' hearts or a load of ox-tails for a dime. She could make a meal out of a cow's heart stuffed with bread. For Sunday dinner we might have a beef skirt, a sliver of beef stuffed. If things were especially good, when the old man wasn't drinking too much, we feasted on a piece of chuck steak or round steak.

On weekdays I was a ragamuffin, but on Sunday the whole family dressed up for church. I was a pretty picture when I made my first communion and was confirmed at St. Michael's. Mother saw to it that I was tied up nicely in my little blue serge, with a white bow tie

LONGSHOREMEN ON PARADE

and a white ribbon around my arm. She made me as good as any, even the boys whose fathers were rich saloonkeepers. There I was, proud as hell, in my white gloves and my black patent leather dollar and a quarter shoes from Cohen's. The shoes were of the toughest leather and squeaked when I walked up to the altar rail until my ears were blood red with embarrassment.

Father cut quite a figure on Sundays when he was away from the back-breaking toil on the docks. He was a military figure—he had served short periods in the militia in England—and he was particular about his attire. Every Saturday night I shined his good shoes, and I had to polish under the arch as well as above the soles. He walked like a soldier, lifting his feet high off the ground and everybody could see that here was a man who could afford to polish his shoes underneath as well as up above.

Monday mornings the picture changed. Father put on his overalls and stalked down to the docks, sore because he couldn't be a gentleman seven days a week. Mother had his good pants properly creased, put his vest in with the pants, wrapped them up in an old "Daily News," and had me take them to the pawn shop.

"Don't let the neighbors see you," she would warn me. "Sneak down around the railroad yards and up to Weaver's. Get as much as you can. Try and get two dollars, and be sure and tell him to hang them up."

Weaver's charged twelve cents interest on the two-dollar loan for a week. If we needed more, mother would send father's whole suit and get five dollars. In an emergency, she would also send bed sheets, pillow

DOCK WALLOPER

cases and tablecloths and get an additional dollar and a half.

Regular as clockwork, I got father's clothes out of hock every Saturday night so he could have them for Sunday; every Monday morning I pawned them again.

Mother was a conniver and a contriver. She had to be to make both ends meet. Father would come home late of a Saturday night, pay night, and want to hold out a few dollars for an eye-opener Sunday with his cronies. When he thought mother's back was turned, he'd hide the money under the carpet, behind a picture or in his shoe. She'd watch him out of the corner of her eye and take it while he slept. Otherwise it would be spent for booze at McGowan's on the corner.

Father thought he was smart, leaving a little change in his pockets to show he wasn't cheating mother. Mother was smarter. After he fell asleep, stretched across the bed with his trousers on, she'd rifle his pockets. She'd search his pocket on one side and then wait until he rolled over so she could search the other side. One time he dreamt he was being robbed and woke up all of a sudden to catch her with her hand down his kick. There was hell to pay then. It was a terrible battle while it lasted. It's a wonder the neighbors didn't call the police. Of course, the neighbors had battles of their own.

Usually mother got away with her thievery. Not satisfied with robbing father, she would punish him for being broke.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," she would tell father with the straightest of faces, controlling her

LONGSHOREMEN ON PARADE

amusement at his woe-begone expression. "Here 'tis Sunday and me and the kids haven't got a bite to eat in the house, after you've squandered all your pay on your cronies."

As a matter of fact, mother had already bought her groceries at Anderson's and Laracy's and had left them next door with Old Mother Byrnes, a sweet soul. She would sneak over there and cook the Sunday dinner for everybody but father, and after we ate our fill, mother would go back and heap further reproach upon the hungry old man, who by this time was calling himself bitter names and crying for his starving wife and children. There he was, alone in the kitchen, the picture of remorse, brooding and broken-hearted, shaking with manly emotion, and with nobody to talk to. Mind you, he had been working hard all week and now was stranded on his day off without food or company. For this he had left His Majesty's service. Finally, in black despair he would slink up to McGowan's and drink on the cuff.

"Hang me up for it," he would say to Mac behind the sloppy mahogany, and Mac would mark down the drinks on a tab, due next pay day.

Until paid, the I.O.U. would hang on a spike behind the bar.

On those occasional Sundays when the old man had been behaving himself and hadn't spent too much on grog, mother spread her very best dinner for him. He did his part by polishing the knives with a piece of brick dust. Then, after a big midday meal, the whole family would step out for a parade down the avenue—Tenth

DOCK WALLOPER

Avenue, not Fifth. The loafers would be hanging out around the corner saloons, but father gave them the go-bye and made mother very proud of him. It was a case of the shanty Irish being high-hatted by the lace-curtain Irish.

Father got his reward when we returned home. Mother would take off the polished shoes that were burning his feet, and would put on his soft leather slippers with green shamrocks embroidered on the insteps. She would see to it that he had a can of beer, set in a pan of cooling water on the front stoop. There father would sit by the hour, taking his time with the beer and smoking his penny clay pipe. The beer can had a cover on to keep a head on the beer.

Beer was cheap and good—ten cents a quart for Ehret's, eight cents for less fancy grades.

"Tell 'em to give you good measure; mother's got company." That was my instruction and I never failed to carry it out. I would go around to the family entrance of the saloon, knock on the flyhole and hand in the can to the bartender. In a jiffy the can would be back, foaming to the brim. Mother used to grease the inside of the can to get less foam and more substance, but I guess the bartender was wise enough to wipe out the can before he filled it up.

I wouldn't want anybody to get the idea that the Butlers did nothing but drink beer and go to church. Far from it. Father was a dog fancier, among other things, and owned a big bulldog that we kept down in the cellar among the wood and coal. One Sunday afternoon father arranged to go down on an ice barge

LONGSHOREMEN ON PARADE

anchored off the foot of Twenty-fourth Street, and he pulled off a dog fight with another longshoreman who had a bulldog of his own. Father's dog won and he collected a juicy bet. I was permitted to lead our champion home, and deemed it a great honor.

Father could be so nice when he wanted to. He was not above bringing us peanuts home from the docks, and going down in the basement with us to make molasses candy and peanut brittle. It was very good.

These pleasures helped to offset the miseries of being poverty stricken. Weekdays I did nothing but trudge and trudge, hauling coal and wood from the docks and railroad yards. Father made a little wagon for me out of a soap box so I could haul more. I used to jump in between freight cars when they were loading up around Thirtieth to Thirty-fourth Streets, and anything that fell on the ground I picked up. Sometimes I helped things to fall. A little thieving seemed necessary to keep our poor house going. At that, I never got arrested until after father died.

I can't help thinking again of my trips to the slaughterhouse. Those stuffed beef hearts, served with gravy and bread and chives—well, I'd like to have one right now. And for dessert, you could buy fifty pickles for a dime.

Whether I wanted to or not, I was eternally fighting with other boys. Because I came from England, I always had to fight the Irish boys of the neighborhood, although I had as much Irish blood as they did. They thought a boy from London couldn't possibly be anything but a sissy, and I had to teach them otherwise.

When I was thirteen my mother sent me to Laracy's

DOCK WALLOPER

for a pound of tub butter, and the Irish boys wouldn't let me go home. They called me a bloody Englisher, so we went down to the lumber yard and fought it out. The butter melted during the fight and when I went home I got a whipping from my father.

I started many a fight myself. Once I threw a dornick in through the door of a store, and the owner's wife ran out and lambasted me plenty. I told my mother and my mother pulled the hair out of the woman who whipped me.

"You *will* hit my Dickie," my mother screamed. "You have a hell of a nerve."

For this my dear mother was arrested, taken to Jefferson Market Court and put under bond to keep the peace. She never went back to court, but in the years to come I was often at Jefferson Market, several times as a prisoner, more often as a bondsman and fixer.

CHAPTER THREE

FATHER AND THE VANDERBILTS

FATHER was killed when I was fourteen years old. I remember my mother was watching me and Bill playing ball in the street in front of our house on a bright July morning when a boy ran up, shouting, "Mrs. Butler, your father's after drowning." The boy meant her husband, not her father, but he was too excited to know what he was saying. So were we.

The news spread over the entire district. "Tom Butler's dead," everybody was saying.

Father had set out to coal William K. Vanderbilt's yacht *Alva*, which was preparing for a trip to the Mediterranean. Father hired a dozen men at Shine's saloon and started out from Garrett Mays' boat landing at Twenty-fourth Street and the North River. Father and his men were in a round-bottom rowboat with Charlie Sands and Dick Furlong at the oars.

The *Alva* was the last word in yacht building. It was a floating hotel and art museum combined—a miniature Louvre some people called it. The beauty was riding at anchor in midstream, with a coal barge tied up alongside.

Father's rowboat passed out beyond the Anchor Line piers and was nearing the yacht when it was intercepted

DOCK WALLOPER

by the *Mary Powell*, the fastest steamer on the river, which was making its morning excursion to West Point, Newburgh and Kingston. The *Mary Powell* kicked up rollers which capsized the rowboat and threw its men into the water. There was a scramble in the water. Tom Butler was known along the waterfront as an expert swimmer and a powerful man. He saved those who couldn't swim and helped them aboard the tugboat *Stevens* which came up, stopped its propellers and floated around.

"Take 'em," father said. "I'm all right. I'll swim ashore."

Then up came the *American Eagle*, a tugboat owned by the New York Central. It failed to stop its propellers and they created a suction that drew my father under the water. One of the blades struck his head, broke his skull and he went down.

Upon hearing this, mother and us kids ran down to the river and we hardly left it during the four days that they were grappling for my father's body. The river was our swimming hole, but we were in no mood for swimming then. Mother certainly was a brave woman. At last they found the body in the river off Twenty-sixth Street. They brought it up in a barrel and set it down on the end of a pier. The Coroner impounded a jury from among the dock laborers, and then the body was turned over to mother and she began preparing for the funeral.

We had a real Irish wake, but I was too young and too heartbroken to understand what was going on around me. We buried father in Calvary Cemetery over on Long

FATHER AND THE VANDERBILTS

Island. Father lived to be fifty, just half as long as mother.

Mother never lost her head in all her grief. Some time before she had taken out one hundred and fifty dollars insurance on father and was paying ten cents a week on it. She hadn't paid for the last four weeks and we would have missed out on the insurance, except that as soon as she was sure that father was dead, she got together a few pennies and shot me over to the Metropolitan offices to pay the premium before the insurance people found out about the drowning.

For the death of her husband, mother received the princely sum of \$146 from the New York Central. A shyster lawyer persuaded her to accept the payment in full settlement. I don't know how much the lawyer got for himself. That was our introduction to law in America. Benjamin Franklin knew what he was talking about when he said: "A shell for you, a shell for me, the oyster is the lawyer's fee."

Old Mother Malloy, an apple-cheeked, white-haired lady who was a neighborhood character, prophesied at father's wake that the Vanderbilt yacht and the people on it would never have any luck.

"They go away with millions on the boat and leave a poor family without a dime," Mother Malloy said. "How can they have any luck? Mark my words: God works in wondrous ways his miracles to perform."

She must have put a curse on the *Alva*. The yacht proceeded up the coast of Massachusetts and anchored for the night on a flat. She dragged her anchor and moved out into the channel, and a steamer stove a hole

DOCK WALLOPER

in her stern. Vanderbilt and the other passengers barely escaped in their night clothes, and their wealth aboard the ship went down to the bottom of the ocean.

With father gone from us, mother held a family council with her children and decided we'd all have to go to work. She went to the Metropolitan Insurance Company building at Madison Square and landed a job as scrubwoman. Early every morning and late every evening she walked across town to scrub the marble floors, and then she'd walk back home again to do her housework and look after her boys.

Mother Butler was only getting half a dollar a day for scrubbing floors, so I decided to do what I could to help out. I read an advertisement in the papers about two hundred men being wanted at the Academy of Music for supers in a play called "Sudan," starring Louis James. I answered the ad and was hired as an African Kaffir and given a black mask and a shield and spear. The stage was crowded with black Africans and British soldiers wearing red coats with white sashes. During rehearsals, the stage director told us:

"As soon as you hear the rattle of bullets, all you Kaffirs lay down and play dead."

At the opening show, I was in the front rank of the Africans and I flopped to the floor as soon as the bullet fire was faked by the trap drummer. The British soldier nearest me stood with one foot on my chest and stared out triumphantly into the audience.

"Take that foot off my chest." I asked him like a gentleman.

FATHER AND THE VANDERBILTS

"You're dead, be still," he muttered under his breath. Just for meanness, he pressed harder against my chest. I resolved to put him in his place; I never liked red-coats anyway. Without warning I shoved my spear against his hams. He jumped in the air, and I sprung to my feet and chased him around the stage, jabbing him in the rear. The house roared with applause for the only black man who had gumption enough to get up and fight even when he was supposed to be dead. But the management couldn't see the humor in the situation. They paid me my fifty cents and threw me out of the stage door.

I was a tall, lanky lad, just going on fifteen. The New York Central put me to work around the Sixtieth Street docks, pulling a hand truck at seventeen cents an hour, ten hours a day. I was working beside strong, tough Austrians, unloading freight cars and barges. I got an easier job for a while as an American District Telegraph messenger boy in the Tenderloin district. I delivered messages and tickets to all kinds of dives, including the Haymarket, where I afterward hung out when I grew up, and what I saw and heard was plenty.

The horse cars which had supplanted the stages on the streets were giving way to cable cars about this time, and brother Bill and I worked for a while at screwing nuts on the Broadway cable road. We had inherited father's dinner pail and every morning mother used to pack it full for us, with sandwiches on the bottom and tea on top.

From the Broadway cable road, I went back to the docks, doing odd jobs here and there to make an honest penny. When I was seventeen I broke in as an iron-

DOCK WALLOPER

worker, working on the Nineteenth Street gas tank for the Continental Iron Works. I earned \$1.75 a day then, as compared with the fourteen dollars or more an ironworker gets now.

As a labor leader in the years to come, I had something to do with boosting the wages of ironworkers, longshoremen and teamsters to their present levels. Let that be my monument.

Dock workers used to hang out at liquor joints where a stiff shot of rye or gin could be had for a nickel. Longshoremen could be found at any hour laid out over the grating outside such places as Skelly's, at Houston and Hudson Streets. Two drinks of that rotgut and you'd have to turn the hose on 'em.

I drank beer mostly, and not much of that. When we were unloading the banana ships at the foot of Rector Street, us fellows used to take turns—take a lap, we called it—to go across the street to the Longshoremen's Retreat and get a nickel glass of beer and free lunch. To get a plate of lunch, you had to show your schooner of beer. No beer, no lunch.

A nickel was all I could afford to spend. The Dutch bartender saw me gulping my soup and gnawing my rye bread ravenously and took pity on me. Violating the rules of the house, he asked me to have another plate of soup, and I was filling up, when the owner of the joint mosied up behind and grabbed me by the throat.

"Why don't you buy another beer?" he demanded. "This is no charity home. Stay out of here."

He tried to throw me out, but I grabbed him by the

FATHER AND THE VANDERBILTS

leg and spilled him on the floor. He was a fat slob, and I was skinny and quick as a flash. I had learned not to stand up and try to outslug bigger guys; it was easier to tackle them below the waist and knock them off balance before they could do anything.

Well, this mean owner tried to get up off the floor and give me the works, but I snatched a couple of mustard pots and some soup plates off the free lunch counter and bombarded him. I hit him in the center of the forehead with a pot of German mustard that splashed into his eyes and made him rage like a mad man, and no wonder. My ex-friend, the bartender, decided he ought to come to his boss' rescue and I had to hurl a mustard pot in his direction. He ducked behind the bar, and the pot smashed the mirror over the cash register. The loafers in the place began moving toward me and I backed out, scattering them with the soup plates, which would have been more effective if there was hot soup in them. Anyway, I escaped back to my ship.

Not all saloonkeepers were bad fellows—I got to be one myself—but that particular guy was so vicious even his own dogs hated him. He had a couple of Great Danes and he used to exercise them along the docks, yapping at us longshoremen. He carried a whip in his hand that he used to drive the dogs in and out of his cellar where he kept them. He beat them once too often and they almost killed him.

I figure the two dogs got to talking over their troubles and one said to the other: "Let's give that big —— a good going-over." One morning they failed to answer his call, and when he went down into the cellar to whip

DOCK WALLOPER

them, the two leaped for his throat and proceeded to tear him apart. His screams attracted the Dutch bartender upstairs and he called off the dogs. The owner was in a hospital for six weeks. The moral, as I viewed it, was that saloonkeepers should always be kind to dogs and longshoremen.

Sometimes we got our drinks free—when there was a liquor cargo on ship. The National Lines at Houston Street tendered us a champagne party without knowing it.

A bunch of the boys were working in the hold of the ship, taking in baskets of Piper Heidsieck. The captain sent an officer down to watch us so we wouldn't broach any of the champagne.

"Any man that touches it goes to jail," the officer warned us.

"Who in hell wants any champagne?" I answered him. I was a header then—boss of one side of the ship, and got five cents an hour more than the ordinary longshoremen.

We were stowing the champagne up at the bulkhead, with the officer half asleep some distance away. I sent a man out for a piece of ice for our empty water bucket. Then I broke a basket of Piper with a crowbar and filled the pail with champagne. It tasted good, so I broke another, and another. By and by the officer came over for a drink of water. I took a crowbar and threatened to break his head.

"If you want any water," I told him, "go up on deck and get it."

Well, we drank that champagne like water until we

FATHER AND THE VANDERBILTS

were all paralyzed drunk. We couldn't even find the ladder to climb up and out. To get us out through the hatch, the crew had to hoist us up in slings and then they threw us down the skids to the dock.

For that harmless escapade, we were all sacked and blackballed.

Work was harder to get after that. Some of the stool-pigeons on the piers had been carrying tales to the bosses about me carrying part of the cargoes home with me. Which was the truth. Longshoremen were poorly paid and they felt they had a right to help themselves to anything they could eat or wear. That was the custom for years—my father did it before me. The only crime, if you could call it a crime, was getting caught at it.

I did get work for a while at the foot of Twenty-fifth Street for the Atlas Lines, which had boats plying between New York and the West Indies. It was heavy work, unloading bananas, coffee, coconuts and hogs-heads of rum. We had to carry bags of coffee, weighing 140 to 320 pounds, on our backs. It took four men to lift up the big bags. I was still a stripling, but mother's home cooking was gradually filling out my large frame. The old-timers called us striplings "narrow backs." They also called us "ciggy smokers"—we smoked cigarettes instead of cuddy pipes.

The routine called "shaping the men" was an ordeal for a young fellow like me that needed work badly, with the landlord constantly pressing mother for the rent. When a ship was coming in and reached Quarantine, a flag would be flown from its pier so a gang of long-

DOCK WALLOPER

shoremen could be assembled in the two or three hours before the ship docked. A hundred men looking for work would leave the saloons and gather on a corner like Twenty-fifth Street and Eleventh Avenue, and the foreman would come over to select the best specimens of manhood from the gangs and assign them to their respective hatches or holes.

On one occasion I have in mind, with our rent overdue, I stood on the corner for the shaping process—standing on my toes and throwing out my chest so I would look bigger and stronger than I really was, as brute strength was needed.

The foreman, a surly fellow named Lynch, picked all the men but me and left me standing against a lamp post, gloomy as hell. Lynch had it in for me because I whistled at work and moreover because a stool pigeon had snitched on me swiping some soap and Florida water.

I fell to talking with some stragglers on the corner, and after a while the foreman, who was short-handed, sent his assistant over to recruit more men. The assistant passed me up and when I asked him why, he said: "Butler, I can't hire you, the boss won't stand for you."

I went home then, and when I told my mother, she cried. So I went down to the Cornell Iron Works and picked up a shifting bar, put it under my coat and went back to that foreman. I beat him unmercifully, breaking his arm and two of his ribs.

"You leave me standing there idle when you knew mother needed rent money," I told him.

He was laid up in a hospital, and I was arrested on

FATHER AND THE VANDERBILTS

a warrant charging felonious assault. I was bailed out by Tommy Mulvey, a Democratic district captain. Thus does Tammany take care of its poor and I've never forgotten that.

I was arraigned in Jefferson Market Court, which was becoming my second home. On the morning of the hearing mother, who was always broke, yet always had something in reserve, managed to dig fifteen dollars from her stocking and hire a lawyer for me. I waived examination and was held for downtown, meaning the Criminal Courts Building.

In the meantime we reached a witness, who testified when the trial came that I had merely struck the foreman with my hand.

My godmother, Johanna Murphy, a little English cockney, appeared as a character witness for me.

"How long have you known this boy?" she was asked.

"I knew him before he was born," she answered.

On the bench was William Travers Jerome, then a Justice in Special Sessions and later the District Attorney in the Harry Thaw case in which I also figured.

"Why didn't you give this boy work?" he demanded of the foreman I had assaulted.

"Because he used to whistle and sing and dance and keep the other men from working," the foreman explained.

"I think a man who can do that under the circumstances of hard work is a good man," retorted Judge Jerome.

"Young man," he turned to me, "you go on home and take care of your mother. Case dismissed."

CHAPTER FOUR

ROMANCE IN A BEER GARDEN

MARY CARMODY was her name, and I fell in love with her at first sight. Our courtship was a corker, and our marriage was the talk of the neighborhood. I was lucky to find her, and she felt the same way about me.

Mary had Irish blue eyes and dark brown hair and a small freckled nose that you couldn't help loving. She was a buxom colleen with a darling figure that was just plump enough. She was neat as a pin, never sloppy.

The Carmodys ran a boarding house for dock wallopers on Tenth Avenue, and I happened to meet Mary through one of their star boarders, Dominick O'Toole, who was working with me on the National Lines, stowing barrels of oil in the Number One hatch. It was dangerous work; two barrels used to come down in each sling, and Dominick was afterward killed when a barrel slipped and knocked his brains out.

During a breathing spell, we got to talking and Dominick said: "Where are you going tonight, Dick?"

I was open for a date, so he told me about the beautiful girl who waited on the table at his boarding house.

"Mary wants me to take her to a racket up at Lion

ROMANCE IN A BEER GARDEN

Park, but I can't waltz," Dominick explained. "Will you come along?"

"Sure," said I, just to help out a friend.

Lion Park was a beer garden at 108th Street and Columbus Avenue, across from the Lion Brewery where they turned out swell Pilsener. Billy Muldoon, the Solid Man, was a special cop at the park, bouncing out the tough guys. Muldoon was a professional strong man and wrestler and he later became State Boxing Commissioner.

Well, I went home from work and put on my best dress, and then I strutted around to the Carmody's boarding house.

"This is Mary Carmody," said Dominick, introducing me to the young lady.

"How are you, Mary," I said.

I looked her over, and she was beautiful. I said to myself: "She's mine from now on."

Dominick didn't deserve a girl like that. He was a powerful solid fellow, but a dumb oaf. He was four or five years older than me. I was a cute rascal in those days, spry and thin and the champion waltzer of the West Side.

When we got to Lion Park we sat down at a table and I bought sarsaparilla.

"How about a dance?" I said to Mary.

She was shy.

"I'll take you around," I said.

I discovered she didn't know how to dance. She walked all over me, but I loved her and said nothing about it.

DOCK WALLOPER

The band was playing a simple air, "La Souvianna."
The words went something like this:

Did you see my new shoes?
Did you see my new shoes?
La de da, la de da

Every time we sang the line about the new shoes, we would step apart, bow low and point to our shoes. It was great fun.

Then the band played all the popular waltzes and square dances. I looked into Mary's eyes when they struck up:

She's my sweetheart
I'm her beau
She's my Annie
I'm her Joe
Soon we'll be married
Never to part
Little Annie Rooney
She's my sweetheart

All the while we were dancing, I was conning Mary, and she ate it up.

In between the dances, Mary and I tried the rope swings out under the trees. She loved the swings, so I shelled out the dimes for them. Nothing was too good for Mary.

We stayed there until midnight. Mary's folks thought it was all right as long as she was out with Dominick, the star boarder. She couldn't go out with any other man without her sisters tagging along for chaperons.

ROMANCE IN A BEER GARDEN

It was an hour's ride home on the Eighth Avenue horse car, and I arranged it so I sat between Mary and Dominick, who was up against one end of the bench with nobody to talk to. My feet were hurting me from the dancing, so I took my pointed patent leathers off and gave my feet an airing. I conned Mary some more, and made a date with her for the next evening.

"How did I please Mary?" I asked Dominick, when we went to work together the next morning.

"Oh, she had a splendid night," said Dominick. He didn't say anything more, and I could see he was a bit sore.

That night I waited for Mary to keep our date on the corner of Tenth Avenue and Twenty-fourth Street, outside Vechlage's grocery store. It was Mary's first night alone with me. Her big sister was keeping company herself and had ducked out of the house instead of chaperoning Mary.

Well, Mary sneaks out of the house and is crossing the street to meet me when up pops Dominick O'Toole.

"What are you doing here, Dick?" he says.

"I'm going to give Mary a walk," I says.

"You'll not walk with her tonight, except over my dead body," he says.

"Over your dead body then," says I, and I hit him on the jaw. He fell back against a tree and toppled to the ground. I jumped on him with both feet.

Mary was at my side by then.

"My God, look what you're after doing," she says, pointing to poor Dominick, who was bleeding.

DOCK WALLOPER

She started to run home. "There's my papa on the stoop," she says.

"To hell with your papa," I says, and I marched her away with me.

I didn't have a cent in my pocket, but I had to make a showing, so I took her to Ohlecher's drug store at Eighth Avenue and Twenty-sixth Street.

"Howdy do, boss," I said to old man Ohlecher, who was behind his soda fountain. "Say, boss," I whispered to him, "I've got a little girl with me tonight, and I was in such a hurry to meet her I left all my money in my overalls at home. Can I charge it until tomorrow?"

I talked to the old Dutchman so fast, he said "Yes" before he realized what he was doing. Mary ordered three vanilla sodas, one right after another, and on the way out I got her a box of bon-bons.

That made me the white-haired boy with Mary. I took her home about 11 o'clock. Two boarders, friends of Dominick, were laying for me on the stoop.

"Where've you been?" they wanted to know.

"What in hell business is it of yours," I told them.

Mary ran up the three steps of the iron stoop into the house, while I tangled with the boarders. I knocked one fellow off the stoop, heeled him, drove him into the dirt and booted him. I laced the other fellow, too.

After that it was harder than ever for me to see Mary. Her kid brother, Matt, was a messenger boy, and I used to tip him two-bits to slip a message in to her. My friends on the New York Central trains helped me out, too.

In the mornings, I rode the dummy engine of the New York Central down to the National Lines where I

ROMANCE IN A BEER GARDEN

was working. My friend, Tommy O'Neill, was the pony boy who galloped ahead of the train, waving a red flag to warn people and wagons to stay clear of the tracks. At Twenty-third Street he'd whistle to stop the train. Mary, who would be making the beds in the boarding house, would recognize the signal and come to the window. I'd hold up seven or eight fingers to tell her whether I'd meet her at seven or eight o'clock that night. She'd nod and blow me a kiss.

Abie Abrahams, the conductor, and Joe Mullins, the engineer, knew I was making a date. Abie would wait until I got Mary's nod and kiss before he'd shout, "All right, let 'er go."

Mary was scared of a fellow living next door to her, by the name of Bull Hennessey, a young hoodlum out of Sing Sing. He tried flirting with her, and naturally I had to take charge of him. We ran into him at a ball at Central Hall on Thirty-second Street, where the iron workers, housemen and bridge erectors met.

Bull deliberately bumped into us on the dance floor, scaring Mary to death. To make it worse, he purposely stepped on my feet.

"If you don't stop that, we're going to have a little trouble," I warned him in a nice way.

"This is about the right place to give it to you," he said, stopping in the middle of a dance.

We grappled and slugged each other. I slipped in those damned patent leather shoes—there were no rubber heels in those days—and we rolled all over the waxed floor. Mary screamed, and there was a panic. The band stopped and then started up again, but nobody cared

DOCK WALLOPER

to waltz when there was a real fight in progress. We'd been fighting yet if the special officers hadn't arrived and bounced me out and down the stairs.

Mary joined me on the sidewalk and dusted me off. She had a fondness for veal cutlets, so I treated her at the nearest restaurant and took her home. Everything was all right with her.

One of my stevedore bosses lived in a railroad flat opposite the Carmodys, and his wife boasted to Mary, as women will, that her husband was a big boss and that his men were only plain dock wallopers. Mary passed this along to me, and that meant another fight.

I was rolling barrels of wax off a boat at Twenty-ninth Street when this boss abused me, kicked me down the gangplank and knocked me for a goal. That might have been considered just clean fun in those days, but the fact that his wife had been boasting over Mary was in my craw. I grabbed a whip from a buggy socket, hit the boss across the forehead with it, tripped him so he fell in the street between a team of dray horses, and then I whipped up the horses and they ran away. The boss barely escaped being run over, and there was no more fight left in him.

We became good friends later on, the same as with the other boss that I creased with the bar of iron, for which I was taken to court. When home cooking filled out my skinny frame and I became a stevedore boss myself, I had the pleasure of hiring my two ex-bosses to work under me.

I had my share of faults, but no one could say I

ROMANCE IN A BEER GARDEN

wasn't good to the poor. When our gangs of longies were unloading a cargo of meats, I'd cut open bags of hams on the piers and let the boys help themselves. Everybody pilfered from the ships—we saw no wrong in it as long as we needed food and didn't waste it.

I was on a bender one Saturday night with two of the boys when we spied some California hams piled high in a window of a Jewish butcher's shop. The three of us smashed the window with a brick and loaded our arms with the hams.

It was a hot night, and the Irish families were all sleeping in the railroad flats with their windows wide open. The times were hard, so as we strolled down the street singing our chanteys we hurled a ham through each window.

The next morning the neighborhood was all excited, and the women were out in full force, talking over their fences about their heaven-sent hams.

"And what, Mrs. Butler, did you get over at your house last night?" one of the neighbors asked my mother. "God sent us a ham."

Old John, the cop on the beat, got a complaint from the butcher and prowled around in hallways, sniffing for tell-tale ham and cabbage cooking on the stoves. He even stopped kids on the streets and demanded to know what they had for dinner.

"Bread and tea," they all said.

On Sundays, Mary and I went to mass together, and I knelt and prayed like a good little soldier. Despite all this, the Carmodys wouldn't let me in their house.

DOCK WALLOPER

I was a no-good blackleg to the old man, to the old lady and to the whole family, except Mary and the two kids, Mattie and Tommy, who were messenger boys and looked up to me. The other Carmody children were Pat, Sadie and Bridget. Pat was a policeman.

Aside from the fact that I was always involved in fights, old lady Carmody hated me because I was only a dock walloper and came from England. Mary's mother was bringing her up to marry a clerk, not a longshoreman. You see, there is caste even among the poor. She didn't want Mary mixed up with longshoremen, especially me. She wanted somebody high-toned. I must say she dressed Mary the best; stopped at nothing to make her a handsome girl, and Mary was that.

Old lady Carmody was Irish as Paddy's pig; she was born in County Clare at the Seven-Mile Bridge, and she was forever talking about it.

The family looked upon me as an Englishman, and they hated the English. It was the same way on the docks and in the saloons. I had to fight like an Irishman to prove I wasn't an Englishman. Only the fact that I was a right-hander in religion saved me from extermination, I guess.

I was called the "Big Englishman" by the fellows who were eternally putting in the knock for me at the boarding house.

The boarding house, incidentally, was a scream. Old Paddy Carmody made good money driving a team of horses for Ichabod T. Williams, the lumber firm that supplied the horses and truck that conveyed the body of President Grant; but his wife was greedy for money,

ROMANCE IN A BEER GARDEN

and so she took in boarders at five dollars a week. That was big money and the boarders demanded plenty for their money. They didn't always get it at Carmody's place.

As each man walked into the dining room for his meal, Paddy would sing out the boarder's name and the old lady in the kitchen would fix up his grub. The food was nothing to crow about. The old lady had a habit of boiling the soup so hot it would take the boarders fifteen minutes to finish it, and when it came time for the meats she would spread the ham or roast beef out on the plate to show they were getting plenty, but as a matter of fact they had a large plate with little on it. The old lady could slice ham so thin it almost blew away. When she treated the boarders to a chuck steak, she made the butcher batter it down with his cleaver to spread it out. Turnips were her favorite vegetable because they were cheapest.

Mary's duties, in addition to making the beds, were to serve the eats, and the boarders took their meals with a smile because she had a kind face and a pleasant manner that would make you feel as though your stomach were full. The boarders would never speak out of turn to Mary, and woe be to any one that looked cockeyed at her.

Old man Rusby sat at the head of the table because he had the longest reach. Latecomers were out of luck.

"Well, I see you waited for me like one hog for another," they were always complaining.

Pop Carmody was not above passing out a shot of rum to the boarders before breakfast to cut down their

DOCK WALLOPER

appetites. Pop and his better half wore red flannels summer and winter. Pop said red flannels were perfect because they kept out the cold in winter and the heat in summer.

After Mary finished waiting on the longshoremen, ironworkers and truck drivers, she would dress herself for mass and go around the corner to the Guardian Angel Church on Twenty-third Street. Mary taught a Sunday School class of kids there, and was as sweet as an angel herself.

All the folks from Twentieth to Thirtieth Street, west of Ninth Avenue, attended Guardian Angel, with the exception of a few neighbors of St. Columbian's parish on West Twenty-fifth Street. The folks were of the laboring class and, as it always has been, they wanted to outshine each other. I, as a natty dresser, was sure to be there on Sunday mornings with my patent leather shoes—and how they would hurt, but I had to be the dude! Before I was introduced to Mary I saw her at church and admired her across the pews. She was the prettiest brunette; the prettiest blonde was the daughter of Cassidy the baker, who kept company with Big Bill Dwyer, at that time manager for Springer in the Grand Opera House. With free tickets to pass out, Bill could take care of the neighbors' children, which put him in good standing with the ladies, so he married Miss Cassidy and they reared a fine family. A lot of the young men tried to shine up to Mary to be her sweetheart, but my line of chatter, my dapper dress and my big physique left them in the shade.

I won over the Carmody family by leaving the docks

ROMANCE IN A BEER GARDEN

and landing a gentleman's job on the cabs. The New York Central instituted the cab system to carry passengers between its depot and the hotels and piers, and to protect them from gyp cab drivers. The Pennsylvania Railroad followed suit. I was always trying to get easy work, and driving a cab was easier than lifting barrels on my back. It was something of a political position, and I had to use my district leader's influence to get the job.

The cab I drove was a beautiful vehicle, painted shiny black with red lettering on the side. The wheels were rubber-tired for the cobblestones.

One of my steady fares was old J. P. Morgan, the Wall Street wizard. I used to drive him from the depot to the Thirty-fourth Street pier. His yacht *Corsair* was anchored off there.

"Run over the cobblestones and shake me up," he would say to me. "It's good for indigestion."

He was severe looking, but friendly. The fare was twenty-five cents, and he never forgot to tip me an extra two-bits.

Driving a cab was a high-toned job. My classy cab made quite an impression in the neighborhood. When I drove home to Mother Butler's on Twenty-ninth Street for lunch or supper, all the kids in the neighborhood hopped on for a ride around the block. I never turned one kid down, and when I later went into politics those kids voted for me.

In between trips, I found time to call for Mary, put her in the cab and ride her to Ohlecher's for ice cream, then take her home, and report back for duty at the New York Central depot on Forty-second Street.

DOCK WALLOPER

I was Johnny-on-the-rathole with Mary, dating her all the time. We had lots of fun on the moonlight excursions up the Hudson, promoted by Dinty Moore and Hen Horstman. These were affairs for working boys and their sweethearts. They were good, clean fun and the police never had any complaint although the church people were against the idea and knocked it.

We drank beer by the keg, but there were no fights. Dinty got his fee, and everything was on the level. Dinty was a good family man himself.

Kate Gilligan was the champion gal waltzer; I was the champ of the boys.

I popped the question to Mary at one of the rackets while we were dancing.

"We'd better get married," I says, and she blushed and nodded. Thereafter I gave her a few dollars every week to save for our marriage. When the wedding came off, we had about \$160 saved up. I was making twelve dollars a week. I was twenty-three then.

We rented three rooms, at seven dollars a month, on the first floor above my mother, who had the ground floor flat. Our place was just a frame shanty in back of what we called Glen Island, on Twenty-ninth Street between Tenth and Eleventh Avenues. Our back yard was fenced in with wooden railings. There was no plumbing in our house; the sinks, pumps and everything were out in the yard, and it was mighty cold there in winter when the ocean breezes swept in. When we wanted water for cooking or washing we had to go out in the yard and work the cistern. We envied the people

ROMANCE IN A BEER GARDEN

in more modern homes across the street who had wash sinks in their hallways.

Old lady Carmody bought us a bedroom and dining room outfit, and she never let us forget it. Mary's sisters bought us tablecloths and knives.

Mother Butler didn't want me to get married at all as I was her provider. She was jealous, naturally, over losing me, but I gave her to understand that no matter how long I was married I'd give her a piece of dough. And I did—I used to sneak it away from Mary, God bless her.

Mary and I were married in style at the Guardian Angel Church. Although Mary only lived around the corner from the church, she had a team of white horses to drive her that short distance.

I'm not much of a hand for dates, but it was about the time of the Spanish-American War, 1898, I guess. A nice summer day, I remember. Eddie Nally, the saloonkeeper, stood up for me. He had a new derby in the pew and in the excitement I sat on it. That stands out in my mind. Martha Farrell was bridesmaid.

It was a low mass. As the saying is:

High money, high mass
Low money, low mass
No money, no mass

In those days you could get married on a ham, and we had the ham. Mother Butler boiled the ham for sandwiches and we held the wedding reception in our own back yard. The saloonkeepers in the neighborhood sent us twenty kegs of beer as wedding presents. I didn't

DOCK WALLOPER

know everything about tapping a keg and when I laid one keg over a sawbuck and pounded the bunghole the beer squirted all over my blue serge wedding suit.

I saw to it that a couple of accordion and fiddle players were among those invited, and we danced around the pump and fell all over the flagstones. Mickey McGee got so soused he stuck a leg in a pot of boiling ham that Mother had just brought from the coal stove and put outside on the stoop to cool off. Mother hustled Mickey inside the house to take care of his scalded leg and to keep our guests from knowing his foot had been in the pot.

We had plenty of beer, and the people in the four-story flats across the street who couldn't come over let their beer cans down on strings. Their kids carried the cans over and I filled them up and sent them back. Those cans were going up and down all day.

Everybody wound up stewed to the gills. When morning came every keg was empty and the men were laying in the yards or sitting on the stoops, holding their heads. Their wives came around to get them, wanting them to go home. Those that had gone home couldn't be gotten up either. They fought with their wives and dishes were being thrown out of the windows all over the block.

Who could ever forget that wedding party?

A marriage like that was bound to be permanent.

CHAPTER FIVE

POLITICS AND BIG BILL DEVERY

MY political godfather was Big Bill Devery, the Philosopher of the Pump, who was described by Mayor Robert Van Wyck as the greatest police chief New York ever had. Until I joined up with Devery, I never ran for public office, although I was active in waterfront politics.

Believe it or not, I supported the Single Tax ticket when I didn't even know what a Single Taxer was. In 1897 when Henry George, the great Single Tax Leader, ran for Mayor as the candidate of Anti-Tammany Democrats, I guided him around the docks and introduced him to audiences of longshoremen. I also introduced his chief speakers, among them Samuel Seabury and Bolton Hall. That was a bitterly fought campaign and I did my share of the fighting. Unfortunately, George died of overexertion four days before the election.

When William Jennings Bryan ran for President the first time, Tom Taggart, the Democratic National Chairman, who was living at the Waldorf-Astoria, put me on the payroll to visit labor centers and report back to him on the sentiment. I didn't know much about the gold-and-silver question, but I knew practical poli-

DOCK WALLOPER

tics, and when Tammany demanded that Taggart take me off the payroll, Taggart thought enough of me to pay me out of his own pocket.

Chief Devery, an ex-Bowery bartender, who had nothing in common with Bryan or George, was the most lovable political figure I've ever known. Big Bill used to hold forth around a water pump at Twenty-eighth Street and Eighth Avenue, and the newspapers played him up for his homely philosophies. "Touchin' on and appertainin' to" was his way of beginning any discussion. His motto for policemen was:

Hear, see and say nothin'
Eat, drink and pay nothin'

His daily prayers went this way:

God bless me and my wife
My son John and his wife
We four, forever more
Amen

In his speeches, Chief Devery included himself in what he called the Big Five—Napoleon, Washington, Lincoln, Grant and Devery. "You're all right, Bill," his listeners agreed, for the Chief was a great man in those days.

In 1902 Devery was out as police chief and was sore at Tammany, so in July of that year he declared war against Tammany for the Democratic leadership in the Fighting Ninth Assembly District, taking in the Chelsea area from Twentieth to Thirtieth Streets and from Seventh Avenue to the river. Devery ran for leader

POLITICS AND BIG BILL DEVERY

against Frank Goodwin—the Tammany incumbent.

Devery confided in me that he had loaned \$25,000 to Goodwin to get the nomination for sheriff and failed to get the nomination or his money back, thus starting a feud. Tommy Smith, one of my neighbors, was secretary to Tammany Hall, and he and Charles F. Murphy, leader of the Hall, sided with Goodwin. Devery revolted against Tammany and enlisted powerful independents, including myself, on his side. He called his party the Bugs and some people thought we were loco to buck the Tiger.

Devery had made a lot of money while chief of police and he spent it like a drunken sailor to win votes. Mammoth river excursions and beer barbecues were arranged at a cost of thousands of dollars. The Chief spent his money like the hero of that old song we sang on the West Side:

A short time ago a gentleman named Darrity
Was elected to the Senate by a very large majority
He was so elated that he went to Dennis Cassity
Who owns a saloon of a very large capacity
He said to Dennis, "Just send out to a brewer
And get a hundred kegs of beer and give it to the poor
Then send out to a butcher shop and get a hundred tons
of meat
And then ask the boys and girls to come and have a bite
to eat
Send out invitations in a hundred different languages
And tell 'em all to come and have a glass of beer and
sandwiches."

The biggest political excursion in the city's history left the foot of West Twenty-fifth Street one hot July

DOCK WALLOPER

day in 1902. There were nine boats in the fleet, two steam propeller boats, the *Crystal Stream* and the *Tolchester*, six triple-deck hay barges and a noisy tug, all lashed together and loaded down with 18,000 women and children. The boats were flying pennants of all colors and were decorated with Japanese lanterns, and it was a mighty pretty sight to behold as they headed up the Hudson for a picnic grounds called Dudley's Grove. The top-heavy barges were linked together by gang-planks, forming a pontoon flotilla five hundred feet wide. Talk about your Cleopatra's barges!

The barges hauled hay from up-state in the autumn, and in the summer were used for excursions. There was a bar downstairs and on the top deck there was a band of musicians for the dancing. Around the rail were benches for wall-flowers and mothers with children.

On the morning of Chief Devery's excursion, Mary told me she would like to go on it with our kids.

"Go ahead and enjoy yourself," I told her, and she did. I didn't go with her, because I wasn't yet in Devery's camp, although I liked the big fellow.

"Whispering" Johnny Howard was the patrolman with the Tenth Avenue beat that took in Carmody's boarding house, and he used to drop in there for a bite to eat and to con Mary along. Years later Howard became a captain and bodyguard to Mayor Jimmy Walker.

It seems that Devery had heard of my popularity with the laboring classes and had asked Howard to bring me to him. Howard came to me after the excursion boats left and I agreed to meet the Chief. We took a train to Yonkers and then rowed out to the boats which were

POLITICS AND BIG BILL DEVERY

anchored in the river with so many women and children aboard that Devery decided it would be unsafe to attempt a landing at the picnic grove.

Going out in our rowboat, I felt like Washington crossing the Delaware. As I climbed up the side of the boat that was Devery's flagship, the people let out three cheers and shouted: "Here comes Dick Butler!"

Howard introduced me to Devery. I hadn't known him before except that I had been arrested while he was chief of police.

Devery, the John L. Sullivan of politics, was a mountain of a man, a fine specimen of humanity, standing about five eleven and weighing about two hundred and sixty, mostly bone and muscle. He had a red face and a wavy black mustache. He usually stood with his coat open, showing a heavy gold watch chain across his belly, and with his hands on his hips, thumbs down. He was always smoking cigars and revolving them in his mouth, getting away with ten or fifteen before breakfast.

"How are you, Chief?" I says to him. He puts his big mitt out for me to shake, and the following conversation takes place:

"Awful glad to meet you, Dick. You know I'm runnin' fer leader?"

"Yes, sir."

"I'm give to understand you're a real man. Can I take your word you'll be with me? If I can I'll win."

"Yes, sir."

"Young man, I'm goin' to depend on your word. Never break your word. From now on you're with me."

DOCK WALLOPER

Devery handed me a fat roll of bills. "Go and take care of the neighbors' children," he said.

I went down to the bar and had a good time. Devery had given \$10,000 to Mike O'Neill, one of my saloon-keeper friends, to put on the excursion and furnish the food, beer and ginger ale. The big chief was the soul of generosity. He carried two rolls of bills wrapped in rubber bands, and could always be counted upon to peel off a tenner or fiver to whoever tackled him. When I got to know him better, he used to give me money for the undertaker when one of our constituents passed away and faced a pauper's grave.

Now that I was one of Devery's boys, we all gathered around the bar and sang the good old songs, starting out with my favorite:

Me father was a grand old man
His last name was Murphy and his first name was Dan
Daniel Murphy was me father's name
The night that I was christened they called me the same
That night sure the neighbors all did say
There's a little boy that will never shovel clay
He'll be a politician or a policeman
Sure me father was a grand old man.

Another round of beer, and we were shouting:

I was born in Mullion in the county Cork
Thirty-five hundred miles from gay New York
Me father never gave a good God damn
Because he was a real old Irishman

The more we drank the more sentimental we became:

Playmates were we
Little we thought it then

POLITICS AND BIG BILL DEVERY

How things would change
When we would all be men.

“Sweet Violets, Sweeter Than All the Roses” was another we did justice to, and we were all crying in our beer by the time we reached this one:

It was only a faded picture
I'll cherish it till I die
It brings back to me
Sweet golden hours
We were sweethearts
Nell and I.

The great Devery shook hands with every woman on the barges and tows and even kissed the babies that proud mothers held up to him. To keep the kids from falling overboard and to look after their tummyaches, the Chief had on board a committee of one hundred business men, twenty policemen, nine nurses, six doctors and a corps of sturdy lifesavers, who strutted among the passengers with their sun-tanned anatomy exposed through armless jerseys that were considered quite daring.

For entertainment, each barge had a band of musicians and several vaudeville acts which specialized in coon songs.

The racket we raised could be heard for miles around, and the flotilla was greeted by crowds on the river banks who waved their handkerchiefs and by the river craft which blew their whistles and hugged the shore to give the lashed-together fleet a clear path. Chief Devery acknowledged the salutes by doffing his Panama.

DOCK WALLOPER

There was music in the air every minute with the musicians and the thousands of passengers taking turns at such popular ditties as "Nancy Brown, Whose Father Owned Hotels and Yachts and Things," "Dreamy Eyes," "In the Beautiful Summer Time," "Jerusalem" and "The Holy City."

The chorus that was sung the oftenest went this way:

On Sunday afternoon, in the merry month of June
A trip up the Hudson, or down the bay
A trolley to Coney or Rockaway
On Sunday afternoon you can hear the lovers spoon
Oh, one day is fun day and that day is Sunday
On Sunday afternoon.

As for free lunch, you never saw so much wholesome food in all your born days. Every barge had a counter on which were piled thousands of sandwiches and corned beef and cabbage, baked ham and beans, roast beef, tongues, cheese, clam chowder, hot ears of corn, kegs of pink lemonade, pickles, bottles of milk, hot coffee, cakes, pies, fruit, soda, candy, ice cream and ginger pop.

The Big Chief and his lieutenants served the old ladies and the nursing mothers with infants in their arms; the rest could grab for themselves.

"Good luck to ye, Mr. Devery, but this is a fine lay-out," remarked a stout woman as the Big Chief handed her a plateful. "I was hungry whin I came aboard, but I lost me appetite since."

"God help the poor fellow that found it," chuckled the Chief.

POLITICS AND BIG BILL DEVERY

"I only got four plates of ice cream," complained a little fat German woman. "Them people's here got yet six plates and more besides."

"Well," joshed the Chief, "them people's much taller than you and they need more fillin' than you little bundles."

The feeding went on for two hours, and the decks were so slippery with milk and meat some of the pert young women complained it was impossible to dance a kind of two-step called the ping-pong. But they danced it just the same, and also the polka, the mazurka, and the waltz.

When he wasn't mixing with us boys at the bar or shaking hands with his constituents, Chief Devery was up in the pilot house of one of the steamers, with his gracious wife and his handsome daughter, Annie Laurie.

Every nationality imaginable was represented on the passenger list. The Irish-Americans led, of course, but there were many Germans, Italians, Jews, English, Swedes, French, Spaniards, Negroes, Russians, Greeks, Turks, Cubans, Mexicans and what-not.

They ranged in ages from two-week infants to ninety-three years, and in size from midgets to giants.

Devery started the dancing, but declined a fat woman's invitation to waltz with her.

"Nothin' doing fer me," he said politely. "I've got to keep an eye on the kids to see that they get all they want to eat."

Nothing if not democratic, the Big Chief inquired of a black woman how she was getting along.

"I'm all right, suh," was the answer. "De ol' man

DOCK WALLOPER

didn't want me to come, but I locked him in de room, and I guess he'll stay at home."

"Bully for you!" said Devery. "But let him out when I want his vote."

Never forgetting the vote possibilities in the midst of his generosity, Chief Devery, on the trip down the river, made a speech to the women assembled in the saloons of the *Tolchester* and the *Crystal Stream*, asking them to make sure that their husbands and brothers voted the Devery Pump ticket.

"I want your husbands and brothers and fellows, if you got any, to stand by me in this fight fer the district to get what's comin' to you and your babies, and I'll do my part," he said. "That's all I got to say now, except that I want you to have a good time here today. I want your babies to get some health in their cheeks.

"Did my opponents ever think of you and your babies?"

"No," chorused the women.

The Big Chief then passed out sticks of pink candy to the children, and gave every woman a chunk of corned beef and a head of cabbage.

"Take that home," he said, "with the compliments of William Stephen Devery."

So much food had been brought along that there was still some left, and Devery gave orders that the left-over eatables were to be distributed around the district for the poor people who missed the outing.

But the women on board weren't satisfied yet. They filled their satchels and their apron pockets with food,

POLITICS AND BIG BILL DEVERY

and even stuffed their blouses and skirts, so that they bulged out and walked stiffly.

"Oh, Maggie, you're lookin' stouter since I last seen you," one woman on the *Tolchester* said to another, who was walking like she had the pip.

"Shsh," whispered Maggie, "that's not all me, most of it is tomorrow's dinner."

"Is my skirt trailin'?" another asked. "No? Well, pull it down a bit behind, for the roast beef is away up me back."

When they were fully loaded themselves, the mothers hid the surplus hams and corned beef, cabbages and potatoes in the baby carriages, of which there were about one hundred on board. It was funny to see the babies crying their insides out because they were uncomfortable, sitting up higher than usual with a chunk of corned beef under their little backsides. Devery made no effort to stop the pilfering.

"They're welcome to the food," he said. "I'm glad to see them carryin' it away. They wouldn't steal it unless they needed it and had a hard time gettin' along."

The Chief had offered a quarter for every lost child that was found, and this too developed into a racket, kids getting lost on purpose so their friends could collect the two-bits reward. But Devery didn't mind; he was only too glad to hand out the shiny coins which weighed down his pockets.

There was no lack of excitement. While the vaudeville show was going on a woman on the upper deck of one of the barges shouted that her child had fallen overboard and she was about to leap into the river when

DOCK WALLOPER

half a dozen of Devery's men pulled her back from the rail. The missing baby showed up in a second, chewing candy and unconcerned. A woman about eighty years old fainted from excitement. Another woman became ill from eating too much.

The excursion fleet returned to the foot of West Twenty-fifth Street after dark, the outing having extended over ten hours. A serious collision was narrowly averted. The fleet was almost sandwiched in by two other steamers, the *General Slocum* which was going up the river and the *Grand Republic* which was coming down. The captains of the two boats maneuvered sharply to keep clear of the excursion flotilla, and the excursionists cheered the clever steering.

Then fireworks, bombs, rockets and Roman candles were set off from the hurricane deck of one of the barges, and six bands of music played the "Star Spangled Banner" as our boats swung against the landing pier.

The whole trip was made without an accident, except that one of the deck hands fell overboard with a hawser in his hands as we were docking, and had to be rescued by a professional lifesaver. Also, a boy fell off the pier and was drowned while waiting for his mother to come back from the excursion.

The perfect host, Chief Devery had provided fifty calcium lights to make the landing pier bright as day. Five thousand men—husbands, brothers and sweethearts—were waiting for the women and children, and had ice carts, express wagons and hansom cabs for the journey home. The families of hackmen rode in style.

POLITICS AND BIG BILL DEVERY

When Devery was asked by reporters to comment on his grand party, he said:

“It certainly was a bird. Yes, it was a lulu.”

The pickpockets enjoyed the holiday too. They could always be found where Devery was, because he attracted crowds. Old Mother Butler was on the excursion with Mary and the kids and I warned her against the pickpockets, but she thought she was too smart for them, as she had her money in a deep pocket in her skirt. They outsmarted her, though, and was she mad? As she was leaving the boat, the pickpockets maneuvered to get a bench in front of her and then they played the gentlemen act and said: “Step up, Mrs. Butler.” They gave her a helping hand while she stepped up, and at the same time they reached down in her kick and snatched her money.

Mary was proud of me when everybody made a fuss over me. She was like a new woman when I told her: “Mary, I’ve declared myself for Devery. Your husband is going to be the next assemblyman.”

I seemed so much in demand during that campaign I felt like the hero of the comic song:

They’re after me
They’re after me
Yes, I’m the individual they desire.

They’re after me
They’re after me
Yes, I’m the individual they require.

Chief Devery and I became the closest of friends. We even went to church together. Devery dropped a five-

DOCK WALLOPER

dollar bill in the collection basket and I dropped a half dollar and took out the bill. Devery couldn't see the joke at first.

"Never mind," I soothed him. "Let's go over to Mike's and buy a drink with it."

We held mass meetings at the Grand Opera House, and took turns at making speeches.

"This ain't goin' to be no feather duster campaign," Chief Devery told the voters. "I've been a knockout all my life. I got my education around the docks and among the common people. When I should have been to school I was fishin' for shiners. I'm an American born hero of Irish parents."

The Pump Ticket board of strategy met every night around the fire hydrant outside the café at Twenty-eighth Street and Eighth Avenue. "Everybody have a drink," Chief Devery would say to his boys, and while we drank rye straight he took Apollinaris. After that was done, we'd figure out how to beat the Goodwin opposition.

The next big stunt we executed for the voters was a beerfest and barbecue on a vacant lot at Tenth Avenue and Twenty-ninth Street. Flanagan's brewery sent sixty barrels of beer which furnished 20,000 glasses of suds for the thirsty thousands. We roasted two bullocks overnight and had 1700 pounds of rare meat for sandwiches. We had 15,000 rolls.

Our bar was as big as the one Joe Cook tells about. The whole square was enclosed with a bar made of four-inch planks, fastened with spikes. There was no brass rail, but there were three thousand people lined

POLITICS AND BIG BILL DEVERY

up against the bar on all sides. It was the first day of September, and it was hot and dusty on that lot.

The first beer wagon to arrive was greeted with cheers. The wagon was draped with American flags. The driver wore a straw hat with a red, white and blue band. Four white percherons, decorated with red, white and blue plumes, pulled the heavy load. "Special Brew for Devery's Barbecue" was painted on a sign in front of the wagon.

All hands joined in lifting the kegs from the wagon and rolling them into the lot where the bartenders, fifteen of them, began serving the lager with the assistance of half a hundred waiters.

Everybody was shouting for beer and more beer and the waiters, carrying twelve and sixteen glasses at a time, were unable to meet the demand fast enough to satisfy the mob. Some of the fellows in the front row got a beer every time the waiter came near, while the people in the rear shouted for fair play. The women emptied their glasses as fast as the men.

"No beer for the kids," was Devery's orders, but boys in short pants crawled under the bar and snatched the glasses. That wasn't necessary for some of the men at the bar were family men and they passed glasses back to their wives and children, even hoisting the lads on their shoulders while they wet their little insides.

At noon the bullocks were through roasting on the spits, and we carved them into thick pieces for sandwiches. The waiters started out with trays heaped with sandwiches but never had to travel far because they were ganged by the hungry people and the trays were

DOCK WALLOPER

emptied in a jiffy. Some of the waiters had been drinking more beer than they could hold with dignity and they staggered around with their trays à la Leon Errol while the onlookers hooted them to a fare-thee-well.

The party was fast developing into a riot. Men were leaping over the bar and battling one another for beer and sandwiches. Boys who should have known better poured beer into French horns and the cornets of the brass band while the musicians were downing their beer. The police had to stop drinking themselves and drive the mob back with lengths of rubber hose. The ring-leaders were picked up bodily and tossed beyond the bar into the street.

Suddenly a hush fell on the unruly mob. Big Bill Devery, their hero, was arriving. He came in a cab and took his seat in the bandstand. We shook hands and smiled out at the people. Devery said he was hot, and he stripped off his coat, tie and collar. The band struck up a topical song that went like this:

We rambled
We rambled
Till the butchers cut us down.

In his speech Big Bill paid his respects to his critics, including Dr. Paddock, a preacher who had called him a demagogue. Devery was no master of the king's English, no more than I am, but he certainly knew what nowadays they call the mob psychology.

"I class Dr. Paddock, not me, with the demagogues," said Big Bill, his face purple with rage and his hands

POLITICS AND BIG BILL DEVERY

trembling. "I claim the reverend doctor sowed seeds of the riot in the East Side in the red light district. I claim that he prostituted his cloth in the Eleventh District in drivin' prostitutes in among respectable folks.

"He can't say a word against me as chief of police, but I can say this of him, that in the trial of Captain Herlihy the reverend doctor swore he had been in a house of prostitution for six hours. Perhaps his watch stopped."

"Bill, he's a ——" interrupted a hoodlum.

"That won't do, I apologize for that word," continued Devery.

"Let Paddock go back to his red light district job as he calls it. Mayor Low says that Commissioner Partridge can't handle the vice problem in New York City. Well, no one knows the East Side better than Paddock. He spent six hours in one house of prostitution—how many hours in other houses? Why, the red light district is worse now than it was ever before.

"He once said that any one who went on strike ought to be put in jail. He's an Englishman, y'know. He came from no one knows where. I doubt if he can tell where he was born or how old he is. Comin' over on the boat he lost his character."

"Mr. Devery," butted in a drunken woman in the crowd, "won't you throw us down a reporter or two, we're still hungry."

Big Bill laughed at that, but refrained from tossing his newspaper friends to the lions.

"When I get into the Tammany Committee and the

DOCK WALLOPER

State Convention, I'm goin' to make it hot for a lot of people," he threatened.

"And now my partin' advice to you people is to take the other fellow's money, take anythin' you can get, but vote Devery."

"Mr. Devery," spoke up the drunken woman again, "here I am in me stockin' feet, throw me down the price of a pair of shoes."

"Not today, Mary," said Big Bill, and he sat down beside me and wiped the sweat from his brow.

I made a brief speech then, but it was nothing compared to the old master's. The crowd cheered as we rode away to address other political meetings. As the day wore on and the beer took effect the people began rioting all over again, swarming over and under the barriers to drain the kegs of beer and pick at the bones of the bullocks. When night came there was no more beer, but dozens of the beer drinkers were stretched out on their backs and sound asleep around the bandstand.

CHAPTER SIX

ROUGH STUFF AND TAMMANY

ELECTIONS nowadays are sissy affairs. Nobody gets killed any more and the ambulances and patrol wagons stay in their garages. There's cheating, of course, but it's done in a polite, refined manner compared to the olden days. In those times murder and mayhem played a more important part in politics. To be a challenger at the polls you had to be a nifty boxer or an expert marksman. A candidate, especially if he ran against the machine, was lucky to escape with his life. I was lucky—I only had my skull bashed and my front teeth knocked out and my nose broken.

And talking about tough elections, there never was another like that one in 1902 when Big Bill Devery and Big Dick Butler bucked the Tammany machine and beat it at its own game. Incidentally, my chief claim to fame as a politician is that I introduced the ten-to-one system in casting ballots. Up until then repeaters were content to drop two ballots at a time, but I realized I had to do something drastic to win.

Charley Murphy and his Tammany braves, including the East Side gangs of Big Tim Sullivan and Marty McCue, were determined to beat us at all costs and they

DOCK WALLOPER

imported mobs from Philadelphia, Newark and Chicago to reënforce their own guerrillas. Against them I mustered my longshoremen, iron workers and teamsters with the help of such labor leaders as Sam Parks, Jack Johnston, Petey Somerville, Ted Brandle and Jack Snyder. In addition, we had some Democratic allies from the East Side district presided over by Tom Foley. Foley was indebted to Devery because Big Bill had helped Foley beat out Judge Paddy Divver for leader in the First District. They took their politics so seriously that Foley and Divver had a fist fight and rolled down a flight of steps.

Foley, by the way, had an up-and-coming lieutenant named Al Smith. Later on I had the pleasure of encouraging Al to run for Governor at a time when Al feared no Irish Catholic could land that job.

Another good man I got to know in those early days was Edward Mulrooney, who later became Police Commissioner and head of the State Beer Board. Mulrooney was a rookie cop along the West Side waterfront, and what I especially liked about him was that he always gave a break to the poor people. Commissioner Mulrooney is just about the best posted man in town, and would make a swell Mayor if you ask me.

Now let's get back to my primary day. I was proud as a peacock, for all the families in the neighborhood had banners in their windows reading:

DICK BUTLER FOR ASSEMBLYMAN

Chief Devery and I toured the district in a one-horse shay. We were going through Twenty-fourth

ROUGH STUFF AND TAMMANY

Street when I said: "There's a mob from Newark."

What a man Devery was! He got out and walked up behind the imported Murphy gangsters and grabbed them by the necks and shoved them toward my brother Bill, who was standing on a corner. The gangsters fled like the cowards they were. I jumped out of the rig and chased them. Bill followed them, too, and knocked two or three against the fender of an Eighth Avenue car. I caught up with a guy named Razor Riley and slugged him. During the encounter I lost all my front teeth.

Ballots were easy to get, and we took plenty. Each candidate could get all he wanted. Why, kids even played with them. I got huge stacks of the ballots and carried them home to Mary.

"Your sweet little husband has never been defeated in all his life, although Tammany thinks I'm a big sap," I said to Mary.

"They're using repeaters all over the district, and I'm going to show them some real repeating.

"Mary, put your irons on the fire," I told her. She put three or four irons on the coal stove, and when they were nice and hot, we went to work on the ballots. We folded the ballots in sets of ten, dampened them with water like the Chinamen do in the laundries, and then Mary pressed the bundles of ten until they were thin enough to slip through the slit in the ballot boxes.

I distributed these ballots to my longshoremen and iron workers and they slipped in ten at a time while Murphy's mob thought they were doing a smart thing by piling in two at a time. The ballots were all the

DOCK WALLOPER

same color, and the poll clerks didn't get wise. One of my repeaters went to the polls twenty times and dropped in ten ballots every time.

It was wonderful to see how my men slugged the opposition to preserve the sanctity of the ballot and stop the corruption of Tammany Hall. They not only slugged our opponents but threw them in basements and rolled ash cans on them.

There were twenty-six election districts, and nothing but fights in every one. Between the fights, my mob slipped in and dropped their packages of ten ballots.

It was a hot day and my repeaters got tired of voting and slugging, so I hired them a tally-ho. They were all chafed from walking. They rode around the district in grand style, and when they encountered any unfriendly East Side mobs they jumped off and slugged them.

The other side was no match for my men. Best of all was Glasgow Petey Somerville, who carried a hand ax and saved me from a gang of niggers.

I had gone to a hall on West Thirtieth Street to pay off some niggers. Tammany had hired the niggers to vote at a dollar a head, and I paid them two dollars each not to vote at all. Bob Nelson, a bondsman and saloon-keeper, sent five niggers after me to knock me out. They waited for me in a dark hallway. When I came out I was struck from above by an ugly nigger known as Big Puss, who looked like George Wolcott, the boxer. My leg caught in a baby carriage placed in the hallway to block my exit, and the other niggers kicked me while I was helpless. I managed to take hold of a little eight-

ROUGH STUFF AND TAMMANY

ball by the lapel of his coat and I used his hard head for a battering ram against the other coons. I recognized one of my assailants as Banjo-Eye Joe, who had tried to borrow fifteen bucks from Devery to buy himself a glass eye. He had offered to have the name "Devery" painted across the eye, but Big Bill spurned the advertisement.

During the fight I was being unmercifully uppercutted by the coons and was about ready for the undertaker when Petey arrived with his ax and chopped me loose from the coons who ran away. I was almost blinded, but we went down to Bob Nelson's saloon and evened the score. Andy Devery, who was even tougher than his brother Bill, waved a big .45 at Nelson and called him a dirty coward. Nelson threw his hands up and begged for mercy.

There was one riot after another. Jimmy Kelly from the Bowery, sent up by Tom Foley to help us, discovered a gang of niggers stored next to a polling place. He and Jimmy Malone, a bartender from the Haymarket, went in and cleaned the niggers out.

In order that my workers would not make the mistake of slugging one another, I dropped into a haberdasher's and bought a lot of white pins, which my men wore in their coat lapels for purposes of identification among themselves, and so my polling place inspectors could recognize them when they voted. The opposition copied our trick and bought black pins.

The Devery ticket won a sweeping victory over Tammany. We got more votes than there were men, women

DOCK WALLOPER

and children in the neighborhood. At least the Tammany people said so.

The returns started coming in after dark. The Pump ticket led from the start, and at midnight victory was sure.

Thousands of people gathered in the streets and organized a victory parade. Tom Foley and Al Smith came over from the East Side and marched with Chief Devery and myself at the head of the torchlight procession. Brooms were carried by the marchers and also were hung out of windows by housewives to signify the clean sweep we made. Kids stole ash barrels, whisky and oil barrels, election boxes, gates from back yards—anything they could lay their hands on, and made huge bonfires in the streets. Beer kegs were swiped from saloons and rolled down the streets and piled sky high. Sparks from the bonfires set houses on fire, but nobody seemed to care.

With a fife and drum corps and three thousand men and boys cheering behind us, we rode through Eighth and Tenth Avenues in triumph. It was a colorful and noisy parade with bombs, red flares and tin horns. Every now and then the line of march was broken by spectators running into the street to shake the hands that whipped Tammany.

The procession started out from the club rooms of the William S. Devery Association and wound up at the Four Corners Club, where five thousand people were waiting for us.

“Speech, speech,” the crowd cried.

ROUGH STUFF AND TAMMANY

Chief Devery waved his felt hat for silence and spoke a few words.

"I guess our opponents know as how there was a primary here today," he said.

The band kept playing "Ta Ra, Boom De Ay" and "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight."

Every saloon celebrated our victory. Devery was tickled to death over our success. He couldn't help laughing when the celebrators sang:

Ta Ra, Boom De Ay
Parkhurst Will No Leap Frog Play.

Dr. Parkhurst was one of the reformers who had attacked Big Bill in their sermons.

The night I was formally nominated for Assemblyman I was giving my tired feet a mustard bath in a bucket of lukewarm water in the kitchen at home. I had been on the job all day as an iron worker at the Macy department store building, and I was tired. Mary brought Devery's committee in to me, headed by Mickey Welch, Mike O'Neill and Billy Logan.

"You're nominated for the Assembly, Dick," said Mickey.

"Aw, to hell with it," I said. "Leave me alone, I'm tired."

But Mary made me put on my shoes and go down with the committee to the Devery headquarters at Ehrlich's department store on Twenty-fifth Street and Eighth Avenue. They wouldn't let us meet in Goodwin's Pequod Club.

DOCK WALLOPER

The hall was packed, and I was the big, white-haired boy. I made a speech, starting off with, "Well, now that you have selected me as a candidate for the Assembly" and ending up with a lot of blarney.

Tammany had to indorse me because Devery's ticket beat Goodwin in the primary, but some of the Tammany men were sore.

"You're a God-damned bitter pill to swallow," Pat Baxter told me.

Davy Nolan said: "I loved your father and your mother, Dick, but I won't vote for you because I'm afraid I can't be buried in sanctified ground if I do."

"You won't get a vote," said Tommy Smith, secretary to Tammany Hall.

"I'll sweep the district," I told him.

"Yes, like the street cleaner does," he came back.

Never a good loser, Tammany had it in for the Bugs, and when our delegation went up to the state convention at Saratoga we were thrown out on our ears.

We went up on a special train of ten private cars and we had a swell time, marching all around the town, our bands playing:

Mister Devery
Oh Mister Devery. . . .

Our mascot was a big Newfoundland dog named Chief Devery and wearing a blanket inscribed: "Our choice for leader."

David B. Hill, John B. Stanchfield, Martin W. Littleton and Charles F. Murphy were running the conven-

ROUGH STUFF AND TAMMANY

tion to suit themselves, and they refused us seats on the ground of fraud. Stanchfield referred to our delegation as "thugs and ruffians," and I reminded him of that years later when he was a lawyer for Harry Thaw and wanted me to do him a favor. I pushed Devery to his feet and he made a rip-roaring talk, while our crowd staged a demonstration in the galleries. A cop with us pulled a pistol and threatened to shoot Stanchfield for his treatment of Big Bill, but Andy Devery disarmed the fool.

Chief Devery was not one to worry over his troubles with Tammany. When the Tiger blackballed us, Big Bill remarked:

"I knocked once after bein' duly elected leader of my district, and they dropped somethin' on me out of a second-story window."

After our Pump ticket beat Tammany in the primary and Tammany got revenge by throwing our delegates out of the Saratoga convention, the score was even; but we soon went one ahead again when we captured the Goodwin clubhouse in time to hold a judicial convention and nominate a judge for a vacancy. Headed by Chief Devery himself, we climbed the fire escapes and entered through the windows to take possession of the clubhouse at midnight when the Goodwin crowd were home in their beds.

The Goodwin mob showed up before breakfast and a battle royal ensued. They were reënforced by delegates to the judicial convention sent by Charley Murphy, but we chased them all away. Then we ate in peace the breakfast that Chief Devery ordered for us.

DOCK WALLOPER

Having demonstrated our strength over and over, Tammany sent Big Tim Sullivan around to arrange a peace treaty. Devery, myself and some of the others were even invited over to the Tammany wigwam and treated like kings. A band played "Auld Lang Syne" as we entered the hall. But underneath all this show of friendliness, I could see that the braves intended to knife me and support the candidate for the Assembly put up by John C. Sheehan's Greater New York Democracy.

"HOPE TO BEAT BUTLER" were the headlines in the New York *World* on the morning of October 13, 1902, and the story went on to say:

The Sheehan men hope to defeat Richard Butler who was nominated by Big Bill Devery and whose fate at the polls will be the first real test of Devery's strength and ability to successfully lead the Democrats of the Ninth District. The Sheehanites regard the defeat of Butler as very probable as they will concentrate their efforts on this Devery candidate's defeat.

Very probable, huh!

My ten-to-one voting system was working the same as in the primary and with Mary pressing the ballots for me I was elected Assemblyman easily, piling up more votes per capita than any other candidate ever did. The count showed 4680 votes for Dick Butler, 2548 for the Republican nominee, Jim Allen, a handful for the Prohibition, Social-Labor and Social-Democrat candidates, and 824 for Patsy Haley, the Sheehan man who had Tammany's secret support. In order to round up Irish votes for Haley, my neighbor and enemy Tommy Smith put out a circular that I was born in England. But what

ROUGH STUFF AND TAMMANY

good were circulars against me as long as I had my Mary and her hot irons.

Jacob Ruppert, the brewer, and William Randolph Hearst, the publisher, were elected to Congress in the same race with me. Hearst put out a lot of money; Chief Devery got five thousand dollars, so he told me. Hearst was just becoming prominent about that time.

When I went to the Assembly, Chief Devery got the bug in his head to run for mayor.

"I'll run for mayor or I'll turn flip-flaps off the Flat-iron Building," he said. "I'll do anythin' for the people."

Maybe it would have been better if he turned flip-flaps. It cost him sixty thousand dollars to run for district leader with a slogan of "Everybody have a drink on me." Running for mayor on the same platform would have cost him two million dollars, and naturally he was beaten. Unable to hire enough voters and challengers, he was counted out in the primary, but he refused to squawk over the dirty deal. If he had Mary pressing ballots for him, he might have made a better showing.

Tammany even voted the names of dead men against the Big Chief. The idea of dead hands dropping votes in the ballot boxes, or hurdy-gurdys as Devery called them, appealed to Big Bill's sense of humor.

"The tombstones are movin'," he chuckled, "and the hurdy-gurdys are goin' like a circus."

In one of his speeches, Chief Devery said:

"I'm goin' to leave a monument behind me that will

DOCK WALLOPER

surprise some people. It will make people think of me when I am gone across the river of the dead.”

Well, Big Bill is gone many years now, and the fortune that he piled up is gone too, but his friends see to it that he has a proper monument. It is the famous pump in front of the café on Eighth Avenue, where the Chief used to lean and sit while doing favors for his friends.

A few of us boys who don't forget his kindness look after the pump, painting it red, white and blue on the Fourth of July and painting it gold and silver and decorating it with holly wreath on Christmas and New Year's.

On St. Patrick's Day we paint the pump green.

CHAPTER SEVEN

THE GAY ASSEMBLYMAN

I HAD a barrel of fun at Albany. I didn't take my duties as an Assemblyman too seriously. Being a good party man, I didn't have to do any thinking for myself. I just followed the leader on all party measures. We Democrats voted together like a flock of sheep, and the Republicans acted the same way. That left us plenty of time for drinking and cutting capers.

The 126th Session, to which I was elected, opened in January, 1903, and adjourned in March. We were paid fifteen hundred dollars plus transportation and whatever else could be plucked out of the air. The transportation allowance was so much gravy as the railroads were only too glad to give us passes in return for favors.

I was appointed a member of the committees on Charitable and Religious Societies, and Public Printing. I didn't know much about printing, but I knew charity began at home. Among my fellow Assemblymen was John F. Curry, now leader of Tammany.

The State Red Book printed my picture and a sketch of my career. The photo shows a snappy young fellow with a flowery bow tie, a high starched collar and a tight-fitting coat that buttoned up high around the

DOCK WALLOPER

neck. My hair was slicked back from the right side, semi-pompadour, and my face was looking out from the picture with the prominent nose and ears and full-blooded lips that were fit for kissing or cussing. Oh, I was a dude all right, a regular Jim Dandy.

I enjoyed two distinctions. I was the youngest member of the Assembly, being only twenty-seven, and I was the first labor leader to be elected to that body.

I went up to Albany on the Empire State Express with Sam Parks, who was head of the building trades in New York City, and Big Jack Johnston, a Scotchman known as The Mon, who was secretary-treasurer of the ironworkers.

Riding on the observation car of the train, I spied a freshly killed calf on the platform at the first station where we stopped.

“Put that deer of mine in here, George,” I said to a Negro porter. The colored fellow didn’t know the difference between a deer and a calf, and the way I talked he believed it belonged to me anyway, so he lifted the calf on our train, and off we went with it. When the conductor came around and saw that calf taking up room that belonged to the passengers, he went up in the air and threatened to have me arrested for violating the company’s rules by hauling freight on a passenger car. In fact, he called in railroad detectives at the next stop, but the joke was on them when I let them know I was an Assemblyman and could get away with murder. They took the calf, and let me alone.

The labor unions in Albany declared a holiday in my honor and met me at the depot with Garland’s

THE GAY ASSEMBLYMAN

Band playing "Mr. Devery" and marched me up to Capitol Hill. I wanted the band to come upstairs with me, but Governor Benjamin Odell wouldn't allow it. Just the same I packed the Assembly gallery with my friends. I took my seat and that afternoon, when the legislature recessed, I was escorted to union headquarters where a beefsteak dinner was served in my honor. I made a speech in which I said. "I'll stand by labor," and all that hokum.

I introduced two bills that were corkers. The first asked that two motormen be stationed on every street car, so if one man dropped dead of heart disease or something, the other man could take his place. This bill died in committee.

The other bill called for the placing of life nets under skyscrapers and bridges in process of construction. The bill was passed unanimously by the Assembly, but failed to get through the Senate, its critics arguing that the nets would have made the city look like a circus.

Those were humane bills and I meant well by them. Maybe two motormen on a street car would have been about as useful as two tails on a cat, but those nets would have saved many a falling ironworker. I was working high up on a building in Thirty-first Street once when I slipped. My hat fell six stories; I fell to the next floor with only a two-inch plank between me and the ground. What saved me, I guess, was a little cross I had in my kick from a monastery.

Arguing for the bill, I said there was no reason why so many ironworkers should be falling off buildings.

DOCK WALLOPER

Of course, we used to drink, but sometimes we slipped on ice.

One labor man argued against my bill. "If you put nets under the floor," he said, "every man will want to be an ironworker."

Not long afterwards he fell and broke two ribs.

I always suspected the Iron League had something to do with killing that bill. That was an organization made up of employers and naturally they didn't want to be buying nets.

The employers and the big corporations had lobbyists at Albany to protect their interests. One way of making money was to put forward a bill which would put them to considerable expense. Then the lobbyist would have to buy off the author of the bill. These measures were called strike bills, or sand-baggers.

A good politician was defined in those days as "a man who understands addition, division and silence." Most of the legislators were good politicians.

I remember one of the old-timers gave me this advice: "Keep out of politics," he said, "it will ruin a young man."

"Well," I said to him, "you own property and you never did any work. You seem to get along in politics."

Besides, money wasn't everything; we had a lot of comedy in the legislature. Little Izzy Cohen, an Assemblyman from Big Tim Sullivan's district, introduced a bill to tax bachelors. I voted for it. I was starting to raise ten kids of my own, and finding it expensive.

My first oratorical effort was a plea that none but union labor be employed on the state canal. As an

THE GAY ASSEMBLYMAN

orator, I was as ignorant as Honest John Connelly, the Assemblyman from Harlem who was the butt of so many stories. When a bill was up to put a chandelier in the Governor's office, Honest John objected:

"What's the use of a chandelier, nobody can play it."

Another time when a move was on to buy a number of gondolas for a park, Honest John said:

"Just buy two, a male and a female, and let nature take its course."

Connelly's career was cut short when he crossed the Democratic and Republican bosses, Croker and Platt, who were generally rumored to own the telephone company. Ten cents was being charged for public calls then, and Connelly moved for a reduction to five cents. Tom Platt was alarmed and called in Dick Croker, who sent for Connelly, asking him who was behind the bill.

"My constituents," said Connelly.

"Who sent you to the Assembly?" Croker wanted to know.

"My constituents," said Connelly.

"Well, let's see who'll send you there next year," Croker said.

Honest John ran for election as an independent, and got only a hatful of votes.

That was a lesson in party loyalty that we had to bear in mind. When a bill is designated as a party measure, it means that the leader of the party has been seen and the subordinates must vote as he says and not expect any special reward. If any votes are needed from members of the rival party, then dough is put out to them if necessary.

DOCK WALLOPER

The story was current at Albany concerning a Democratic party bill, and how fifteen hundred dollars was offered for Republican votes necessary to put it over. The bank that was paying out the money reported that a certain Assemblyman had applied for his fifteen hundred dollars, although he was a Democrat. Croker called this man on the carpet and bawled him out. The man was killed politically, and almost physically. Croker was a powerful big fellow and was said to have killed one man in his time.

It was well known that Croker and Platt controlled everything. People seeking favors had to look up Croker at the Hoffman House or Platt at his Amen Corner in the old Fifth Avenue Hotel.

The Capitol was the outstanding building in Albany with its white granite walls and red towers, but I spent little time there. I had a desk in the horseshoe circle in the Assembly Hall, but I was more at home leaning against a bar, drinking beer from Hinckel's, Dobler's or Quinn & Nolan's brewery. In the midst of a debate, I'd get hold of my pals, Johnny Yale and Gene Bernet, and go across the street.

"It's a lot of bull," I told them, and it was. We were better off drinking at the Ten Eyck or Keeler's. I lived in Keeler's. More than once I showed up in the Capitol with a bun on.

Governor Odell wouldn't talk to me after our run-in over bringing the brass band into the Capitol. The Governor was always warning the rural members against us city slickers. He painted us like devils with horns, spiked tail and hoofs.

THE GAY ASSEMBLYMAN

I'll admit some of the city boys went in for crude horseplay. A certain bill was coming up one time and they wanted to get me off the floor. We all had bottles of crystal spring water on our desks for drinking purposes, so "The" McManus, a Senator from the West Side, sneaked in a bottle of Pluto water in place of the harmless spring water. In the midst of my speech, I had to rush out of the chamber.

We had our serious moments, too. We spent weekends at our homes, returning to Albany on Monday. Monday night was the Immaculate Night for us Assemblymen. We wore our best suits with carnations in the lapels. The town folks trooped down to see us and hear the brilliant orations.

All in all, being an Assemblyman was about the easiest job I ever had. We voted for the bills by number without knowing the contents. The privileges we enjoyed were many. The race track association gave all the legislators a couple of passes.

Gene Woods, the lobbyist for the New York Central, liked me. He was a friend of Big Bill Devery who did favors for the New York Central while he was chief of police. Woods cultivated the legislators by handing out passes. He gave me whole books of passes, which helped to make me more powerful back in my home district.

When couples got married in the Fighting Ninth, I used my passes to send them to Niagara Falls for their honeymoons.

CHAPTER EIGHT

HOW TO OPEN A SALOON

AS a labor leader and politician, it was inevitable for me to go into the saloon business. The labor unions used to hold their meetings in halls over saloons, and the members would carry on their debates with a foot on the brass rail. Politicians used to pick up their lieutenants at the bars, and when they wanted repeaters or sluggers the saloons furnished their quota. A popular saloonkeeper could control five hundred votes and with that many votes tucked away in his vest pocket he was in a position to ask favors from the party in power. The policeman on the beat who incurred the displeasure of a saloon man was liable to get transferred to the sticks.

When I retired as Assemblyman in 1903, I continued to play around in politics and was active in the longshoremen's, teamsters' and ironworkers' unions. That left me a little leisure, so I opened up a saloon at Twenty-eighth Street and Tenth Avenue. A fellow by the name of Rush had failed there, but it was a good spot and I was a popular fellow.

It was easy to open a saloon. The brewers and distillers would put up most of the money just to get the

HOW TO OPEN A SALOON

business. All I needed was five hundred dollars and I borrowed that off Mary's mother.

When Mary asked for the money for me, the Carmodys went into a family council in their boarding house. Old Paddy Carmody, with his long chin whiskers and sideburns, was opposed to trusting me with a dime, but Mary won out as she was the apple of her mother's eye. There was hell to pay with the rest of the house, as none of the Carmody kids had been able to touch the old lady for anything like five hundred dollars.

There was nothing fancy about my saloon, but from the day it opened I did a business like hell on fire. Our free lunch included everything from soup to crackers. We lived upstairs and Kate, an old Irishwoman, who looked after Mary, who was confined with another baby, saw to the cooking of the free lunch.

There were three saloons at that one street intersection. The fourth corner was occupied by a grocery belonging to Colonel Jim Butler, the millionaire sportsman—no relation of mine, unfortunately.

My saloon was on the southwest corner. Eddie Nally, the fellow who stood up for me when I was married, had a saloon on the northeast corner. Colonel John McCawley had his saloon on the northwest corner. Three saloons that close together was nothing unusual along Tenth Avenue; I remember spots where all four corners had saloons to take care of the thirsty dock workers.

Colonel McCawley was a great churchman. He went to church every Sunday and walked down the middle aisle of St. Michael's. He raised a good family. His

DOCK WALLOPER

saloon drew the élite trade; it wouldn't serve any drunks.

Nally's saloon and my place were more democratic. We served anybody, no matter how loaded they were. We didn't put ale in, but served lager beer at five cents a schooner, and whisky at ten and fifteen cents a shot. Colonel McCawley's whisky was better than ours, but we served more for the money.

"Old Crow," was my favorite whisky. It had a picture of a blackbird on the bottle and when I came downstairs in the morning, I'd whistle like a bird and my bartender would do an Irish jig and pass me the bottle without a word being spoken. I also had a fondness for Maryland Rye, Monongahela Rye, Dewar's, and Bushmill's. I was my own best customer.

Along came Joe Gentleman one day and got me in a fine pickle. He was a singer in the Cathedral choir and an agent for the Stanton Brewing Company of Albany.

"I'd like to put my beer in your store," he said. "You and I are good friends and I'll do as good by you as the Lion Brewery." He brought Stanton, the head man, down to see me, and offered me fifteen hundred dollars to put his beer in. I accepted, and notified the Lion people to take their beer out. After I threw out the Lion beer, the Stanton outfit balked at paying me. There I was without any beer at all, like the ass starving between two bales of hay. Eddie Nally and I put our heads together and we went back to the Lion Brewery with a cooked-up story about the customers not liking the Stanton beer and how I would be willing to go back to Lion beer for fifteen hundred dollars. They called in

HOW TO OPEN A SALOON

Mrs. Schmidt, the owner of the brewery, and after parleying with her I got twelve hundred dollars.

My Mary had been worrying about the five hundred dollars I borrowed from her old lady, but Kate, the cook, told her: "The blessings of God be on you. The cow will calf today."

Sure enough it did, and Mary and I took the money down to the Carmodys' boarding house. The whole family was in the kitchen squabbling as usual about the money loaned to me. They were all eyes when I walked in, peeled ten fifty dollar bills off my fat roll and handed them to Mrs. Carmody. She folded the money in her kick right off the reel. She was dumbstruck, but not for long.

"Ah, sure, and God bless you," she said to me. "I knew I'd get it back."

Which was a damn lie, because they had all been downing me as a dead beat.

I gave the old man an extra twenty dollars so he could buy drinks, and I produced a bottle of wine for the family.

With the rest of the money, I moved Mary and the kids into a high-tone flat opposite my mother's.

On the day I had opened the saloon, when the distillers and the brewers were putting in their stocks, some truck driver who was friendly to me rolled two barrels of wine down into my cellar. I didn't know the wine was stolen—that's my story and I stick to it. The truckman's boss discovered he was two barrels short and notified the police. A detective from the West Twentieth

DOCK WALLOPER

Station, who had a grudge against my friend, Big Bill Devery, came and arrested me.

"Now see if your friend Devery can get you out," he taunted be.

I was arraigned before Magistrate Mayo in Jefferson Market Court.

"Your honor," I says, "I have no idea how those two barrels of red wine happened to be in my cellar. You know the folks up around my district don't drink wine. They're Irish, not Italians."

"I agree with you," said the magistrate. "Irish people drink whisky, not wine. Mr. Butler, I know you're too honorable a man to deal in stolen goods. You're honorably discharged."

"I told you so," I says to the detective.

Not satisfied with the verdict, the owner of the wine hired Jabber Cary, a heavyweight fighter, to beat me up. The two men walked in and ordered a drink, and then the owner began beefing:

"That was a nice thing you done to me."

That started an argument, and then I realized big Jabber was there to give me the works. I locked the doors, picked a carving knife off the free lunch counter and made for Jabber. Jabber hadn't expected any resistance like that, so he turns on the other fellow and gives him an unmerciful beating.

"What do you mean, bringing me up here to whip my friend, Big Dick?" he wanted to know.

After two years, I grew kind of sick of the saloon business. It wasn't the fights I minded, but it was too

HOW TO OPEN A SALOON

much like hard work, shoving those big schooners over the wet mahogany. When a smart fellow came along and wanted to buy, I got one thousand dollars off him and sold the place out.

My next venture was in the birch beer business with Eddie Nally. Birch beer was a temperance drink without a kick, like root beer. Old soaks that wanted to fool their wives used to drink birch beer and slip whisky into it.

Nally and I went over to Hoboken and bought a brewery and a couple of horses and wagons. We sold the stuff for two dollars a barrel. Nally was a good business man; I wasn't worth a damn. I went out for customers, and had the misfortune to run into a pair of twin bartenders who looked as much alike as Mike and Ike.

The twins were the Geary brothers, a freckled-faced pair who ran a saloon at Twenty-sixth Street and Tenth Avenue. I got an order one night from one of the twins for two barrels of beer, but when our man attempted to make the delivery the following morning the other twin chased him away.

I went back to find out what the trouble was, not knowing at the time that there were twins. The freckle-faced fellow on duty behind the bar looked like the guy that gave me the order so I said to him:

"What's the matter? You gave me an order last night, and this morning you cancel it."

"I didn't give you no order," he says.

"You're a liar," I says.

DOCK WALLOPER

"Get out," he says.

"You make me," I says.

With that, he leaps over the bar, and I smack him back where he belongs. He fell into a trough of water. The loafers in the place began moving toward me, so I threw four or five empty schooners at him and his gang, and went away from there.

I was always fighting, and I can honestly say no man came too big for me. I had a run-in with Deputy Police Commissioner Bert Hanson, a dapper dandy who wore a rose in his lapel. Hanson wanted the police force to fight his battles for him. He lined up a squad in front of him in the Twentieth Street Station house and told them:

"Break that big politician's skull if he ever so much as speaks to you."

A friend of mine belonged to that squad and he tipped me off to watch my step. At one o'clock one morning when I was walking home, one of Hanson's cops threatened to shoot me for no reason at all. I was arrested and thrown in the station house and then taken to Jefferson Market Court, where Judge Droge discharged me.

I caught Bert Hanson in the courtroom and told him what I thought of him.

"Get out of here and get in your wagon or I'll drop you in the nearest sewer," I told him.

I chased him out and lifted up a manhole cover in the street to carry out my threat. A crowd gathered to see what would happen. Bert looked at me and the

HOW TO OPEN A SALOON

sewer that was yawning for him, then hopped in his buggy and drove away in a hurry.

Looking back now, it seems that maybe I didn't take myself seriously enough. Not that I have any regrets. I guess I could have gone to Congress if I wanted to, but I just didn't care much. Even the up-state papers were booming me for Congressman from the West Side wharf district. I remember dropping off a train at Syracuse one day to extend the bridge worker's grip to my laboring friends there, and finding myself headlined on the front page as follows:

BIG DICK IN TOWN

FORMER ASSEMBLYMAN BUTLER
NOW MUCH IN LIMELIGHT
IN NEW YORK

MAY BE NAMED FOR
CONGRESS

But I had other fish to fry. In addition to my private business ventures, I was president of the Longshoremen's Union Protective Association, member of the executive committee of the Ironworkers' Union, and organizer of the Teamsters' Union.

I organized the first ice drivers' local up over Eddie Nally's saloon. By calling a strike of fourteen hundred icemen on the hottest summer day, I got a raise for the poor fellows who were working ten to twelve hours a day and earning only nine dollars a week. The teamsters showed their appreciation for my efforts by helping my ironworkers when the latter went on strike. They

DOCK WALLOPER

wouldn't haul iron to any place where there was a strike.

Charles Morse, who later went to prison and was pardoned by President Taft, was the head man in the ice trust, organizing all the ice producing plants along the Hudson and throughout New England. Tammany Hall leaders, who posed as friends of the poor, got stock in the ice trust, which was exploiting the poor by boosting the price of ice.

I was head of the longshoremen's district council some years later when I opened my second saloon, a classy place at 711 Seventh Avenue, right at Times Square. Sam Myers and his son Abe, friends of Big Bill Devery, had the place before me. It was next door to the Columbia burlesque house, now the Mayfair Theater, and the chorus girls used to get their beer through the fence in the backyard. My backer was Jim McCunn, a big distiller and friend of Sheriff Culkin. Jim put up four thousand dollars and stocked me up with booze because he knew I was a popular fellow.

I made a beautiful place of it. Out front there was a sign reading "DICK BUTLER'S." Inside was a big bar with three men working behind it. In the back was a beer garden.

I moved the council's headquarters upstairs from the old meeting place at Eleventh Avenue and Twenty-fourth Street. We met upstairs on Sunday afternoons when the saloon was supposed to be closed. At such times we worked the saloon on the closed door principle, like a speakeasy.

Sam Gompers, head of the American Federation of Labor, was one of my customers and used to come up

HOW TO OPEN A SALOON

to see me every time he was in New York. He was a solid, honest old man, a London Jew who started life as a cigarmaker. Gompers was fond of me, and the feeling was mutual. He was also fond of oysters. He used to gobble them right out of the shells instead of using a fork. He drank ale by the gallon. That little man could certainly hold his ale.

I introduced Gompers to Bob Brindell, the Building Trades czar who died after serving a prison term. T. V. O'Connor, head of the International Longshoremen's Association and later on the Shipping Board, was another who came to my saloon.

Bill Flynn, the big chief of the Department of Justice and my friend for many years, used to drop in to warn me to be careful. He was scared somebody would reach me.

Charley Stoneham, owner of the New York Giants; Fannie Brice, the actress; Nicky Arnstein, her first husband; Fuller and McGee, the bucket shop operators; Bill Fallon, the criminal lawyer; Alfred Henry Lewis, the writer; Leander Richardson, the theatrical man; Sandy Clemons and Teddy Brandle, the Jersey labor leaders—these were some more of my customers.

In addition to the big shots of Broadway, we had an off-color mob hanging out there sometimes. The coppers would come in and tip me off, and I would run the crooks out. I must say this for the cops; they never tried to shake me down for a dollar. I never had to pay them a cent.

Mary and the kids and my mother and brother Bill lived upstairs with me on the top floor.

DOCK WALLOPER

I had a variety of interests and was making plenty of dough in those days. I didn't care whether anybody bought drinks or not. I even let my friends go behind the bar and tap the damper if they needed some money. I was going along well until my brother died in the place from consumption.

Those days there was no style to a funeral. Every wake was held in the home. The old folks didn't like the idea of funeral parlors but the stairway in our place was too narrow for a casket, so I took Bill over to Buckley's undertaking establishment on Tenth Avenue. Mother Butler bawled me out for that.

I was afraid mother would put a curse on my saloon—she called it putting the cross—so I gave it to a couple of my friends, Jim Sheedy and Les Copeland. Les was a piano player. You should have heard him sing that blues number, "My Landlady."

"Here take it, pay the rent and give me twenty-five per cent of the profits," I told them.

Well, I never got a cent. As fast as they made it, they spent it. That was all right with me.

My third and last saloon was the most gorgeous of all: "The Question Mark," at 156 West Forty-fourth Street in Honest John Kelly's old gambling house. We had the highest clientele, all big men. Jimmy Walker frequented the place and liked me.

Jack Dempsey and his manager, Jack Kearns, put the money up to open the place for their friend, Dan McKetrick. One day McKetrick told me he owed a lot of bills and asked me to speak to Horace Stoneham, a

HOW TO OPEN A SALOON

brother of Charley Stoneham. Horace put up about \$22,000 on condition I step in as a partner. I did, and the receipts jumped from eleven dollars a day to four hundred.

It was a four-story brick building. On the ground floor was a bar, on the second floor a dining room, on the third floor the gold room, and on the fourth, the owners slept. It was there that Honest John had his private barber shop for himself alone. There were no elevators in the building, and the marble stairways were decked out with Oriental rugs. The gold room was reserved for private parties. Beautiful paintings of nude women hung all over the walls.

Our clientele included big Wall Street men as well as the leading boxers of the day—Georges Carpentier, Freddy Welsh, Willie Lewis, Tommy Gibbons, Young Stribling and Mike McTigue. One hot Labor Day I was working in the place when I got a telegram from Horace Stoneham and McKetrick who were vacationing on a yacht on Lake Champlain. The telegram read:

Honorable Richard J. Butler:
Give no drinks away and cash no checks.

I resented that.

A bunch of the boys were sitting around with no money to buy drinks. I read the telegram out loud to them. Then I called over Mike Goldberg, our manager.

"Mike," I says, "who's the boss here?"

"You are," he says.

"Well, Mike," I told him, "these boys haven't any

DOCK WALLOPER

money and they haven't any checks. Let them have anything they want on the house."

By the time I wound up with them, the boys were all laying under the table.

When McKetrick and Stoneham came back, I offered to buy them out, handing them a check for \$25,000 that I got from Bill Rafferty, one of my friends up in Syracuse. They refused to sell out, so I walked out of the place and it went on the bum.

The only thing I got out of that place was a swell champagne party for my Mary. Charley Stoneham and John McGraw, manager of the Giants, supplied the champagne. We had all the politicians and ball players at the party. In honor of Mary, I sang this little song:

She wore a wreath of roses
And a little bunch of green
The boys and girls they called her
Pretty Mary.

She looks as good at forty
As she did at sweet sixteen
When I met her at the fair
In Tipperary.

"All together now, boys," I shouted, and all the guests sang the words, while my lovely Mary blushed like a pretty schoolgirl.

I stayed out all that night with Charley Stoneham, after sending Mary home to the kids. I wanted to go home, but Charley wouldn't let me—and I guess he told the same story to his wife. At 7 o'clock in the morning Charley and I, with three quarts of champagne under

HOW TO OPEN A SALOON

our arms, weaved up to my castle under the Ninth Avenue Elevated.

“Go up and find out if I’m welcome,” Charley said to me.

Mary was in bed and not feeling so well herself when I staggered in with a nice bun on, and the champagne under my arms. “I’ll chase him away,” Mary said, when I told her Stoneham was waiting to come up.

But I persuaded her to put a nice Japanese kimono on, and then we finished the champagne with Charley. Our ten kids trooped out to see the company, and Charley couldn’t get over how many we had.

“It looks like you just spout kids,” he remarked.

When the champagne was all gone, my son Willie took Charley to his home.

CHAPTER NINE

RACKETEERS IN LABOR

ORGANIZED labor has more racketeers than Job had boils. The American Federation of Labor knows this as well as I do, but seems powerless to do anything to clean its house. One reason for this sad state of affairs is that many of the local unions are virtually independent of the international organization and don't mind showing it. Any president of the federation who set out to chastise the bad boys who exploit the locals would soon lose the support of powerful lieutenants.

It's a dirty shame, because the rank and file of union labor is made up of hard working, honest, God fearing people who would prefer the right kind of leadership. The cause of organized labor has been terribly damaged in the public mind by the racketeer type of leader who works for his own pocket, without regard for the welfare of the laboring man, the employer or the general public.

Speaking of racketeers, I've known plenty in my time. Some of my best friends are labor leaders—I was one myself for a quarter century—and I don't want you to go away with any impression that they're all racketeers. Far from it, but it's the racketeers who draw the publicity and injure the cause.

RACKETEERS IN LABOR

It so happened that I was an intimate associate of labor's first big racketeer, Sam Parks, a man with taking ways which eventually landed him in Sing Sing Prison. Sam organized the New York building trades by the gentle process of having his opponents slugged to a fare-thee-well. Any non-union workman who escaped a beating was likely to have a red hot rivet dropped on his neck while he was working on a skyscraper frame work. Or he might have a plank pulled from under him so he could drop twenty floors to certain death. Sam stopped at nothing to achieve his ends. Union labor still goes in for rough stuff now and then, but it's a pink tea party compared to the murderous stuff that Sam got away with.

The building interests brought Parks on to New York from Chicago in the nineties. As a labor leader in Chicago, Sam had showed employers how they could unionize and eliminate competition by simply having him call strikes on non-union projects. Chicago had pioneered in building skyscrapers, and now New York was beginning to put up the cloud piercers.

The George A. Fuller Construction Company, which had found Sam Parks useful in Chicago, continued to coöperate with him in New York, to which place both had extended their operations about the same time. The Fuller firm paid bigger wages than its rivals. It grabbed off the big jobs and got the cream of the workmen. The wage increases were made through Parks, and his prestige with the workers went up accordingly.

The New York building trades were practically unorganized before the advent of Sam Parks. Longshore-

DOCK WALLOPER

men like myself worked as ironworkers in the summer time because the wages were better, but when cold weather came we went back to the docks. Sam picked out a few of us young fellows with followings and we organized the United Housesmiths' and Bridgemen's Union. Parks wouldn't let us go into the American Federation of Labor. My friend, Sam Gompers, who was president of the federation, came on to New York and begged me to get Parks in the fold.

Parks told Gompers to go to hell. "I'm bigger than the American Federation of Labor," he boasted.

Sam was a swaggering, arrogant, domineering fellow. A massive, broad-shouldered bozo, six feet tall, he feared and respected nobody. He looked strong as an ox, but I knew he was a hollow shell; there was no health in him. Even then he had consumption and a worse disease from which he was to die in prison.

Parks was a clever schemer. He used to worm a secret promise of a wage increase from the employers. Then, without revealing this to his men, he would make a speech to them about their low wages and persuade them to demand a raise. The employers would come through with the raise, as per promise, and the men would look up to Sam as a wonder worker. This is fine as far as it goes, and the same tricks are still being practiced today; the only drawback is that Sam and others of his ilk are always filling their own pockets first, and the workers may be double-crossed without knowing it.

While Parks was in his glory in New York, we worked on the Flatiron Building, Macy's department store, the Plaza Hotel, the old Equitable Building, the Empire

RACKETEERS IN LABOR

Building on Rector Street, the Williamsburgh Bridge and the East Side subways. Our union had what it called the Entertainment Committee, going around to the projects to unionize them, which we did by calling off the union men if non-union men also were employed, or by intimidating the non-union workers. Parks couldn't fight, but he let others do it for him.

I wasn't any saint then, or now, and I don't pretend to be. Union labor was in its infancy, and we had to think up our tactics as we went along. For example, my friend Petey Somerville would be working with me on a construction job—say the Power House, at Thirty-ninth Street and the East River. He was a rivet heater and would toss me hot bolts to rivet, and I would let them drop—more or less accidentally, you understand—to the floor below. Almost invariably what I dropped happened to hit a non-union workman, who thereupon decided the job wasn't worth risking his life for. We didn't pity those fellows; we called them scabs, and nothing was too bad for them.

To put a halt to such tricks, some of the non-union contractors hired detectives who were stationed up on the scaffolds with us to see that we behaved and didn't drop any hot rivets on purpose. The presence of the detectives around us was like waving a red flag to a bull. Detectives figured too often as strikebreakers for any love to be lost between us.

While work was going on on the framework of the Plaza Hotel opposite Central Park, somebody pulled a plank from under the detectives and one or two fell to the street. Fourteen or fifteen of the men were arrested

DOCK WALLOPER

for murder, but they had a friend on the Coroner's jury and were discharged.

Sam Parks was not above doing harm to his own business agents. I always will think he tried to get me bumped off that day in June, 1901, when we were trying to organize the ironworkers on rapid transmit tunnel work. He sent me down to the subway cut at Elm and Houston Streets to try to persuade James Moran, a boss ironworker, that he should be a nice fellow and let his men come into the union. What Parks failed to tell me was that other men had been down to see Moran before and had used brass knuckles on him, with the result that Moran had got himself a pistol for protection and was laying for the next organizer who came along.

I took another organizer, Willie Walters, along with me. As soon as I began to reason with Moran, who was directing a crew of workers in the excavation, he started to come up at us with a pistol. I was taken by surprise, but managed to kick him back in the hole, and in falling his head struck a piece of iron. He yelled bloody murder, and Willie and I beat it, with a crowd chasing us in the belief we were killers or at least robbers. Some detectives joined in the pursuit, and fired six shots, but by the time they found me I was sitting down in the washroom of a saloon on the next corner.

Willie and I were handcuffed and hauled into the Centre Street Court before Magistrate Crane, who bawled us out, assuming that we were the walking delegates who had been beating up Moran previously. He

RACKETEERS IN LABOR

placed us under two hundred dollars' bond to behave ourselves, and told us:

"You have no right to interfere with honest working men. You have no business to think you can regulate the wages paid to others, or try to decide what a contract between employer and employee shall be as far as it relates to others. You certainly had no business to assault this man. Unions are all right as far as they go, but oppression is all wrong."

Parks was riding for a fall, but nobody could tell him that. The American Federation of Labor kept trying to take our organization over, but Sam chased them out. He was incurring their enmity and he was losing out with the employers and the public. District Attorney William Travers Jerome was on the side of the Parks critics, and they prepared a trap for clever Sam. The trap almost caught me, too; only my innocence and caution saved me.

Our union met at Brevoort Hall, Fifty-fourth Street and Third Avenue, and after meetings the boys would adjourn to Barney Lynch's saloon at Fifty-ninth Street. Lynch used to bail us out when we were in trouble, and we were often in trouble, fighting as we were for the good cause of labor. While at the hall one day, Parks called me aside and whispered:

"Plenty is sending me a check for \$1250. He wants a favor done. You take the check up to Barney Lynch's and have him cash it."

I knew Josephus Plenty had the contract to build the Hamburg-American docks in Hoboken. Parks demanded

DOCK WALLOPER

that Josephus hire union dock builders, and in return Josephus wanted some favors from Parks.

"Sam, I think you're making a mistake taking that check," I told Parks. "I'm not going to put my monicker to it."

You see, Parks wanted me to indorse the check for him.

"Go ahead and do it yourself," I dared him. He did, and Jerome promptly got the check from Plenty, who charged extortion. Lynch was brought down before Jerome and refused to talk at first in order to protect Parks. Then he was threatened with prosecution for perjury, and he told what he had to.

Parks was indicted for extortion. He hired lawyers recommended by my friend, Chief Devery, and I persuaded Devery to sign \$25,000 bail for Parks, Devery pledging real estate of uncertain value. As security for the bail, Parks handed Devery \$10,000 of United States Steel bonds, which Sam had acquired in one of his double-crossing deals with the contractors.

While Parks was out on bail awaiting trial, Sam and I went to Kansas City for an ironworkers' convention. If Sam had stayed away from New York he would never have gone to prison, because District Attorney Jerome would have given him a break. Sam Gompers told me he made a special plea to Jerome to save Parks from prison to avoid scandalizing union labor. Gompers was not friendly to Parks, but would have been satisfied to have him banished from New York. Gompers told me that Jerome advised him as follows:

RACKETEERS IN LABOR

"Take Parks out of New York and keep him out. If he comes back I'll convict him. He's a detriment to labor. He comes from Chicago and doesn't belong here."

I told this to Parks while we were drinking together in our rooms at the Coates Hotel in Kansas City.

"Sam, you're a sick man," I said. "Jerome don't want to send you to prison. Go to the mountains for your health and stay away from New York. I'll send enough money to you to pay your way."

But Sam was beyond helping. Instead of being grateful for past favors, he wanted me to call Devery and have him post additional bail of \$5,000 for some painters' union delegate who also had been indicted for extortion.

"Sam, I ain't going to do it," I told Parks. He raved then against me and Devery and Jerome and one of Jerome's assistants, Joe Corrigan, now a Judge of General Sessions and the most fearless and honest judge in all New York.

"To hell with you, Devery, Jerome and Corrigan," shouted Parks in his cups. "I'll take Corrigan's heart out when I go back and I'll hang it on the Flatiron Building. Every time that little Corrigan looks at me, it takes ten years off my life."

"Sam," I told him, "you're full of consumption, and if it wasn't that I don't want to be held for murder I'd knock you dead now. You've already sold Devery out and now you're using me for a sucker. You'll go back to New York and you'll go to prison. Don't ever speak to me again, you rat."

DOCK WALLOPER

Big Bill Devery was running for mayor against Tammany at that time, and what made me sorer than anything else against Parks was that I had just heard that he had sold Devery out, after promising to line up the union behind him. I heard that Parks had been to a secret meeting at the Bartholdi Hotel where he met Fire Chief Edward Croker, a nephew of Dick Croker, the old Tammany boss. The same people offered five thousand dollars to Big Jack Johnston, another leader of the ironworkers, to sell Devery out, but he told them where to get off.

The bribe dangled before my own eyes if I would turn traitor to Devery was nothing less than the Tammany leadership of the Ninth Assembly District. The offer was made to me by Big Tim Sullivan, who met me at Lexington Avenue and Twenty-eighth Street. He told me he spoke for Charley Murphy, the new head man in Tammany.

"Do you think Parks will stick with Devery?" Big Tim asked me.

"Certainly," I said, not knowing of the double-cross.

"That's too bad," said Big Tim, crying crocodile tears.

"Dick, I'd like to see you leader of the Ninth. You'd be a big man in Tammany Hall. Right now Devery is through. Get right in on our side and Goodwin (former leader of the Ninth) will quit for you. Murphy will never stand for Devery."

"Senator," I replied to Sullivan, "that man Devery asked me never to humiliate him. He said to me: 'Young man, there will be tremendous pressure brought to bear

RACKETEERS IN LABOR

on you to leave me, and I hope my judgment of you is not wrong!’”

In turning down Big Tim’s proposal and sticking with Big Bill, I turned my back on Tammany and threw away my political future, whatever it may have been. Perhaps, I might have risen like Johnny Curry, who served with me in the Assembly, became leader of his West Side district, and then won the leadership of all Tammany Hall.

I’ve never regretted my decision. I’m no saint, but the worst crime in the calendar to me is being ungrateful to a friend—and Big Bill Devery was one of the greatest friends I ever had.

Against my advice, Sam Parks came back to New York, stood trial and was convicted of extortion, although he had paid out \$85,000 to lawyers. Most of this money was put up by the union which still liked him because, after all, he had got the men wage increases.

When I informed Chief Devery how Parks had sold him out, the Chief resolved to have nothing more to do with him. We got Mrs. Parks and took her in a cab to see her husband, who was locked up in the Tombs. Devery brought along the ten \$1,000 bonds which Parks posted with him as security for the bail. Big Bill shoved the bonds through the bars and smacked Parks over the head with them. As the bonds fluttered to the cement floor, Devery and I turned on our heels and walked out of the prison, leaving Parks alone with his wife.

Parks got two years in Sing Sing and never lived to finish his sentence. To the last he was against the

DOCK WALLOPER

American Federation of Labor; after he went away, the ironworkers joined the federation because there was no point in the two groups fighting each other while the employers looked on and laughed.

Speaking of laughs, there was more than one in that monster Labor Day parade we held in 1903 while Parks was out under bond, before we knew he was selling out Devery who had furnished the bail.

Two hundred and fifty thousand laboring men, according to my estimate—nine thousand, according to the unfriendly press—paraded down Fifth Avenue. Big Bill Devery and Assemblyman Butler rode in a carriage to show we were all for union labor. We stole the show from Parks, getting most of the applause while the cheers Sam got were drowned out by hoots from the victims of his strikes. In the carriage with us was Mrs. Parks, a good lady who wore a ton of diamonds as befitted the wife of a big labor leader.

Sam rode in front mounted on a white horse, symbolizing purity in the labor world. Instead of Sing Sing stripes, he wore the red flannel blouse of the housesmith, decorated by a white and gold sash bearing his initials "S.P." The spectators had different ideas concerning what "S.P." stood for.

"Stolen property! Stolen property!" yelled some of the crowd, and when Sam swung his horse around to run them down, somebody on the other side would yell: "State's prison! State's prison!" Others began screaming out at the top of their voice: "Sing Sing bird" and "Back to the rockpile, Sam."

It was all very embarrassing for one of the biggest

RACKETEERS IN LABOR

labor organizers the world has known, a man who pioneered in building Chicago and New York skyscrapers, and only made the mistake of indorsing a check when even a baby knows cash is much safer.

Realizing that Sam tried to persuade me to put my monicker on the check in question, I restrained my tears over his fate. As for Big Bill Devery, he had no tears to shed either, for he was busy studying the diamonds that sparkled around the lovely throat of Mrs. Sam Parks.

CHAPTER TEN

THE WICKED TENDERLOIN

WHEN the clock strikes two in the Tenderloin,
I know that I ought to be at home;
But I'm pretty sure you're ready to agree with me,
That's the very time a fellow wants to roam,
For that's when the girls look their prettiest,
And don't care a copper what they do;
Oh, everything is lovely in the Tenderloin,
In the morning when the clock strikes two.

CHORUS

Lobsters! Rarebits! plenty of Pilsener beer!
Plenty of girls to help you drink the best of cheer:
Dark girls, blonde girls, and never a one that's true;
You get them all in the Tenderloin when the clock strikes two.

When the clock strikes two in the Tenderloin,
The wine and the wit are flowing high;
And every pretty girl that clinks a glass with you,
Has a naughty little twinkle in her eye.
Your heart is as light as a butterfly,
Tho' your wife may be sitting up for you;
But you never borrow trouble in the Tenderloin
In the morning when the clock strikes two.

NEW YORK has always been a wicked city I suppose, what with men and women of every nationality on the loose and out for a good time, but I doubt if it was ever as gay and full of fun and pep and ginger as it was back in the nineties and around the turn of the century

THE WICKED TENDERLOIN

and on up until a few years before the World War. The machine age, whatever that is, has been blamed for taking the joy out of life, and maybe that is as good an excuse as any. I'm not a kill-joy myself, but I can't help speaking as an old-timer who had his fling when the flinging was good and now has to sit back and take it easy with my memories and my neuritis.

The Tenderloin—so named by a police inspector who realized it was juicy with graft—was New York's hot spot in the good old bad days and nights, and the notorious Haymarket was about the most wicked spot in the Tenderloin, although competition for that distinction was close and there was no shortage of places where you could drink or dance or get robbed in style.

The Tenderloin lay south of Times Square, or Longacre Square as we called it way back when the *New York Times* was just a struggling sheet trying to get along. Roughly speaking, which is about the only way to speak of it, the Tenderloin stretched from Forty-second Street to Twenty-third Street and between Fifth and Eighth Avenues. Sixth Avenue was the Broadway of that time with its theaters and cafés, and the district tapered off into respectability as it neared Fifth Avenue.

The most popular joints were the Haymarket, the Cremorne—where Moody and Sankey later tried to reform the town with their hymns—the Stag, Paddy the Pig's, Trainer's, Tivoli, The Burnt Rag, Bob Nelson's, Cairo, and McElroy's Pig's Head. Some of the leading hotels within walking distance were the Hoffman House, big Democratic headquarters; the Gilsey House, which had a de luxe bar; the Coleman House, where

DOCK WALLOPER

John L. Sullivan owned the bar; the Victoria, where Grover Cleveland stopped; the Albemarle and the Imperial, and the old Metropole, where I'd run into celebrities like Jim Corbett, Bob Fitzsimmons, Tom Sharkey, Charley Mitchell, Young Corbett, Jimmy Britt, Wilson Mizner, Bob Hilliard, and Nat Goodwin, Billy Atwell and his wife, Artie Hall, the coon shouter.

As a politician, labor leader, liquor dealer, bondsman and general all-around fixer and friend to anybody in trouble, I was at home at all these places. Big Dick covered a lot of ground in those days with the aid of carriages and champagne.

I was one of the mourners when the crêpe-hanging reformers began getting the upper hand. The wide open town was killed in 1912 when the Becker-Rosenthal scandal broke, but it already was on the skids when places like the Haymarket were put out of business by reformers who got a law passed forbidding the sale of liquor at dance halls. That meant the end of resorts where they danced the bunny hug, grizzly bear, shiver dance, Boston dip, turkey trot and backward step; places that were blue with tobacco smoke and where flat-footed waiters with towels over their arms rushed back and forth with trays of drinks, and where the dumbwaiter from the service bar was humming all night.

No monument marks the site of the Haymarket, which was at Thirtieth Street and Sixth Avenue. The ground was sold for one million dollars, and the building was torn down. Now you have a garment center in that neighborhood and the sidewalks are congested dur-

THE WICKED TENDERLOIN

ing the day with gesticulating shirtmakers and peddlers and panhandlers. I still think the brightly lighted theaters and hotels and the gilded cafés with their smartly dressed ladies were much better.

The Haymarket was a low building, consisting of a ground floor and gallery, and designed something like a theater, which I believe it was at one time. As far back as 1883 it was called the Old Ball, and later it was Worth's Museum, where you could see midgets, Siamese twins, freaks who ate flames and danced on broken glass, and Thompson Street niggers posing as African bushmen. There were wax figures there, too, and they had pickled in alcohol a human head supposed to have belonged to Guiteau, who assassinated President Garfield.

When I grew to manhood and became a steady patron of the Haymarket, it had been renovated into a cabaret something like the night clubs of today, only much better from my viewpoint. Beautiful adventuresses, who came from big cities and little towns all over the world, were to be seen there, patiently waiting for some rich prize to fall in their laps. These women had to have looks and they had to have a large wardrobe of evening gowns, which were standard equipment. To gain admission, they had to pass a sort of civil service examination, and they had to obey the rules and regulations.

Rule Number One was that no man who fell for them was to be robbed on the premises. Rule Number Two was that if they stole from a patron after taking him elsewhere, and the man put in a rap against them with the police, then they had to pay the money back to calm

DOCK WALLOPER

the patron and save the police from undue embarrassment.

The police, of course, worked hand in hand with such places, and knew what was going on and who was robbing who. All that the police asked, aside from a little carfare now and then, was that outward order and decency should be preserved. A man's morals, or a woman's morals either for that matter, were his or her own private business, just as long as nobody was held up under a street lamp or cracked over the skull.

Big Bill Devery when he was Chief of Police—and Mayor Van Wyck called him the best chief ever—set the pace for the town, and understand I'm not criticizing him in the least. Chief Devery was fond of boasting that there had only been two holdups and one safe blown during his entire régime. As long as there was no violence to arouse the community, Devery believed in letting vice alone. He was a firm believer in segregated or red light districts, and often rebuked the clergymen for breaking up the old East Side brothels along Allen Street and driving the habitués in among respectable people in better parts of town. (If Big Bill was alive today, I wonder what he would say about conditions in and about Riverside Drive, Seventy-second Street, Park Avenue and Fifth Avenue.)

To get back to the Haymarket—the women who stationed themselves there were not paid by the management. Quite the contrary, they had to tip the doorman two-bits to get in and they had to attract the kind of customers who would buy the best wines and spend fifty

THE WICKED TENDERLOIN

to a hundred dollars at one sitting. No bums were wanted.

Yes, sir, even bad women had to give good recommendations. Most of the hiring was done on the recommendation of Big Bill Devery. Without his say-so, nobody could connect; with his O.K. even a cripple could land a job. I remember that Devery, who had a swell sense of humor, once recommended a waiter with a wooden leg, and the fellow was put to work right away. His artificial prop squeaked, especially in damp weather, and another waiter was assigned to oil the leg every night at the knee joint.

The owner of the Haymarket was Eddie Corey, now a stock broker with a yacht, and he had for a partner Big Charley Noonan, who ran the cigar stand at the Hoffman House. Slim Hunt was the head waiter, Jimmy Lippe was the dancing master and Bill Graham was the bouncer.

“Weeping Willie” Graham had a double graft. Aside from collecting two-bits off the girls as they passed in, he used to sponge on the suckers. He would make a great to-do over some rich sap and then, after the sucker got silly with wine, Weeping Willie would break into tears. His wife was dying, his sister was in a hospital too, and he didn’t know what to do or where to turn for financial assistance—that was Weeping Willie’s story, and he sprung it five to ten times a night on as many sims. It was usually good for \$10 or \$100.

Nobody dared cross Weeping Willie, for he was a giant of a man, standing six feet three and weighing two hundred and sixty pounds, with no fat on his frame.

DOCK WALLOPER

Jimmy Lippe was the original master of ceremonies. As dancing master, it was his job to start the dances and make the customers feel at home. He was a good dancer and wore full dress. At his invitation, the gents would get up from their tables to dance with the girls. The dances were short in order to sell more drinks in between.

On a busy night—and most nights were busy (Friday night was full-dress night for men)—the ballroom would be packed with fun-loving people, with only a small waxed spot in the center of the floor for the dancers. Tables were arranged around the sides and also up in the gallery, which was supported by posts from the main floor. Long-whiskered country cousins or tightwads were shunted upstairs. The high-class girls got the best seats on the main floor. Their homelier sisters were put in the rear or up in the gallery where the pickings were poorer.

No cheap skates were tolerated. Wines were featured on the menu and if a tightwad ordered beer he got a skimpy mug with “5c” painted on its side so everybody could see he was a nickel-nurser. His girl would get up and leave him as if signaled, and pretty soon the penny pincher would be led outside and told not to come back.

The Haymarket was extremely respectable, I want you to know. Five minutes before closing time, Corey or Noonan would take up a commanding position on the floor and hold his watch out. The band would be playing. When the five minutes were up, he would remove his derby to signal the band. The music would stop.

THE WICKED TENDERLOIN

Everybody would troop out to go to their homes, or a hotel, or a private joint.

To make sure that everything was orderly at the Haymarket, the women who worked there were not supposed to drink liquor with their men acquaintances. While the men downed one whisky after another or went for Mumm's at three dollars a quart, the girls kept their heads by drinking ginger ale or white mint.

Occasionally something would go wrong, like in the best regulated families. There was a bankers' convention in town one time, and in the ordinary course of events the money men hit the Haymarket for an exciting evening. A prominent banker from upstate New York was about to be introduced to a sweet young girl but when she saw him coming she turned away and bolted into the ladies' room and did not emerge until the man was gone. She was crying then, and it developed that the man in question was her own father.

Then there was the case of a Long Island potato grower who left the Haymarket in bad company and did not live to beef to police about being robbed. He was killed not far away and his body was thrust into a furnace.

Even more interesting to me, because I figured in it as a bondsman and got myself arrested for no good reason, was the sad case of Jimmy Malone, bartender at the Haymarket, and his sweetheart who picked up suckers there right under his eyes, but swore that she loved him truly. Of that I shall tell later.

But the Haymarket, as I say, prided itself on being respectable. You could bring your wife or your sister or

DOCK WALLOPER

your grandmother there on a slumming tour, and the best people in town did just that. The Bet-A-Million Gates, the Vanderbilts, the Goelets, the Keens, the Whitneys, the Hearsts and the Diamond Jim Bradys could be seen dropping in. It was a fad for society folk, who had nothing else to do after the theater, to visit the Haymarket just like they would go to Chinatown and the Bowery. In all fairness, I must say the girls who worked at the Haymarket were dressed better than some of the society dames who looked at them through lorgnettes.

The Haymarket bloomed late at night. There wasn't much life there before midnight, but at three or five o'clock in the morning it was a merry-go-round.

What a person did after leaving the Haymarket was nobody's business. If you were a stranger in town you could leave your destination up to the hack drivers, who were just as willing to help trim a sucker in those days as the taxi drivers are in this gasoline era. The cabbies used to be waiting at the curb, whip in hand while their horses fed out of dirty nose bags, just like in that Harrington and Hart show where they sang "When the Sparrows and the Chippies Parade":

I stand with my jinny on the corner
Outside of some gilded cafe
Sure, it's "How are you, Waddy, this mornin'?"
As the sparrows and the chippies parade.

If you wanted to try your luck at roulette, poker or dice, the cabby would take you to such gambling places

THE WICKED TENDERLOIN

as Canfield's, Honest John Kelly's or Frank Farrell's Bronze Door, where Reggie Vanderbilt lost \$180,000, causing William Travers Jerome's campaign against gambling. For the poor man, Al Adams ran his policy games until he landed in Sing Sing.

If you passed up the games of chance and elected to stick with the girls, the cab driver would be only too glad to take you to a house where he would be sure to get his bounty or commission. The madames could generally be counted upon to pay up to the last dollar. Their places were just as safe as Police Headquarters, for ward men patronized the places themselves.

The high-class places were located in the brownstone houses mostly on Twenty-fourth, Twenty-fifth, Thirty-first, Thirty-second, Thirty-fifth, Forty-fifth and Forty-sixth Streets between Sixth, Seventh and Eighth Avenues, with not many around Fifth Avenue. The old California House, Andy Gray's and Lily Clifton's were famous resorts of this character. Patrons were expected to spend a hundred dollars and more for their entertainment; cheap skates operating on a half-dollar budget were directed down to Wooster or Allen Street.

A gentleman caller would be shown into a reception hall fitted up with gaudy furniture, draperies, rugs and lamps. The girls would be called downstairs to greet him and would take turns sitting on his knees while he ordered champagne. If he acted up like a real sport and said, "Give us five quarts of wine," madame would smile and shake his hand, and the nigger housemaid would hover around for a big tip.

Thus it went far into the night. If money was no

DOCK WALLOPER

object to the gent, he might take madame and the whole crew to Churchill's to see the dawn come up, leaving the coon behind to mind the house.

The town was wide open for poor men as well as rich, but the poor suckers were more likely to get robbed in the bargain. The panel game, the creep game, the badger game and most every other game was worked on them.

The panel game was simple. The man would drink and go to bed, hanging his clothes in a closet. After the lights were out and he was sound asleep and snoring, a panel in the wall would be swung back, permitting somebody in the next room to rifle the clothes in the closet, after which the panel would be closed and the thief would escape. If there wasn't a sliding panel in the room, then a creep would sneak in in the middle of the night and rifle the clothes hanging over the back of the chair. Sometimes the victim's trousers would be thrown out of the window to prevent him from giving chase if he woke up in time to see the creep.

The badger game had a million variations, but the fundamental principles were the same. At three o'clock in the morning or some such hour, an indignant man with a pistol would bust in the room and announce he was an outraged husband and wanted satisfaction. To keep from being shot, the easy mark would pay over several hundred or thousand dollars, and then the phoney husband would forgive his phoney wife and pocket his pistol.

Kate Philips, one of the cleverest women who ever worked this racket, roped a big tea and coffee merchant

THE WICKED TENDERLOIN

from St. Louis for fifteen thousand dollars, without batting an eyelash. Her assistant did not pose as a husband but as a Federal officer out looking for violations of the Mann Act. He made the victim accompany him to Chicago, where the sucker was arraigned before a fake judge who fined him fifteen thousand dollars and collected it. Everything was faked except the money.

"Cinema night" and "autographing pictures" were expensive pleasures.

A thrifty French madame had a place uptown where she collected admission fees from curious persons out for a liberal education, who were allowed to watch boudoir proceedings through peepholes in the walls and ceilings on several nights of the week which she called "cinema nights." On other nights, spectators were barred and strict privacy was guaranteed to the regular patrons. No charge was levied against patrons who were spied upon on cinema nights, but at other times they paid plenty for their fun.

A Jewish pal of mine who wasn't wised up on the peephole angle hired a room for two or three nights without being charged a sou, so finally he brought a friend along as a guest. As they left some hours later, the Jewish boy, figuring everything was free again, put on a bluff to impress his friend.

"I'll take the bill," he told the French madame, and she handed him a tab for two hundred and fifty dollars.

"You didn't charge me for the other nights," he protested.

"Ah, but those were cinema nights," she explained.

He was trapped, just like the well-known sportsman

DOCK WALLOPER

who was shown a picture of himself in a compromising position.

“What do you want me to do with it?” he demanded.

“Pay ten grand for it,” he was told.

“Oh, I thought you wanted me to autograph it,” he said. He paid.

Of course, if you stood right with the police and were willing to risk publicity, you could get justice done. For example, there was a big dinner at the Hoffman House which was spoiled for one codger when his girl stole thirty thousand dollars out of his kick. He called in the cops and they got it right back for him.

A secretary to Madison Peters, one of the most important ministers in New York, was almost killed in a fight with a panel worker. “I was studying sociology,” he told police when they asked how he got in a panel joint. But Henry Ward Beecher, a minister himself, said:

“Men don’t have to go through a sewer to know it’s dirty.”

Fathers used to educate their sons by guiding them around to brothels. That was all wrong as I saw it. Youths can find out for themselves. With all my knowledge of such places, I never took a family man in one.

The wages of sin are death. Truer words were never spoken. There was an old geezer from Holyoke, Massachusetts, who eloped to New York with his sister-in-law. I happened to hear of the case from the police because they thought it was a murder at first. What really happened to the old sinner was that he got caught in a folding bed and his neck was broken.

THE WICKED TENDERLOIN

Which brings us by a roundabout way to the sad tale of Jimmy Malone and his sweetheart who worked at the Haymarket. Nellie Mellody was her name, and she was the cutest looker you ever saw. Clever? She could con any sucker; she could make a chump empty his pockets for her.

Well, she ran into a prize fool at the Haymarket, a sanctimonious old hypocrite who told her he loved her and that he wanted to marry her and take her away from those sordid surroundings. After they got to drinking, he proposed going to a hotel overnight and in the morning, so he said, they would leave New York and she could start life over in a small town out West. He would see that she forgot all about her wicked past.

Nellie, smart as a whip, pretended to fall for his line. She said she had never before heard such nice words from such a nice Christian man, and to think he took such an interest in her welfare. She yessed him to death. She said she was just an innocent child from the country who had been forced to leave home on account of the cruel treatment she had received from her parents. As a matter of fact, she had nice people whom she left broken-hearted.

To make a long story short, she swiped one hundred and eighty-five dollars from the sucker and made her getaway without giving anything in return. And was he sore? He toured the Tenderloin for several days with Detectives Red Boyle and Joe Daley and they finally found Nellie and locked her up for grand larceny.

Jimmy Malone, Nellie's sweetheart, came running over to my house and woke me up. I was under obliga-

DOCK WALLOPER

tion to Jimmy because he had voted twenty times for me when I was elected Assemblyman, so I dressed and went down with him to Jefferson Market Court to see what I could do for Nellie.

"Good morning, Assemblyman," the court attendants called out as I walked down the aisle and through the private gate to the judge's bench. The court attendants liked me because I was a friend of the poor and unfortunate, and besides I used to throw a few dollars their way for the courtesies that were extended to me.

"What can I do for you, Assemblyman? Any one in trouble?" asked Magistrate Walsh.

"Yes, judge," I said, "you have a young girl who was arrested last night for stealing some money from a man in the Haymarket, and her friend Jimmy Malone wants to bail her out. You know, judge, it would help me a lot in the district if you can see your way clear to let me take her out."

"Why certainly, Assemblyman," the judge said. "Very glad to grant the favor. I will fix her bail at one thousand dollars."

I thanked him, and Jimmy and I hurried downtown to the City Chamberlain's office and posted one thousand dollars' cash bond. When we returned to court with the discharge papers, we discovered the judge had raised the bail to two thousand dollars after the detectives informed him Nellie was wanted in Washington for working the panel game.

I was infuriated. In those days I did not care for judges, and I have very little respect for certain ones today, although there are exceptions to the rule. If any

THE WICKED TENDERLOIN

one wants to learn how judges and other office holders get cold feet, let him go about doing favors for constituents and see the setbacks he gets, especially if you are popular and don't give a tinker's dam for them.

"Why did you raise that bail when you know it's too late for me to raise the other one thousand dollars?" I said to the judge.

"Leave her here for the night," the judge suggested.

"I will like hell," I answered. "By God, you gave me your word you would let her out. Now if the word of those detectives means more to you, you are no friend of mine."

"I will not make an ass of myself on paper, so let her stay here," the judge insisted.

"I will take her out tonight," I warned him.

"Over my dead body," he said.

In his excitement, he forgot to send Nellie's commitment papers around the corner to the warden. I noticed this and paid a young lawyer twenty-five dollars to sneak around to the back of the building and present the one thousand dollars' bond to Warden Mallon. This was done and Nellie was released under the one thousand dollar bail, as the court had not advised the warden that the bond had been doubled.

The young lawyer, who had just been admitted to the bar, was Jimmy Murray, who later became counsel to Arnold Rothstein and other big shots of Broadway. Warden Mallon was afterwards shot and killed in the Tombs trying to prevent a jail break.

Well, we celebrated Nellie's release by taking her over to McKeever's café where we sipped many a quart

DOCK WALLOPER

of "wealthy water," which was the name we gave champagne.

The next day we all appeared in court, and the judge was furious when he learned how we had tricked him. Nellie walked down the aisle a free woman, dressed to kill. No one could help but notice her, she was so pretty.

"Come up here, my lady," roared the judge. "How did you get out?"

She said she didn't exactly know.

"Butler took you out," the judge said.

"I do not know the gentleman," she said.

"Well, I will fix him and your sweetheart," he said. He issued a bench warrant for me and Jimmy Malone and Jimmy Murray, charging us with aiding and abetting a prisoner to escape, which is a felony punishable with five years in state's prison. He threatened to go before the grand jury and have us indicted.

No telling what might have happened to us, if the judge hadn't dropped dead while on his way to testify against us. That automatically threw the case out of court, and District Attorney Jerome sent the papers recording the dismissal, with a gold seal attached, to Big Bill Devery, who had gone on bail for me and Malone.

The sucker that Nellie Mellody trimmed was determined to get his revenge, and so she was put on trial for grand larceny in General Sessions. For Jimmy's sake, I helped her out.

It proved to be a case of bread cast upon waters. Years before this trial, when I was a stevedore boss to which I had risen from a longshoreman, I had the posi-

THE WICKED TENDERLOIN

tion of superintendent of snow removal for the city, which let out the contract to certain contractors who were in cahoots with Tammany Hall. I had the employing of hundreds of men, and I took pity on one old man and gave him an easy job, holding a lantern and guarding the sewers in the nighttime, where the snow was dumped.

Well, as I was standing in the corridor of General Sessions outside Part 3 during Nellie's trial, an old man came up and shook hands with me. I failed to recognize him.

"I'm Reilly," he said, "the man you took compassion on when we were cleaning the streets of snow, and I have never forgotten your kindness, Mr. Butler. I could not do any hard work, and I needed help badly, but now things are different; I fell into some money and am living easy."

"What are you doing here?" I asked him.

"I am foreman of the jury inside," he said, "and we are trying the handsomest girl I ever laid eyes on."

I was thunderstruck. I looked around to see if any one was near as I did not want to be caught again this time, and be accused of tampering with a jurymen, which is a serious offense. The court had recessed for lunch, so I rushed Reilly down the judge's elevator and across the corner to a saloon.

"Reilly," I said, "you like me?"

"Yes, I do," said the old man.

"And you would do anything in reason to help me?"

"I would, so help me God," he swore.

I told him the story of Nellie Mellody, and asked him

DOCK WALLOPER

to go back and see if he could influence the rest of the jury to vote her discharge.

Well, after hours of deliberation, the jury came into court with its verdict. My friend Reilly rose up in the jury box and announced:

“We find the defendant not guilty.”

The judge and the Assistant District Attorney and the detectives were dumbfounded as the evidence was very strong against Nellie, but she had to be turned loose.

When I asked Reilly later on how he managed to influence the jury, he said to me:

“Mr. Butler, I took an oath to help her and when an Irishman takes an oath he generally goes through with it.

“I said to that jury: ‘Gentlemen, there is a fine man who befriended me when I needed a friend, and he asks me if possible to help this girl, and I promised him I would, so I move we discharge the girl, and furthermore, I believe in trimming all suckers such as she did!’ ”

I wish this story had a happy ending, but the truth is different. Poor Jimmy Malone wept with joy when his Nellie was freed and my Mary was delighted that I had helped Jimmy. But Nellie wasn't true to Jimmy, and he died of a broken heart. Nellie gave him the gate to elope with an elderly money-bags, and last I heard of her she was living in style 'way out in Indiana and crashing into small town society that never heard of her old Haymarket days and nights.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

THE ETHICS OF GRAFTING

GRAFT is an ugly word. I seldom use it. It means so many different things to different people; it leads to all kinds of confusion. Everybody knows exactly what murder means—beating somebody with a gas pipe, choking the windpipe, pulling the trigger. But graft may mean anything from greasing a cop's palm with a fiver to shaking down a subway contractor for a million.

Circumstances alter cases, especially in grafting. I have no sympathy with cops or city inspectors or the like who would shake down a blind news dealer or a poor rooming house keeper for a few measly bucks. But if a rich gambling house proprietor or speakeasy man can spare a few thousand—well, that's something else, provided some real service is performed for the money. The man who takes money without doing anything for it is not only a grafter, he's a thief.

Grafting used to be open and above board, like it should be if it's fairly honest. In the olden days, you paid the ward man in his saloon or right out on the street corner or on the church steps, wherever you happened to meet him. And the collector put the money in his sock or in his bank and thought no more about it.

DOCK WALLOPER

Nowadays, with the income tax to get you if you don't watch out, a man has to be careful. You can't take a check because that would be a record against you. If you take cash, you have to inspect the bills to see that it's not marked money. And you can't put the money in your own bank account, because that would leave another record against you. You can't buy real estate or other tangible property, because that's too easy to check up on.

The safest way to do is to spend the money as fast as it pours in. That's better than putting it in a tin box or turning it over to relatives, who may double-cross you.

Grafting, if you want to call it that, will exist as long as there are favors to be done, and not even an investigation by my old Single Tax friend, Samuel Seabury, can stop such a deep-rooted custom. The good Lord looks after his own, and I suppose it will be that way always, so what is the use of investigations. I have seen three big investigations and the best that happens is just another change of those in power, with a different set of hogs feeding at the public trough.

Most of the graft nowadays passes through the hands of lawyers, disguised as legal fees. If you want to get a favor from Tammany, just hire one of their leading lawyers and pay him fifty thousand dollars fee, part of which he keeps for himself and part of which he passes on to the boys who actually do the favor. You're safe then, because the courts are run by lawyers and lawyers stick together like the Forty Thieves. Lawyers can do no wrong.

THE ETHICS OF GRAFTING

One thing I liked about my old pal, Big Bill Devery, was that he trusted his tailors instead of his lawyers.

Sam Myers, a smooth little tailor, was one of the collectors for Chief Devery. If you wanted a favor from Devery, you had to buy a suit from Myers. No matter what he charged, you paid, even if it was one thousand dollars for an ordinary one-pants suit. That was one way of collecting without any trouble. Devery would come in the tailor shop later and collect from Sam. He had his own clothes made there, too.

The Big Chief had learned his lesson when he was a captain on the lower East Side and Dick Croker was boss of Tammany Hall. Devery must have been careless, for a grand jury indicted him on a charge of asking one thousand dollars from a builder for permission to take down a building. However, Devery managed to get an acquittal.

Big Bill was a practical copper and he believed that a ward man, as the captain's aid was called, was a necessary adjunct to good police service, so he let every captain have his staff of collectors. The ward man usually was a civilian and could make the rounds and see people without attracting the attention that a captain in uniform would. Besides, if anybody got trapped, it would be the ward man, not the captain.

Devery believed in protecting the lives and property of citizens, but not their morals. His motto was: Don't worry about what you don't see.

When he was Chief of Police at the old Mulberry Street Headquarters, there was only one safe cracked in the city, and that was a mistake. Two days later the

DOCK WALLOPER

safecrackers sent a note of apology to the Chief, saying they were from out of town and meant no disrespect.

One of the things I learned from Devery was how to be a bondsman. Devery used to sign large bonds by pledging his real estate which was loaded down with mortgages. I used to bail out drunks, thieves and street-walkers by pledging my furniture. I qualified as a bondsman up to twenty-five hundred dollars, but the few sticks of furniture in my parlor floor and basement were hardly worth twenty-five dollars.

Next to Chief Devery, William J. Flynn was one of the best friends I ever had. A two hundred-pounder, with a black mustache, a black derby and a black cigar always in his mouth, he looked like a detective, and he was a detective. As head of the Department of Justice investigators during the World War, he gave me good advice to steer clear of the Germans and their million-dollar bribes, concerning which I'll have more to say later. After thirty years of faithful service to the government, Flynn was thrown out of the service without a dollar when Harry Daugherty and his Ohio gang came into power.

I became acquainted with Chief Flynn under peculiar circumstances. A ring of counterfeiters were making half-dollars out of seltzer bottle tops and putting them into circulation in crap games, with building workers on pay days. Flynn's agents raided a game and caught two fellows with a pocketful of the counterfeit coins. One of the fellows happened to be my brother Bill, so I went to Flynn and asked him to do what he could. I

THE ETHICS OF GRAFTING

told him five years for Bill would break my mother's heart. Flynn saw to it that my brother only had to serve six months in the Snake Hill pen and that instead of cracking rocks with the other prisoners he got time off to go fishing now and then.

I appreciated this because Bill was the apple of my mother's eye. She washed his socks every day, and fixed steak for him whenever he wanted it.

Chief Flynn was a West Side boy. He worked in the slaughterhouse before learning the plumber's trade. He got an appointment to the Secret Service through Billy Dalton, the Tammany leader.

When Mayor Gaynor was in office he borrowed Flynn from the government for about six months to pep up the police department as Deputy Commissioner, and try to rebuild the detective bureau into another Scotland Yard. During his administration Flynn was my friend and very kind to me. I told him who my friends were and he never bothered them. He was so honest he bent over backward—he never took a dollar, but only asked that I never get him in trouble. I kept my word and he kept his. Our friendship went along like whisky, improving with age. I thought more of him than any other man in the government.

It was a damn shame the way the government treated Chief Flynn, letting him out without proper notice and without a pension after all his years of faithful service.

In the last days of the Wilson administration, I was in Washington, trying to get a pardon for a young man through Joe Tumulty, secretary to President Wilson, who was so ill he couldn't sign a paper. I tipped Flynn

DOCK WALLOPER

off then that he was to go, having heard this from a friend of John Weeks, who became Secretary of War. Flynn wouldn't believe it, and said I was an alarmist.

A few months after Harry Daugherty became Attorney-General under President Harding, he gave a letter to William J. Burns, who handed it to Flynn. I saw the letter, and it read like this:

On and after this date, Mr. Burns will assume entire charge of the office. Take your orders from him.

"So this is the game, is it?" Chief Flynn said to Burns. Flynn's heart was broken. He would have been willing to resign if given thirty days' notice, but he hated to be rushed out without a minute's notice. To add insult to injury, Daugherty offered to let Flynn remain as Burns' assistant. Of course, the Chief indignantly declined that offer.

Several years later when Daugherty, thoroughly discredited, was on trial in the alien property fraud case in New York, the juror who held out against convicting him happened to be a friend of Flynn's. Chief Flynn could have gotten even with Daugherty if he wanted to influence the juror, but the Chief was too big and honest a man for that.

Now to go back to the days when Flynn was a Deputy Police Commissioner. As long as the politicians let him alone, he made a great showing. He raided one gambling house after another—the Wyndham Club, Beansey Rosenfeld's, Tom Lloyd's and Bob Smith's.

Baron Wilkins, a popular colored fellow, was running

THE ETHICS OF GRAFTING

a black and tan cabaret on Thirty-fifth Street near Eighth Avenue. Niggers were something of a novelty; the Haymarket had nothing but white boys in its band. Knowing I stood in with the powers that be, Baron Wilkins came to me and asked if he could stay open nights. I took the matter up with Commissioner Flynn and he agreed it would be all right.

About that time I had Captain William Lahey transferred from Brooklyn to the Tenderloin where the pickings were better. Lahey wanted to go to the West Forty-seventh Street Station, but Police Commissioner Baker turned him down. Mayor Gaynor had him transferred to the West Thirty-seventh Street Station, where the Alimony Jail now is, at the request of Mirabeau Towns, the famous criminal lawyer, who was a close friend of me and Gaynor.

I told Lahey he could open a gambling house in the precinct if he wanted to, and I recognized a few myself, that is, I allowed them to open and I protected them. One was at 201 West Forty-first, off Seventh Avenue. I told the men there to open up, thinking it was all right with Lahey after what I done for him. I also told Baron Wilkins to go ahead. He had been paying \$500 a month for protection, but I let him off with \$400.

When I went to Lahey and told him what I was doing at 201, he said, "I'm going down and kick that place in."

"I wouldn't do that if I were you, Bill," I said. "They're my friends. They'll be nice to you. I'm having an interest myself."

DOCK WALLOPER

“Who the hell is skipper here, you or me?” he wanted to know.

“You are,” I admitted, “but if it wasn’t for me, you’d be over in Red Hook where you couldn’t get a quarter. If you kick in 201, I’ll close up every gambling house you’re letting go in this district.”

He went down to 201 and told them to close up. I called up Commissioner Flynn and advised him what was going on.

“You know I’m entitled to make a little money and I’m not asking for too much,” I told Flynn. “I’m after getting a little present from the Baron. I want you to raid every place that Lahey is letting go in this district.”

That night Flynn came up with patrol wagons and raided every place in the district, hauling the roulette wheels and crap tables off to Captain Lahey’s station house. You should have seen the look on Lahey’s face when he came out of his office and saw the paraphernalia.

“Oh, this is it, is it?” he said.

“Get back in your room, you,” said Chief Flynn.

Lahey knew then that I was the boss.

When Mayor Gaynor made Rhinelander Waldo Police Commissioner, I told Lahey to see that Waldo got theater tickets and he’d be made an inspector.

“Keep your nose clean and keep out of trouble,” I advised Lahey. “Don’t be too hoggish. Be liberal and help your friends and I’ll go along with you.”

Being a cute manipulator and knowing about politics, Lahey followed my advice to a T. While Waldo

THE ETHICS OF GRAFTING

was Commissioner, Lahey wiggled himself into an inspector's job and Waldo brought him to Police Headquarters and he became boss. Lahey broke his agreement with me as soon as he got into power and I had no use for him, even when he rose to Chief Inspector and head of all the uniformed cops.

I bawled him out one night in Jack's. It was after a dinner of the police lieutenants' association and the bar was full of people. Dick Enright, who later became Police Commissioner, was sitting with Inspector Murphy, now warden of Dannemora prison.

"Sit down, Dick, and have a drink," I was invited, as I walked out of the toilet, but I declined because I wasn't feeling well.

Then came a voice from a corner, Lahey's voice saying:

"He's got a swelled head since he's got that Harry Thaw money." (I'll explain the Harry Thaw case later on.)

As a matter of fact, I was broke. But I said:

"Sure, I've got eighty thousand dollars."

I turned to Big Moran, the head waiter:

"How much wine is there in the cellar?" I asked.

"The icebox is full," he said.

"Bring it up," I commanded.

Then I turned to Lahey.

"You're the dirtiest ingrate I ever met," I said. "All you have you owe to me. You didn't have a quarter when I brought you over from Brooklyn."

Maybe his ears weren't red then? That was our last meeting.

DOCK WALLOPER

Young Rufus Gaynor, son of Mayor Gaynor, used to pal with me, making the rounds of the Gilsey House, the Hoffman House and the other good bars. My favorite hangout was the Stag, on Twenty-eighth between Sixth and Broadway. There I used to run into the country's leading greengoodsmen or confidence men—the Gondorf Brothers, Dan the Dude, Judge Crowley, Paper Collar Joe, English Bob and High Hat McNally. They hung out between the bars and places like the Haymarket where they met suckers under favorable circumstances and got tips from the waiters and bouncers.

The greengoodsmen dressed like bankers with whom they often mingled at the hotel bars. They would wear silk hats and frock coats and talk way up in the millions. They had large vocabularies and plenty of polish and refinement. Theirs was an exclusive society, and I was one of the few outsiders in their confidence. I was always at their beck and call to bail them out if they slipped up and got pinched. If I wanted any money, I could always get it from them.

Political stool pigeons knocked me for taking the Mayor's son among con men, but the boy liked me and it didn't hurt him. Rufus was with me at the Stag the night Mayor Gaynor told me I was to be made Deputy Street Cleaning Commissioner. Dan the Dude was there, too. Dan was in the contracting business over in Queens, which after all was just another form of con game, I guess. He had some old equipment on hand.

"Dan, you can oil up all that equipment," I told him. "I'm to be Deputy Street Cleaning Commissioner."

THE ETHICS OF GRAFTING

Dan had visions of making a mint off the city, so he insisted that I take a present of six hundred dollars.

I went home, informed Mary I had the job, and gave her two hundred dollars.

“Go out and buy yourself a dress,” I told her. “We’ll have no more financial worries for the rest of our lives.”

Then I went over to Shanley’s and did the Broadway act with the rest of the money.

Unfortunately for Dan the Dude and his rusty equipment, Tammany threw a monkey wrench into the works and Mayor Gaynor didn’t give me the job after all.

CHAPTER TWELVE

THE BECKER-ROSENTHAL MURDER CASE

NEXT to the Harry Thaw case, the Becker case was the most sensational scandal that ever hit New York in the days before the World War. It was my fortune or misfortune to be mixed up in both cases, and I intend to tell the whole truth about them, including a lot of dope that never saw print for various reasons.

In the Thaw case, when I was tried with Harry Thaw as a conspirator in arranging his escape from Matteawan, my lawyer made me keep my mouth shut, which worked out all right as we were acquitted. In the Becker case, I persuaded the District Attorney not to summon me as a witness. Now that years have passed and the statute of limitations has run its course, I can speak out without jeopardizing anybody's liberty.

In my association with Police Lieutenant Charles Becker, I never dreamt that the big Dutchman would touch off a little shooting that would send him and four gunmen to the electric chair for the murder of a gambler; that would shake up the whole police department, take control of the city away from Tammany Hall, and raise a Republican, Charles Whitman, from District Attorney to Governor of New York and a Presi-

THE BECKER-ROSENTHAL MURDER CASE

dential possibility. From the standpoint of results, Charley Becker unintentionally brought about more reforms than all the professional reformers put together. Charley would turn over in his grave if he knew that.

The Becker case was in the headlines for three years, from 1912 to 1915. The scandal developed during the administration of Mayor William Gaynor when the town was wide open for gambling, girls, anything, provided the right people were seen and paid off.

Becker was a massive, square-shouldered, dark-browed, hairy-chested fellow with the strength of a bull and the nerve of a brass monkey. He had a long nose and a fighting chin that jutted out and told the world to go to hell. He had no fear for God or man. His only weakness was the ladies—he had three wives, one after another. Yes, girls, and grafting, too—he managed to bank many times his salary.

Charley sought my friendship because he knew I had a drag with Mayor Gaynor and was a booster for Police Commissioner Rhinelanders Waldo. As a friend of the administration, I was allowed to dip my fingers in the gravy where I found it, provided there weren't too many fingers in already.

Dozens of gambling houses were running wide open all over the city, especially around Times Square and on the lower East Side. They had to pay tribute to two or three different sets of politicians—one house would pay this collector, another house would pay that man, and when too many tried to collect from the same place, there was bound to be a squawk.

Becker was protecting some places, and I was looking

DOCK WALLOPER

after others and we worked together on a friendly basis for a long while. Becker knew I was a politician and had friends in high places and he used to come to me for advice. As head of the Strong Arm Squad, he went around raiding gambling houses, ripping and tearing up places that wouldn't come across. Naturally, he stepped on some corns.

"There's hell to pay," he told me one day. He was worried.

"Keep cool about it," I advised him. "Just go in and tell Waldo you know every gambling joint is kicking in dough, even though Waldo isn't getting any. Prove it to him by raiding the places, and then they'll come in and squawk."

All I asked of Becker was that he let my places alone. Eddie's gambling house downtown was one of the places I made Becker stay away from. I don't remember what I told Becker about Eddie's, but something went wrong and he came to me and said:

"You're interfering down there, and I think you're lying about it."

"No," I told him, "I'm not, and I can prove it. You and I will remain friends, but our business relations are at an end."

This conversation took place in Dowling's saloon at Broadway and Forty-third Street, a place that Mayor Gaynor permitted to stay open all night to accommodate the newspaper men.

Our parting was a lucky break for me, considering what followed. After that Becker picked up other men,

THE BECKER-ROSENTHAL MURDER CASE

and I told him he'd regret it. He said he knew what he was doing.

"All right, go ahead," I said. "You're looking for an out and you've got it."

He proceeded to make a confidential man and collector out of a sawed-off gambler who went under the name of Jack Rose—Billiard Ball Jack, they called him because he was a hairless wonder with a shiny scalp that resembled a billiard ball.

On Becker's list was Herman Rosenthal's gambling establishment in West Forty-fifth Street. Becker and Rosenthal were friendly, and Becker invested fifteen hundred dollars in the business. Rosenthal was a very honorable fellow. He was a friend of Big Tim Sullivan and had charge of the gambling privileges of the Hesper Club on Second Avenue, which was protected by Sullivan. That was before Rosenthal got high-toned and moved uptown.

Bridgie Webber, another friend of Becker, had a rival place at Forty-second Street and Sixth Avenue. This cut into Rosenthal's business and made him sore, because he figured with Becker as his partner he ought to have the neighborhood to himself. With his receipts dropping, Rosenthal still tried to take care of everybody, but couldn't do it.

While Rosenthal was getting incensed at Becker, Becker was getting peeved at him over news that Rosenthal was doing a tremendous business and not coming across. Becker tried to get some money out of Rosenthal, and Rosenthal stalled him off.

To make matters worse, complaints that Becker was

DOCK WALLOPER

protecting Rosenthal drifted into Police Headquarters and were referred to Becker for investigation. To make a showing, Becker had to stage a raid on Rosenthal's place and toss the furniture around. Rosenthal thought Becker did it out of sheer meanness.

There you had the makings of the famous murder case that followed. Rosenthal lost his head and began telling his troubles all over town. He spilled his guts to whoever would listen to him, and the stories he told reached Becker and the newspapers, too.

On the morning of July 14, 1912, the *World* came out with a sensational scoop, publishing an affidavit by Rosenthal that Lieutenant Becker was his partner and had raided his gambling house just to hoodwink Commissioner Waldo. On July 15, District Attorney Charles Whitman interviewed Rosenthal about this, and made an appointment for the following day when Rosenthal was to produce his proof. That appointment was never kept, for shortly after midnight Rosenthal was bumped off in front of the new Metropole Hotel on West Forty-third Street, around the corner from Broadway, while I was eating inside.

Incidentally, that killing will go down in history for it marked the birth of the modern gangster, the cold-blooded gunman who will bump off a stranger against whom he has no grievance, and just because somebody wants it done as a favor. Another thing: unless I'm mistaken, for the first time in history an automobile was used to make a getaway by the gangsters who killed Rosenthal.

THE BECKER-ROSENTHAL MURDER CASE

It so happened that I had talked to Rosenthal up to the minute he was killed, and to Becker about two hours previously.

I had been to the fights at old Madison Square Garden with Eddie McElroy, the potato king. As we came out into the lobby when the fights were over shortly before midnight, I saw Becker chinning with some newspaper men. He saw me and called me aside. Although we weren't in business together any more, we remained on good speaking terms.

"That son-of-bitch Rosenthal is going down to Whitman in the morning and he's going to spill his guts," Becker said to me.

"What the hell difference does it make whether he does or not?" I said to Becker. "What does he know? Who'll believe him, anyway? What have you done?"

"Well, he says I wrecked his place and ruined him," Becker went on. "He's been talking too much about me, and I'm going to put him out of business."

"Well, you don't know Whitman like I do," I said. "I don't think he'll pay any attention to him. If I were you, I wouldn't pay any attention to him, either. You can handle Waldo and Gaynor. It's just a tempest in a teapot and will blow over."

But Becker shook his head. He was a stubborn Dutchman.

"Where you going?" I asked him.

"I'm going downtown," he said.

We shook hands. Next time I saw Becker he was bound for the electric chair.

DOCK WALLOPER

From the Garden, I walked up Fifth Avenue with Charley Hyde, who was City Chamberlain under Mayor Gaynor and very close to him. I left Charley at Forty-third Street and walked west toward Broadway.

Going in the Metropole, I noticed Commodore Dutch, a hanger-on around Tammany balls. He was standing outside. Big Bill Files, a lieutenant of police, was sitting in the back of the restaurant on the ground floor. Up front near the entrance was a big table with six or seven sporting men sitting around, chewing the fat.

As I recall it, among those there were Bat Masterson, the sporting writer and two-gun sheriff from the Wild West; Sandy Clemons, the Democratic leader from Jersey City who ran the famous Stonehouse saloon over there; Billy Atwell, the theatrical manager and booking agent, and Billy and George Considine, who ran the hotel.

"Hello, Dick," they all said, and I sat down with them and joined in the conversation. I was seated about thirty or forty-five minutes before Herman Rosenthal came over to our table with an early edition of the *World*, telling some more about his troubles with Becker.

"There's what your friend is doing to me," he complained, laying the paper over my shoulder so I could see it.

"What the hell, Herman," I told him, glancing at the headlines. "I don't know anything about that. I'm sorry to hear it, but I think you can straighten it out. You and Charley Becker are good friends."

THE BECKER-ROSENTHAL MURDER CASE

There I was, same as always, acting the peacemaker, trying to keep people out of trouble.

But I could see Herman had something in his craw and would never make peace with Becker. There was some more talk, and then Rosenthal said it was late and he was going home to his wife. It was almost 2 A.M.

Rosenthal stepped out on the sidewalk, out of our sight although we were only about ten feet away. Then I heard shots and a terrible scream. I didn't know for sure it was Herman, but I had my own idea.

With all the commotion going on, Big Bill Files ran out, with his gun in his hand. I afterward heard there were half a dozen traffic cops in the vicinity, but the killers made a complete getaway, even after their auto was blocked by traffic.

An ambulance drove up, and somebody came in and said:

“That was Rosenthal.”

I stayed inside all the while; in fact, none of us stirred outside. We all went to the bar, had some drinks, and then went our ways.

That morning I went down to my friend District Attorney Whitman, who had taken over the investigation, and I told him I had been at the Metropole with several friends. I assured him that we were in no way implicated in the killing and knew nothing about it. I said we didn't want our names in the papers, and would like him not to call any of us downtown for examination.

DOCK WALLOPER

"I believe you, Dick," said Whitman. "Go back and tell them they won't be subpoenaed."

I stayed out of the mess from then on, except when I happened to run into Whitman on one occasion and I said I didn't think that Becker had hired the killers.

"Please don't discuss that case with me at all," Whitman begged me, and I respected his wishes. He was always an honorable man, and he did more than one favor for me.

I kept my name out of the papers, but I would have been willing to testify if I could have done any good. I always will think that Becker's lawyers blundered in not calling me and Eddie McElroy to the stand.

Tom Foley, the powerful leader of the First District, wanted Becker to take the stand and admit he was a grafter, but not a murderer. If Charley had done that, he never would have gone to the electric chair. He knew more than any man about what was going on in the city, but he wouldn't squeal on Tammany Hall.

There were a lot of prominent men quaking in their boots for fear he would talk, but he held his tongue. He was confident of acquittal for some reason, even after Whitman had piled up tons of evidence to connect him with the murder. He stayed off the witness stand at both his trials, and he was convicted each time.

The police had given him all the breaks they could but it wasn't enough. A witness to the bumping off of Rosenthal turned in the license number of the gray car used by the gunmen. For his reward, he was thrown into a cell, and the license number was jotted down wrong on the blotter.

THE BECKER-ROSENTHAL MURDER CASE

Without any real coöperation from City Hall or Police Headquarters, Whitman rounded up Willie Shapiro, the driver of the car, and the four gunmen named Gyp the Blood, Lefty Louie, Dago Frank and Whitey Lewis. They belonged to Big Jack Zelig's gang on the East Side.

Jack Rose, Bridgie Webber and two other gamblers, Harry Vallon and Sam Schepps, saved their hides by turning state's evidence. Rose said he hired the gunmen because Becker demanded action when they held a conference one night in a vacant lot in Harlem.

To give you an idea what a police lieutenant thinks about a squealer, especially a guy that squeals against him, listen to this conversation between Becker and his henchman, Rose, as quoted by Rose on the witness stand:

BECKER: There is only one thing to do with a fellow like Rosenthal. Just stop him so that he won't bother anybody any more for all time.

ROSE: What do you mean?

BECKER: Well, there is a fellow that ought to be put off the earth.

ROSE: I agree with you, he is no account.

BECKER: Well, no use saying he is no account and all that, the idea is to do something to him.

ROSE: What do you mean?

BECKER: There is a fellow I would like to have croaked.

ROSE: Charley, there is other ways of handling Rosenthal.

BECKER: Now, listen, Jack, I am as much opposed to those things as you are, but there is a man where I have absolutely no scruples in doing anything to. Here I am in charge of the Strong Arm Squad and instead of getting money from that fellow, I gave him \$1500 to start his place

DOCK WALLOPER

with, put him in the way of making money, protected the place and looked after him, and there is the gratitude—when I was compelled to save myself and make a raid, a raid for which I paid \$1500 to make, why, he is out looking for my scalp.

ROSE: All right, I'll have some gangster beat him up.

BECKER: I don't want him beat up. I could do that myself. No beating will fix that fellow—a dog in the eyes of myself, you and everybody else. Nothing for that man, but taken off this earth—have him murdered, cut his throat, dynamited or anything. . . . The sentiment over at Police Headquarters is so strong that the man or men that croak him would have a medal pinned on them.

Becker's first trial came off before Judge Goff. The Court of Appeals reversed his conviction, and his second trial followed before Judge Samuel Seabury, my old friend of the Henry George Single Tax Campaign. Becker got a fair trial, and was convicted. The defense tried to show that Rose, Webber and Vallon killed Rosenthal and framed the murder on Becker, but the fact that Becker had nothing to say for himself damned him in the eyes of the jury.

In the beginning, I wanted to believe that Becker was innocent of Rosenthal's blood, but I can't honestly believe now that he had nothing to do with Herman's passing. Of course, Becker's loyal family tried to make a martyr out of him, and I admire them for sticking to him, but personally I was never one to take much stock in martyrs.

From my own association with him, I knew Becker was one of the most brazen cops who ever wore brass buttons. He made no bones about chatting on Broad-

THE BECKER-ROSENTHAL MURDER CASE

way with the most notorious gamblers. Like most everybody else in a position of authority, he never passed up a dollar that was laying around or could be pried loose. He was part of the so-called System—the System made Becker and the System ruined him.

Just the same, I was sorry to see Charley go.

He protested his innocence to the end. In his farewell statement from the death house, he tried to throw suspicion in another direction, hinting that the late Senator Big Tim Sullivan was most interested in silencing Rosenthal, as Rosenthal could have told the District Attorney that Sullivan was in with him in the gambling house and in election frauds on the East Side. Becker said Alfred Henry Lewis, the writer, who was his friend and my friend, had warned him that he would be framed.

“I have not now and have never had anything on Waldo or the late Mayor Gaynor,” Becker declared.

On the other hand, Governor Whitman said that Becker, a few days before he went to the hot seat, offered to name five important grafters if shown mercy. The offer came too late.

I have often wondered about this. I'm sure I could name the five, but that's all past and buried, and none of my business, anyway.

Well, Charley Becker, stripped of his uniform and his reputation, died like a man, three years to the month after Herman Rosenthal said good-by to me in the Metropole and stepped out into a rain of bullets.

Becker's widow took it hard, naturally. On his coffin she put a silver plate inscribed: “Charles Becker, Mur-

DOCK WALLOPER

dered July 30, 1915, by Governor Whitman." The police and the priests saw to it that the plate came off before the coffin ever reached the church. Becker was buried beside his infant daughter, who was born and died while he was in the death house.

On his grave somebody slipped a floral wreath: "Sacrificed for Politics."

The greatest injustice about the whole mess, to my mind, was that the publicity the Metropole Hotel got killed the place. And what a place it was with its sports and politicians, its actors and actresses, its police and pugs. Drop in there most any time and you'd find Big Bill Devery, Diamond Jim Brady, Frank Farrell, who went partners with Devery in buying the New York American baseball club in the days before Babe Ruth; Big Tim and Little Tim Sullivan; Big Dick Butler—the Bigs were in the majority; Oscar Hammerstein, with his funny stovepipe hats; Nat Goodwin, with his wives; Corse Payton, the world's best ham actor, and a flock of other notables. George Considine, the chief owner, used to be Jim Corbett's manager, and gamblers, fighters and their managers were draped all over the premises.

Yes, it was a grand hotel, and it was a dirty shame that it had to close just because four punks from the slums injected some lead into a gambler who couldn't get along with a police lieutenant.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

KIDNAPING HARRY THAW

Arrest Harry K. Thaw, 40, 5 feet 11½ inches, 166 pounds, brown hair and eyes, medium complexion. Escaped from Matteawan State Hospital for the Criminal Insane at 7:45 A.M. in a black taxicab with two men. Taxicab accompanied by a six-cylinder Packard. Watch all railroads, steamships, etc.

—Alarm sent out from Police Headquarters to every precinct,
August 17, 1913.

THE Thaw case made a farce of criminal justice and had the longest run of any American court comedy. It will not be forgotten as long as Harry Thaw and Evelyn Nesbit live or any one remembers Stanford White, the great architect and roué, who was killed by Harry over Evelyn.

The Thaw case got off to a flying start back in 1906 when Thaw, a playboy millionaire from Pittsburgh, stole the show on the roof of Madison Square Garden by shooting White. Harry's doting mother hired a flock of lawyers to play hocus-pocus with the courts and Thaw was acquitted of murder on the ground of insanity. He was committed to Matteawan where he was a privileged guest for five years.

During those five years, Thaw went into the courts

DOCK WALLOPER

time after time to try to get a discharge from the insane asylum on the ground that, while he was batty when he pulled the trigger, he was safe and sound now. The courts refused to fall for that line, so Thaw's family decided to kidnap him, and that's where I was called in.

The stunt we pulled crashed the front pages all over the world in August, 1913, and we continued to figure in the headlines until March, 1915, when we were acquitted in another piece of legal tomfoolery. Thaw has been at large ever since, and may God have mercy on my soul!

Here for the first time will be told the whole story, the inside story, of the Thaw Kidnaping and the flights and fights that followed. I'm not going to spread any of the sob stuff about mamma's boy Harry being persecuted by that old meanie, District Attorney William Travers Jerome. I'm just going to set down the facts and let the sobs and chuckles fall where they may.

I know Harry Thaw better than most folks, and if he got what was coming to him, he wouldn't be running loose today, whipping boys and spanking actresses with hairbrushes.

The Thaw Kidnaping originated in one of my favorite hangouts, Shanley's, the famous eating and drinking place on Broadway, between Forty-second and Forty-third Streets. The big round table was always a welcome spot for me. There I would run into Alfred Henry Lewis, an important editorial writer for the Hearst papers; his brother, Bill Lewis, editor of the *Morning Telegraph*; Bat Masterson, the sports writer; Frank Harris and David Graham Phillips, the authors;

KIDNAPING HARRY THAW

Val O'Farrell, the detective, and a raft of politicians, labor leaders, theatrical men and Broadway sports.

Early in August, 1913, I was in Shanley's grill when Alfred Henry Lewis called me aside and asked me to do him a favor.

"It will do me a world of good," he told me, "if you could accomplish the release of a young man who is held illegally. It would be a case where you wouldn't be breaking the law at all."

I knew Alfred Henry had been District Attorney at Cleveland, and I supposed he knew the law all right. I indicated I was willing to hear more.

"This man's mother is wealthy and it's breaking her heart to see him locked up," he went on. "You can release him without any trouble. As for money, I'll take care of you later on. In the meantime I'll see that you get expenses. I want you to hire some assistants, men you can trust."

"You've been damned nice to me, and it would be very ungrateful of me to turn you down now," I said. "I know you wouldn't deceive me."

"Very well," said Alfred, and he arranged for me to meet a man at three o'clock the following afternoon at a telephone booth in the Grand Union Hotel, where the Pershing Building now is, near Grand Central. It was only then I learned I was to rescue the notorious Harry Thaw. The man I met was former Deputy Sheriff H. A. Hoffman of Dutchess County, in which Matteawan is located.

"The man is Harry Thaw," Hoffman revealed to me. "Will you go through with it?"

DOCK WALLOPER

"Alfred Henry told me I'm not going to commit any crime," I said. "I'd be a terrible piece of cheese to welch on him."

"That's good," said Hoffman. "I'll take you up to Matteawan and show you the roads."

It was arranged that Thaw, who had the run of the asylum grounds, was to sneak out of the gate to us on a Sunday morning when the gate keeper was busy letting the milkman in. The milkman was due there at 7 o'clock in the morning, and I went up with Sheriff Hoffman two or three Sundays to make sure that the milkman got there on time. We were guarding against any slip up.

On our last inspection trip Hoffman wanted to give me a letter signed by Thaw, agreeing to pay \$20,000 for delivering him. Hoffman said the letter might be valuable, as I could sue Thaw if he didn't come across.

I told Hoffman that I didn't expect any money, as I was doing a favor for Alfred Henry Lewis. However, if Thaw did pay, I suggested that Hoffman take \$5,000 for himself.

I might explain here why Hoffman and Lewis were so interested in the case. When Hoffman was deputy sheriff, he used to take Thaw out for rides, and they became friendly. Being insane in the eyes of the law, Thaw was incompetent to transact business, and Hoffman helped him out. With all the liberties allowed him at Matteawan, Thaw managed to smuggle out letters to his family and friends, and he had a great deal to do with arranging the plot that made him a free man.

Alfred Henry Lewis, a cocky little guy, had written

KIDNAPING HARRY THAW

brilliant editorials defending Thaw as the victim of a gang of old roués who were thirsting for vengeance over the passing of Stanford White. The Hearst papers built up tremendous circulations, playing up Thaw day after day, year after year, until his name was a household word as far away as Japan.

Every time I read one of Alfred's blistering editorials, I couldn't help crying for poor Harry Thaw, against my better judgment. I think Alfred sincerely believed what he wrote, otherwise he wouldn't have gone as far as he did to help Thaw.

Well, the big day of the kidnaping was approaching, and Hoffman gave me three hundred dollars for preliminary expenses. I went down to Billy Bisset's bar on Eighth Avenue, between Forty-second and Forty-third Streets, and in the back room I picked three buddies to assist me. They were Gene Duffy, Tommy Flood and Mike O'Keefe. Duffy was a former deputy sheriff and was known as the Mayor of Ninth Avenue. Tommy Flood drove a taxi. O'Keefe was good company.

Then I went up to John Collins' auto rental agency at 1491 Broadway, and slapped eighty dollars down to rent a brand-new Packard touring car. The rate was forty dollars a day.

"Give me a good driver," I told Collins. "I'm going to be away a day or two."

The driver assigned me was Roger Thompson, a dapper dude we called Educated Roger. Roger was conceited about his looks and his book learning and he wouldn't pal with other chauffeurs after working hours. In a way we played a dirty trick on Roger, getting him

DOCK WALLOPER

mixed up in the Thaw case without him knowing it at first.

Of course, we all figured it would be just a day's lark, a nice outing, doing a favor for a friend. We never figured we would become fugitives from justice, chased all over the United States and Canada, and that we would be placed on trial and put to considerable expense to protect our fair names.

Having lined up my assistants and hired transportation, I next went to Macy's department store and bought linen caps and dusters. I intended that we should execute the kidnaping in proper style.

Everything was all set for the kidnaping to take place the coming Sunday morning. On Saturday we drove up to the town of Beacon (Matteawan is on the outskirts) and registered at the Holland Hotel. I signed the blotter "Richard J. Butler" and I let the others sign their right names, too. You can see we weren't covering up like criminals.

We dilly-dallied around the hotel and had a good time with the owner, the waitresses and the traveling salesmen. They wanted to know our business, like they do in all country towns. I told them I was in the spring water business and understood pretty good water came from their mountains. I didn't try their water though—I concentrated on brandies. I set up everybody, and we were singing and dancing until after midnight. Somebody sang "Sweet Rosie O'Grady" and old man Gordon, the hotel owner, and I grabbed a couple of girls and waltzed around the bar. It was 2 A.M. when we went upstairs to our rooms.

KIDNAPING HARRY THAW

I ordered Roger to be ready at 6:45 with his Packard, and we started out on time so as to reach Matteawan before the milkman at seven. I left five dollars with the waitresses and told them to have ham and eggs ready for me when I came back in an hour. I really figured it would be that easy.

Roger and I stayed with the Packard, parked on the state highway at a hamlet called Lowery's Corner, at the foot of a lane leading up to the insane asylum, which was perched on a grassy slope overlooking the valley. Tommy Flood drove his Stearns taxi, with Duffy and O'Keefe in the back seats, up the lane and stopped right outside the gate through which the milkman was expected to pass in a minute, leaving an opening for Thaw.

Tommy got out of his cab, lifted the hood and pretended to tinker with the engine. The mad men behind the bars in the big house could see the stalled taxi and they kept calling out "Get a horse!" and "Dynamite that buggy!"

All the while Thaw was pacing up and down the hospital's front yard, just as if he was only out for his regular exercise and had nothing on his mind. The milkman was slow in making his appearance, and I began to think our scheme had been tipped off. I waved a handkerchief to signal the men in the taxi, and they replied in their crude fashion by putting their fingers to their noses and pointing my way.

Just then the milkman's wagon came along, passing close to me on the way to the locked gate above. Roger had remained at the wheel of our Packard while I got

DOCK WALLOPER

out to reconnoiter. The milkman drove up alongside the stopped taxi and pushed a bell that brought the keeper to slide the gate open. While the milk wagon was passing in, Thaw walked around the opposite side of it from the keeper, cutting off his view, and then Thaw slipped through the opening before the keeper could stop him.

My men were all set in the taxi, headed in the right direction, ready to pick up Thaw and beat it down to the main highway, where I was waiting with the Packard. Imagine their surprise when Harry, with no time to spare, looked the taxi over and turned up his nose in disgust.

"Where's the big car?" he demanded. "I didn't order a taxi."

"Get in, you fool," shouted Gene Duffy, and he yanked Thaw inside and shut the door. Tommy shot the taxi down the hill at breakneck speed, and was going so fast that Thaw protested they'd all be killed. Thaw was lying on the floor of the car, and Duffy gave him the boot once or twice, just to show Harry he could not boss them.

"Have you got the bacon?" I called out as the taxi sped past our touring car.

"Come on, big fellow," they sang out.

Our Packard was just about the fastest car on the market.

"Roger, do you think you can beat that taxi?" I asked Thompson.

"I should say so," he answered.

"Well, I've got to get the doctor back in an hour," I said. I had conned Thompson into believing that the

KIDNAPING HARRY THAW

man we were taking from the hospital was a Doctor Barrett, and that he was going out on a sick call.

We caught up with the taxi about a mile on, and I took Thaw and Duffy into our touring car. We put on our linen motoring caps and threw away our straw hats. The hats were afterward picked up and identified as ours, coming from McCue-Drummond's on Broadway.

While the taxi with Flood and O'Keefe in it headed back to Hell's Kitchen, the rest of us made eighty miles an hour going through Fishkill, Johnsville, Gayhead and Stormville and points north and east. We were out to cross the state line into Connecticut, as Alfred Henry Lewis had assured me that once Thaw was out of New York State he would be free of the jurisdiction of its courts and could not be sent back to Matteawan unless he made the mistake of reëntering the state.

My understanding was that my job would be done when I took Thaw as far as Milford, Connecticut, where he was to board a train that would take him home to Pittsburgh by a roundabout route that would not carry him through the state of New York. Leaving nothing to chance, Sheriff Hoffman had provided me with railroad time tables, showing Thaw just what to do.

Some funny things happened on our trip. We got lost on the road several times and had to stop to ask for directions. It was Thaw, the insane man, who set us wise. He would get out of the car, sight the sun, and tell us:

"There's the sun. We're going right. Connecticut lies east of here."

DOCK WALLOPER

I was hungry, having gone off without my ham and eggs. When I beefed about my empty belly, Thaw produced a lump of milk chocolate.

"Here, take some of this," he said. "This has a lot of vitamins. You could live on this for two or three days."

I spurned his candy. "I'm in the habit of eating ham and eggs, and corned beef and cabbage, not chocolate bars," I told him.

Passing the Wingdale Prison, Thaw got out and walked up on top of a hill to survey the countryside and see if we were being trailed.

"We're all right," he reported when he came down, and we drove on again.

Smart as he was about some things, Thaw had obsessions on certain subjects, including District Attorney Jerome. We were going over the Connecticut line, when he asked me if we had any tools in the car.

"Jerome might come along and we could fight him off with the tools," he said.

"Get that out of your head about Jerome," I said. "You have nothing to fear. Jerome is a gentleman, not a ruffian."

For some reason of his own, Thaw gave us all stage names. He was Doctor Barrett, I was Mr. Gibson, Duffy was Doyle and Thompson was Ginger. Thaw rode up front with the chauffeur, and I caught Thompson looking him over now and then. When Duffy relieved Thompson for a spell and let him come back and sit with me, Thompson whispered to me:

"Doctor Barrett is a dead ringer for Harry Thaw."

"You think so?" I said, and winked at Thompson.

KIDNAPING HARRY THAW

"Jeez! I thought he was a doctor," said Educated Roger, and sweat broke out on his intelligent brow.

Now that we were in Connecticut, I said to Thaw: "Here's your timetables. We'll take you to the Milford depot, and then we'll get right back to the Beacon hotel and there won't be any suspicion against us."

But Thaw was afraid to be left alone. He begged us to go farther with him, and said he would see to it that we got \$20,000 for our trouble. I reminded him that I had promised Sheriff Hoffman \$5,000 of that.

"No, I'm taking care of Hoffman," he said.

Thaw had a craving for sweets, the big sissy, so we pulled up to a drugstore on the main street in New Haven, and we went in to stretch our legs and let him have a chocolate soda. While he was there he got postal cards to write to his mother. He also wrote a note to the Associated Press in Philadelphia about running a story on his escape and warning them: "Be careful or I will sue."

Thaw was enjoying the predicament he was in. He strutted around that drugstore like an actor on parade. He seemed to be inviting arrest, the conceited jackass. A cop came along outside, and a boy told him: "Say, there's Harry Thaw in the store." The cop thought it was a joke, and kept on walking.

We wasted no more time in getting Thaw away from there. "First thing you know you'll have us all in jail," I told him. I wasn't feeling so kindly toward him. He had five dollars in his jeans, but he let us pay for whatever was bought. Besides, I had a splitting headache

DOCK WALLOPER

from getting up so early, going without my breakfast, and riding under a boiling sun over dusty roads.

When we reached Hartford, there was no need of my going farther. I had smuggled Harry Thaw out of the State of New York as per contract, as a favor for my friend, Alfred Henry Lewis.

Thaw was enjoying his auto ride, so I instructed Duffy and Thompson to take him on into Canada, which they did. I hopped a train at Hartford and arrived back in New York City that Sunday night. The *Telegram* was out with an extra about the kidnaping of Harry Thaw, and the newsies were shouting "Wuxtra" all over town. I was tired and thirsty when I put foot into our parlor floor and basement at 366 West Twenty-seventh Street.

"Where have you been?" asked my lovely Mary, a bit suspicious of my absence overnight.

"Oh, just playing around," I said.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

A FUGITIVE WITH THAW

I KNOW what it is to be a fugitive from justice. For more than two months after the Thaw escape I was hunted all over the continent by the authorities. I managed to evade arrest and to surrender in my own sweet time.

No one knew where I had been hiding out, but now I can reveal I was in Toronto and Jersey City. Jersey City is close enough to New York to be an ideal hide-out; with millions of people in the metropolitan area the police get tired looking for a fellow.

All the world, including my wife, seemed to know that I was the man who sprung Harry Thaw from Matteawan. Thinking I was just doing a favor for my friend, Alfred Henry Lewis, and was committing no crime, I made no effort to disguise myself or cover my trail, with the result that the bloodhounds were barking at my heels from the very beginning.

The general police alarm that went out for my arrest described me as "a man about six feet tall, fairly light complexion, smooth shaven, weighing about 185 or 190 pounds, and having a large nose." Roy McCardell, the Sunday magazine writer, gave a better description when

· DOCK WALLOPER

he wrote a piece about me a few years later called "Richard J. Butler—First-Class Fighting Man." He wrote:

"The Hon. Richard J. Butler is husky of frame and voice, standing six feet, weighing two hundred, and has a whisper like a foghorn."

When I returned home the night of the Thaw kidnaping, my Mary showed me a paper with the Thaw story smeared all over page one.

"That only happened this morning, and you haven't told me where you were last night," she said.

"Oh, I took a ride up in the country," I said.

"Yes, and you took Thaw out," she guessed.

I remember then that I had been talking to Mary about trying to get Governor Sulzer, my friend, to let Thaw out. Mary was smart enough to put two and two together and see that I had let Thaw out myself.

"Mary, don't annoy me, I've got a headache," I said.

With that, I went down to Kelly's saloon and got a pint of Monongahela whisky. After a couple of shots, I went home to bed and slept like an innocent babe until six o'clock in the morning.

I slipped out of the house just as the hue and cry was catching up with me. Reporters from all the papers besieged the house and Mary and the kids told them they didn't know where I was. The Police Commissioner was insisting on my capture, so Lieutenant Dominick O'Reilly went to Charley Hussey, the politician-saloon-keeper, at Thirty-fourth Street and Eighth Avenue, and asked Charley to get in touch with me and for me to surrender to O'Reilly so he could win a promotion.

A FUGITIVE WITH THAW

That, by the way, is how many an important arrest is arranged.

I wasn't in any mood to be arrested, so I went over to Jersey City and put up for a couple of days at the Smith Imperial Hotel on Exchange Place. Chief of Police Monahan, who knew me well, tipped me off to get out, as the Police Commissioner had read the riot act to his detectives and sent a couple over to Jersey to look for me. I moved in the nick of time and was on a trolley car going up Washington Street when the detectives walked past on their way to the hotel where I had been.

I went up to the Stonehouse, at the corner of Henderson and Grove, run by my very dear friend, Sandy Clemons, one of the strongest Democratic leaders in Hudson County and a good friend of Mayor Frank Hague of Jersey City. Sandy was a strong, square-shouldered man with a heart so big he used to keep his saloon safe open for the unfortunates to help themselves. Sandy took me to board with a private family, and I stayed there quite a while. I met my lawyer, Owen Bohan, at the Continental Hotel in Newark and he advised me to give up. Gene Duffy, who was hiding out too, had me paged in the hotel, with dicks all around us. That was Gene's idea of a practical joke.

I was supposed to surrender at the New York side of the Poughkeepsie bridge, and the press flocked there for the ceremony. Instead, I took a train for Buffalo. The police there recognized me but were friendly, so I took another train to Syracuse, and from there I went to Montreal. In Montreal I saw a friend, Tom Flanagan, champion heavyweight thrower.

DOCK WALLOPER

Next I went to Toronto and stayed at the Woodbine Hotel, whose owner, Georgie Spears, took good care of me. He introduced me to the Crown Prosecutor, Dick Green, who was a Colonel of the Sportsmen's Regiment, and I was invited out to his home.

Nobody knows just how many true friends they have until they land in trouble. I had plenty. One of my Syracuse friends, Mayor Alan Forbes, knew I had left home in a hurry without being able to provide for my family, so he personally went down to New York and brought some money to Mary and the children.

In Toronto I was joined by Gene Duffy, and we ran short on dough. I sent a telegram to Father John McGrath, of the West Side Seamen's Mission, known to the longshoremen as the Fighting Priest.

"Chill a couple quarts," I told the bartender at the hotel. "We'll be back with the money before they get cold."

Sure enough, Father McGrath wired us fifty dollars. That worked so well, we wired Ralph Bowen, of Syracuse, and got another fifty dollars.

After six weeks in Canada, we returned to the Jersey City boarding house. Sandy Clemons drove us out to Lake Hopatcong for Sunday dinners. The business of being a fugitive from justice was pleasant enough. It was amusing to pick up the papers and read how the police were almost finding us every place but the right place.

One day the papers said I was being sought "at Oyster Bay and other haunts." Another day I was supposed to have visited several saloons around Twenty-fourth

A FUGITIVE WITH THAW

Street and spent considerable money, at the same time boasting of duncing the police. Still another story out of the District Attorney's office was that I had bought a saloon at Eighth Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street, paying five thousand dollars cash, "presumably part of Thaw's twenty-five thousand dollars." Late one night six detectives surrounded a house at Valley Stream, Long Island, to capture me, but I wasn't there.

On October 24, I was indicted for conspiracy, and my lawyer again advised me to give up. Indicted with me were Thaw, Duffy, Thompson, O'Keefe and Flood. George Haven Putnam, the publisher, was foreman of the grand jury that indicted us. Four days later I surrendered at the Criminal Courts Building and was released in bail of three thousand dollars without being locked up a second.

Now let me take you back to Harry Thaw. After I left him at Hartford, he drove through Connecticut, Massachusetts and New Hampshire, toward Canada in the company of Gene Duffy and Educated Roger Thompson. Their car broke down at Rochester, New Hampshire, and they hired a buggy for a while until they boarded a Maine Central train that would take them into Quebec.

Thaw's picture was plastered all over the papers that were being read by passengers in the train. Instead of keeping still to avoid being recognized, the conceited Thaw was acting up as usual, as if he wanted the people to know just who he was. It happened that a rube

DOCK WALLOPER

deputy sheriff was sitting in the same coach, and he kept looking up from his paper to study Thaw.

"Screw! This fellow's on to us," Duffy whispered to Thaw. At the same time Duffy tried to bluff the rube.

Having been a deputy sheriff himself at one time, Duffy flashed an old badge on the country deputy and told him: "I'll take care of this; I've got him under arrest."

But the country jake, Deputy Sheriff Burleigh Kelsea, of Colebrook, New Hampshire, wasn't fooled, so he trailed Thaw, Duffy and Thompson to Coaticook, Quebec, and had them all arrested. That was on a Tuesday morning, two days after we drove Thaw away from Matteawan. Duffy got himself out right away by hiring a lawyer who was a relative of the town's judge. That left only poor Roger in the jail with Thaw, the man Roger thought was Doctor Barrett.

Thaw was more of a Dr. Jekyll, so far as I'm concerned. I wasn't at all taken in by the propaganda at his murder trial that tried to make him out a young Lochinvar coming out of the West to rescue the blushing maiden from the old fiend in his den of mirrors in the Madison Square tower. Thaw was only a rich roué; Stanford White was a good architect to boot. As for the little innocent Abigail, I remember that Evelyn Nesbit had attended one of White's stag parties, emerging as a blackbird from a huge pie set on the table, and when the pie was opened she ups and trips along the table, wearing not much more than a smile and surrounded by drunks who imbibed champagne from her slipper. Thaw was jealous of White's stag parties and squan-

A FUGITIVE WITH THAW

dered a small fortune on a wild party to make White's blackbird affair look like ham and beans, and during the evening he dragged Miss Innocence by the hair down a flight of stairs.

When it came to choosing between Thaw and White on the question of morals, I was like the countryman on the jury who thought it was a clear case on the one side until he heard the other side; then he thought it was a clear case on both sides. In any event, Thaw didn't need my sympathy and he didn't get it. In taking him away from the Matteawan madhouse, I was doing a favor for Alfred Henry Lewis, and I had to laugh when the printing presses again wept tears for poor, persecuted Harry Kendall Thaw, who wanted to go back to his mother in Pittsburgh and was being unkindly detained in Canada for the New York authorities.

The Hearst papers all over the country launched another propaganda campaign to free Thaw, and hundreds of other papers joined in, picturing Harry as a victim of persecution by rich old rounders. Thaw was as pure as a lamb in the eyes of millions of people, especially in New England and Canada. When William Travers Jerome, acting as a Deputy State Attorney-General went to Canada to bring Thaw back, he was arrested for throwing dice in a friendly game and was locked up for a while as a common gambler in the cell that Thaw had occupied.

“Persecution of Thaw Defies Laws of Two Countries—As Disgraceful a Chapter of the Attempted Administration of Justice as Could Be Supplied from the Annals

DOCK WALLOPER

of the Middle Ages." That was what the Boston *American* said in an editorial.

Well, Canada deported Thaw back to New Hampshire as an undesirable, and for the next year and a half Thaw fought a losing battle in the New Hampshire courts to keep from being taken back to New York. All that time interest in the case was stirred to fever heat by the non-stop propaganda.

The New York Evening *Journal* said: "Thaw killed Stanford White, and while he broke the law, he rendered a considerable service to the community, as the trial disclosed.

"Stanford White left behind him many powerful friends, more or less like him presumably, and these have made a desperate effort to twist the law and intimidate judges and others."

The New York *American* ran a big cartoon by Winsor McCay headlined "The Man Hunt," showing the heroic Harry at bay at the Temple of Justice, surrounded by a swarm of dapper old vultures, wearing silk toppers, monocles and spats.

As a matter of civic pride, the papers in Pittsburgh, Thaw's birthplace, came out for him, but they were mild compared to some of the others. The Daily *Patriot*, at Concord, New Hampshire, where Thaw was both a prisoner and a hero, published reams and reams of one-sided stuff. Even the editor of a Swedish paper in Worcester, Massachusetts, joined in the controversy.

The best laugh out of the whole affair I got from the Boston *Post* in May, 1914, when it ran an interview with

A FUGITIVE WITH THAW

Thaw's keeper, a deputy sheriff at Concord who had been Harry's keeper night and day for months.

"I had to laugh in court," the deputy said, "when they asked me if I felt safe with Mr. Thaw while sleeping with him. Huh! I feel a lot safer with him than I would with lots of my friends and a good deal more than I would with Mr. Jerome."

Despite all the public sympathy aroused in his favor, the courts sent Thaw back to New York in January, 1915, to stand trial for escaping from Matteawan. Before he left Manchester, New Hampshire, where he lived for a while in great style in a mansion belonging to the town's leading dentist, he was given a beautiful silver loving cup by children of the neighborhood.

The Hearst papers continued to fight his battle to the bitter end. The New York *Evening Journal* said: "Thaw, hounded for years by a crowd of fashionable white slavers, was living quietly in another state, doing no harm, and interfering in no degree with the peace and safety of the people of New York."

I had occasion to visit Thaw several times, before and after our trial. The first time was in July, 1914. The little favor I had done in getting Thaw out of Matteawan had cost me several thousand dollars and there was no good reason why he should not have compensated me for my trouble.

Thaw was enjoying a vacation at Gorham, New Hampshire, so I went up to see him, taking Gene Duffy along for company. We left the train at Boston and boarded an excursion boat, the old *Bay State*, for Port-

DOCK WALLOPER

land, Maine. It was the Fourth of July, the boat was crowded, and the captain and the picked-up crew were green about their duties. During the night while we were in our bunks the ship ran up on the shoals near Portland Head.

It was a dangerous situation, with that old tub about ready to sink and the inexperienced crew not knowing what to do. I dressed and made a speech to the passengers, telling them they had the best ship and crew in the world and that everything would turn out all right. Then I whispered to the radio boy to signal for a revenue cutter.

The cutter came up in good time and took us to Portland. I was the last passenger to leave the *Bay State*, and I left my last sixty dollars under the pillow in my cabin. Duffy and I didn't have a damn cent when we reached Portland, but we were lucky enough to run into Jim McAdams, a big potato dealer from the West Side, who was coming home from a vacation at Old Orchard Beach. We touched him for a twenty.

We found Thaw living the life of Riley at a hotel in Gorham. He was wearing an expensive tweed suit and a straw boater. He talked sane enough at times, but there was something sappy about his face and eyes. He wasn't as glad to see us as he was that hot August day when we kidnaped him out of Matteawan. He seemed to have forgotten about his promises to pay \$20,000 for his release. We squeezed \$2,500 out of him, and the tightwad acted like we had taken his right leg. Judging by Thaw, these Pittsburgh millionaires are just cheap stogies.

A FUGITIVE WITH THAW

They may give millions for public libraries and art museums, but liberty is not worth paying for.

With the \$2,500, Gene and I lived in style for a while at the Copley Plaza in Boston. We had plenty of tod-dies, took in the ball games, and placed a few bets on the ponies. Back to New York, and soon we were broke again.

Having amputated Thaw's right leg, we went back for his left leg. He was back home in the dentist's mansion in Manchester and I went upstairs and had it out with him. I asked for \$1,000, and he tried to jew me down to \$500.

"Why be that way?" I asked him. "Why not pay as you agreed? Don't be a welcher."

He got very angry. I did, too. Not having a pistol, a whip, or a hairbrush handy, he was helpless. I could have slugged him, but what's the use? I got the \$1,000 the next day.

After Thaw and I were acquitted at our conspiracy trial—a trial that put me further in debt for lawyers' fees and expenses—I went out to Pittsburgh and got in touch with Thaw's protector, Roger O'Mara, former Chief of Police. My traveling companion this time was Fred Gondorf, one of the Gondorf gang, but a nice fellow when not working at his profession. O'Mara promised to take care of me, seeing that I was out of a job and broke on account of doing a favor for a friend.

I made a return trip to Pittsburgh later on with Gene Duffy and Mickey O'Keefe and we went out to see Thaw

DOCK WALLOPER

at his Crescent estate, through an appointment made by his lawyers.

The Thaws were entertaining that night, and we didn't have on our dinner jackets, so Thaw met us in an alcove where we conferred like a pack of criminals. I was never so mortified in all my life, especially when Thaw's mother ignored us and called out to her son:

"Harry, don't forget you have an appointment for dinner."

The next morning we met Thaw at the office of his lawyer, Governor Stone, and got \$3,000.

Mrs. Thaw never thanked us for liberating her son, although at the time she had remarked: "It was a neat job and a complete job."

My friend, Jerome, had warned me while we were drinking at Delmonico's that I would never get my \$20,000, and he was right. I have since seen Thaw in the Broadway cabarets and speakeasies squandering many times \$20,000 on fast women—getting a \$2,500 check on account of one woman alone that I know of.

The moral of all this seems to be clear: Never do a favor for a friend.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN
ON TRIAL WITH THAW

ON March 8, 1915, I went on trial with Harry Thaw, Gene Duffy, Mike O'Keefe, Tommy Flood and Educated Roger Thompson. The charge against us was that we all had entered into a conspiracy to release Thaw from Matteawan without due process of law. If convicted, we faced a year in the pen.

You would have thought we were all bound for the electric chair, to judge by the crowds that thronged into the dingy old Criminal Courts Building on Centre Street. As soon as the doors of the courtroom were thrown open, all the seats and standing room were gobbled up, and disappointed thousands had to stand out in the corridors and down on the sidewalks to get second-hand information on how the trial was going.

The papers covered the doings in great style, with all their sob sisters and feature writers from Dorothy Dix on down assigned to the case. The stories were wired all over the country and even cabled to London, Paris and Tokio. The papers took sides as they always do, some painting us as slick villains and some making us out to be heroes and saints, with tiny wings grafted on our shoulders.

DOCK WALLOPER

All in all, it was SOME trial. It came a year and a half after the kidnaping of Thaw, but it was worth waiting for. The element of justice hardly entered into the proceedings at all, but there was plenty of comedy and underhanded conniving.

From the trial I learned at least one lesson—never pay any attention to lawyers. If I had listened to their advice, I would have pleaded guilty and served a stretch in the stir.

On the morning the trial was to open, my lawyer, Owey Bohan, met me at the Criminal Courts Building and advised me to plead guilty. I naturally told him to go to hell, so he took me down to the Equitable Building office of Thaw's attorneys, John B. Stanchfield, Abel I. Smith, Morgan J. O'Brien, Kenneth O'Brien and Lemuel Quigg.

Judge Stanchfield was a dignified aristocrat, who spoke with a broad "a" and hung his eyeglasses on a ribbon and used them like a lorgnette.

"Butler," he said to me, "I am after leaving the Tombs where I had a conversation with Mr. Thaw. He has given me the privilege to tell you that he will release you from any obligations of silence and you can take the stand and plead guilty."

I saw the Thaw strategy right off. An insane man can't be convicted of a crime, and Thaw had nothing to lose either way the trial turned out. If he was convicted as a conspirator, that meant he was sane and could not be sent back to Matteawan. The chance that I might go to prison meant nothing to the Thaw camp.

"I'll use my good influence and speak to the court

ON TRIAL WITH THAW

for you," Stanchfield told me. "You'll only get a year, and all this fuss about the trial will be over."

"Yes, and I'll be breaking rocks," I replied.

"Governor," I continued, addressing Stanchfield, "I have a lot of respect for you and your ability as a lawyer, but I haven't quite forgotten that speech you made at the Saratoga convention when you denied my people of the Ninth District the right to their seats as delegates and denounced them as thugs and ruffians. Nevertheless, I voted for you when you ran for United States Senator.

"Governor," I went on while he looked me over through his glasses, "you talk about Thaw's gray-haired mother. Don't you know I have a gray-haired mother of my own, and a family growing up that looks to me for support? If I plead guilty what is to become of them? People will point the finger at them if I go to prison.

"Now, Governor, since you've been so kind as to bring a message from Thaw to me, take this message back to Thaw—I'll give him the privilege of taking the stand and he can plead guilty himself.

"Gentlemen," I finished, "pick up your law books and let's go to court."

Justice Alfred R. Page presided at our trial which was held in the Criminal Branch of Supreme Court. The prosecutors were Frank Cook and Franklin Kennedy, who were Deputy Attorney Generals, and James O'Malley, an Assistant District Attorney. This was the first prosecution of Thaw that William Travers Jerome missed out on.

Judge Page served in the Assembly with me, and I

DOCK WALLOPER

expected leniency from him, but for some reason he was very bitter and hell bent on sending me to prison.

District Attorney Whitman, who had succeeded Jerome in office, was friendly to me. I went up to see him, and he said:

“Dick, I didn’t want to have anything to do with the case.”

It was Martin Glynn, who had succeeded Sulzer as Governor, who insisted upon the prosecution and assigned Cook and Kennedy to the case. And to think I made speeches for Sulzer and Glynn when they were running for election!

“Judge,” I said to Whitman, “I’d like you to come down in the courtroom and let everybody see we’re friends, and it’ll have a bearing on the jury.”

So Whitman, a true friend in need, came into the courtroom and gave me a friendly greeting, which was not lost on the jury.

The state picked a special blue ribbon jury to convict us, but I did a little fixing on the quiet to make sure the jury liked me. I found out one juror named Emmerich had a daughter who worked in Cammeyer’s shoe store on Sixth Avenue. I sent all the neighbors’ kids over there to buy shoes from her and to drop remarks about what a good fellow Dick Butler was.

Then when the jurors went out to the toilet, some of my friends would slip in beside them and talk for their benefit, saying:

“It’s a God damn shame for the Governor to be trying to send a good man like Dick Butler to prison—him with ten kids to care for.”

ON TRIAL WITH THAW

When the jurors dropped into a saloon for a bite of free lunch or something to drink, my friends would pop up again and treat 'em, all the while talking in my favor as if they didn't know the men were on the jury trying me.

The man who helped me out the most was my friend Big Bill Dwyer, who now owns the American Hockey club. Big Bill has been called a rum runner and all that, but I have nothing but the greatest respect for him. He and I have been friends since I was working on the Chelsea docks and he was taking tickets at the Grand Opera House, Twenty-third Street and Eighth Avenue. Many a night he let Mary and me in without paying to see the show.

In the theater business, Bill made an army of friends, and by one of those lucky coincidences, Bill had a great admirer in a railroad man named Blackburn, who was on the jury trying me. Bill spoke up nice for me to Blackburn; did nothing but boast to him all the way through about what a fine egg I was. Yes, Bill was a real help to me.

Under the circumstances, we felt we didn't need any witnesses in our behalf, although the prosecution called fifty for their side. Thaw was the only one of the six defendants to take the stand, and he was looking out for himself.

Under cross-examination by Cook, Thaw testified that he first began talking about leaving Matteawan with Alfred Henry Lewis in the spring of 1913. He told about escaping with us, and then was asked:

“How much did you pay Mr. Butler?”

DOCK WALLOPER

"I paid him \$6,000," Thaw said.

"That for the day's work?"

"Yes, that for the day's work."

"Where were you, Mr. Thaw, when you settled with Butler?"

"I was in Manchester, New Hampshire, at my house."

"And you paid him at that time \$6,000 in cash?"

"I paid him part at that time. I paid him up to \$5,000 at that time, but I have given him, I think, \$1,000 since."

"Do you owe Butler any further money by reason of any agreement to assist you in getting out of Matteawan?"

"I should not say so now, but I might give him some more, as he is having considerable trouble without being guilty of anything whatever."

Thaw had a stiff neck and sat upright in the witness chair like a teacher's pet. Harry had aged considerably since 1907 when he sat in the same courtroom, on trial for the murder of Stanford White. The young man-about-town was now a pudgy middle-aged fellow, growing gray and puffy.

The one I felt sorry for was not Thaw, but Mary Copley Thaw, his old mother, who stuck by him through thick and thin and could see no wrong in her spoiled spendthrift. She attended the trial every day with another son, Josiah Thaw, and a daughter, Mrs. George Lauder Carnegie.

For all her age, old lady Thaw was full of fight and spirit. I happened to see a telegram signed "M.C.T." she sent to Thaw while he was in the Ludlow Street Jail,

ON TRIAL WITH THAW

where he got transferred from the Tombs which he claimed was bad for his health.

"Am disgusted over these foolish efforts for still further delay," Mrs. Thaw wired her son from Pittsburgh. "Surely your counsel will insist on fair and prompt action after all the concessions granted. Am well but indignant."

Thaw was well off in prison, if he only knew it. I know for a fact that he was allowed to play the stock market while he was in the Tombs. He beat the market, too, which is more than most sane men can do.

When Thaw testified that he had paid me \$6,000, you should have seen the lawyers at the trial perk up and show some real interest. They all wanted to know where the money was, so they could lay their hands on it.

Next to Thaw, the most important witness was William Gordon, a tall, lanky hayseed with a red mustache, who ran the Holland Hotel at Beacon where we stopped overnight before taking Thaw for that famous outing that led to our trial. Old man Gordon had been summoned by the prosecution, but hated to identify me.

"Go right down and touch him on the shoulder," insisted Prosecutor Cook.

So Gordon had to leave the witness chair and come down to the defendants' row where I was sitting, jotting down notes on the trial like a lawyer. He smiled at me, and I smiled back.

"That's all right, old top, I know you didn't want to do it," I told him, as he tapped me on the shoulder and said "This is Butler." Abe Levy, who was helping Owen Bohan defend me and my gang, tried to stand between

DOCK WALLOPER

us to block Gordon's view of me, but the court made him sit down out of the way.

"Now," said Prosecutor Cook to Gordon, "will you tell me how you knew that Butler was Butler?"

"Well, I had a talk with him at my bar and he said he was," Gordon answered.

"What did you talk about?"

"I asked him why he came to Beacon and he says he came to buy an overcoat. I says, 'That's funny,' and we both laughed, and he says, 'No, I came to find a place for my family to spend the summer in. New York is not healthy for children in summer. They play in the streets and get run over.'

"Then I said to him that his friends seemed to drink a lot of water. He said 'Yes,' and asked me where I got my water. I told him and asked him where he got his, and he says, 'At Sheepshead Bay.' I suspected he was chaffing me.

"I asks him, too, what his business was, and he says, 'Why, it's helping any one who is in trouble. I'd help you if you were in trouble. I'm a politician and also one of those fellows who never likes to see anybody in trouble. I have been that way all my life. I don't care what he has done, when I see a fellow in trouble I'm sorry for him and try to help him out.'"

Gordon also testified about dancing and drinking with us. Herman Dyke and William Leigh, two clerks at the hotel, testified to seeing us there. James Conklin, the hotel butler, testified he saw us coming downstairs on the morning of the kidnaping. He said just as we reached the landing of the stairs, a Beacon cop stepped

ON TRIAL WITH THAW

into the hall and we drew back, as if wishing to avoid him. That was a bit of imagination on the part of the witness.

My friend, John Collins, testified to renting the Packard to me for forty dollars a day. Collins said the car finally was brought back to him from Rochester, New Hampshire, where Thaw had abandoned it in his flight to Canada. Richard Fox, who brought the car back, was asked by Cook what he found in the car.

"I object," shouted Abe Levy for our side. "The question is irrelevant. What could he have found in it that would have had any bearing on this case—unless, perhaps it was a conspiracy?"

"Or unless," chimed in Cook, "it was an overcoat belonging to some one."

The court sustained the objection. The spectators had a good time laughing at all the wise cracks and insults exchanged by the lawyers. The jurors sat back and relaxed and enjoyed the show, too. In my own quiet way, I enjoyed the performance, too, because I had an idea the jurors would give me a break.

All we needed to put the show on Broadway was Evelyn Nesbit Thaw. There was some talk of calling her as a witness, but the lawyers decided she might talk too much and spill the beans.

In his closing address to the jury, Prosecutor Cook sunk the spurs into me and twisted them around.

"You will notice through all this case," he argued, "that Butler on the outside and Thaw on the inside are the commanding generals. Butler on the outside pre-

DOCK WALLOPER

paring to take up the most advantageous positions, and Thaw seeking out the weakness in the defense, from the inside....

"So Butler returned to the City of New York. He engages his sappers and drillers, and then after a visit to Collins' garage they start back to the City of Beacon....

"And, gentlemen of the jury, there has been no denial of this by any of them. And the only witness on the stand for the defense corroborated word for word, step for step, and foot for foot, our contention. If it was necessary at the close of the case that these defendants Butler, Duffy, Flood and Thompson be damned further, then Harry K. Thaw most effectually did that damning....

"And I have been to Matteawan and you ought to see it. The most perfect and finest institution for the detention of insane that I know of in the State of New York. And, gentlemen of the jury, there are forty men there in the same situation Thaw is. Do you want to turn them loose? Do you want them to walk out the gate? They probably would if they had seven thousand dollars, and Butler and his gang were around handy."

"I object," cried Abe Levy, "to the statement made by the Attorney General as to the defendant Butler, which he has just made, intending to prejudice the jury and inflame their minds. There is no evidence that Butler had a gang."

"Whether there was a gang or not," Cook hedged, "I say to you gentlemen of the jury, that it is a reasonable argument from the evidence here that the Molly

ON TRIAL WITH THAW

Maguires and the Hudson Dusters had nothing on this crowd."

"I think the Attorney General had better not go any further along that line," the court admonished.

To break the monotony of the trial, we staged a little fun that had the court believing my gang was about to bomb the dump. The judge had been tipped off that a lot of ruffians were coming down from Hell's Kitchen to rescue me, and we figured on giving him a good scare. Harry Luckey, a red-cheeked, innocent little cockney friend of mine, a runner for a law firm, took a paper bag and filled it with incandescent bulbs. Then he went up to the top floor of the Criminal Courts Building and threw the bag down into the well of the rotunda. The bulbs crashed with a terrific explosion that sounded like a bomb. Police ran to the doors to head off the anarchists or gangsters, but innocent Harry escaped suspicion.

"That's Butler's gang," people said, but none of the gang could be found.

Abe Levy, in making a speech to the jury for my bunch, forgot I had an old mother as well as Thaw, but I forgive him. He said:

"Your verdict, if guilty, places upon the brows of these men the stigma of convicts. These men have the ambition to bring their children up as decently and as cleanly as you people, and you would not have them convicted, because it would go as sort of heritage of shame to those children, just as the agony, the ordeal, the suffering and misery has been given to the poor

DOCK WALLOPER

mother of Thaw during the many years of unlawful incarceration.”

Judge Page then gave the jury its instruction and the jurors retired to their chamber at 5:27 o'clock in the afternoon to deliberate upon our fate. We were no longer at liberty under bond, but locked up like crooks.

I had been out on a bender the night before and showed up in the morning an hour late for court, coming in at 11 o'clock instead of ten. I walked in with my coat on my arm, as unconcerned as if I hadn't been holding up the trial. My co-defendants whispered to me that the court was as sore as hell, and my lawyers wanted to know what apology to make to the court.

I wasn't in any mood to apologize, but somebody told the court that I had been detained because I had to dress my kids and send them to school, my Mary being sick. Judge Page wasn't entirely convinced.

“I'll put you somewhere where you'll be on time tomorrow,” he threatened.

But there wasn't any tomorrow so far as that trial was concerned. When the jury went out, we were taken into the sheriff's office and given a good dinner before being led over to the Tombs. I ordered a T-bone steak and was wading into it when Owney Bohan came in with a priest to see me. Bohan was horrified to catch me eating meat on a Friday, which it was, but the priest was a good scout and gave me a special dispensation.

I was cheerful enough until a deputy sheriff took us in hand and marched us from the Criminal Courts over the Bridge of Sighs into the gloomy Tombs. When I heard that big steel door clank behind me, I realized

ON TRIAL WITH THAW

that my fate was in the hands of twelve nice men. I had been in the Tombs before, showing prisoners around, and in years to come I was to have the pleasure of showing President Harding's sisters through the prison, but this was my first and only trip there as a prisoner myself.

The most desirable cells were on the ground floor or flats as they called them, with the view and ventilation much better than on the tier above. Duffy, who was a guard at the Tombs when he was a deputy sheriff, grabbed off a double cell for himself and Flood, and it looked like I'd have to shift for myself.

"Well, we ain't got no place downstairs where we can double you up," my keeper apologized. "You got to take a single upstairs."

"No place?" I asked.

"Nope," said the keeper. "Owney Madden has a double to himself, but he won't allow anybody in with him."

Owney Madden! Why, Owney was my little pal. The papers called Owney the chief of the Gopher Gang on the West Side and he was waiting to be tried on a charge of having some of his men bump off an enemy in a saloon. I knew that Owney was not guilty of that, even though he was convicted and sent to Sing Sing. I knew Owney since he was a kid; he was an Irish cockney like myself and came from honest, hard working people. Owney and his brother Marty, a sporting man, have always been good to the poor and have saved many a West Side pauper from potter's field.

DOCK WALLOPER

"Go around and tell Owney that Dick Butler is here, and he won't refuse me," I said to the keeper.

Sure, enough, Owney had been waiting for me, and preparing all day for my visit.

"It's all right for you, but he wouldn't let anybody else in with him," the keeper reported back.

Owney made it very pleasant for me. He poured me a stiff drink of whisky which he had on hand, and he let me use his bed and mattress, while he slept on the upper berth without any bedding.

I slept like an innocent babe, although some of the boys were shouting and cutting up far into the night. Just before I dozed off I heard Gene Duffy calling out: "I'm not going anywhere tonight. I'm staying in for a change."

In the morning Owney climbed down from his bunk and said to me:

"Richard, what do you want for breakfast?"

"Owney, I like my orange juice," I said, just kidding.

But Owney took me seriously and let out a tremendous roar that shook the walls of the Tombs:

"Roll down the oranges. Richard wants orange juice."

It seems every prisoner got an orange for breakfast. There was a gulley or trough running in front of the cells, and when Owney shouted his command, the oranges began rolling our way like it was a bowling alley. Owney sure was boss in that place.

"Now what else?" Owney asked me, after we had picked up nearly a dozen oranges.

"I'd like a couple of eggs," I said.

ON TRIAL WITH THAW

Owney called a keeper, and saw to it that I had a couple of boiled eggs and coffee to go with my orange juice. It was like being in the Belmont Hotel—so pleasant I forgot I was in jail.

News came to us by grapevine that the jury was having a hard time making up its mind. The jury had gone back into court at 9:25 the night before to receive further instructions, and at 11:25 an adjournment was taken until 10 o'clock in the morning of Saturday, March 13, 1915. By noon the jury reached a verdict and we were led back over the Bridge of Sighs to the courtroom to hear our fate decided.

When we were all in place, the court asked the jury where it stood, and the foreman rose up and announced the good news:

“We find the defendants not guilty of conspiracy as charged in the indictment.”

Whew! That was a load off my mind. I shook hands with the jurors, and they laughed and took it as a joke, which was all right with me. Then we went out into Centre Street and posed for pictures.

We were heroes again. Talk about a conspiracy— I had killed the real conspiracy, which was the one by lawyers who were making a fat living off Harry Thaw and his family.

The reporters followed my bunch into the bar across the street and asked me for a statement, so I struck a pose of injured innocence and said:

“It was a hard fight, but the judge’s charge won it for us. I am happy for myself because I can go home to my

DOCK WALLOPER

wife and kids cleared of this charge, and I am happy for the sake of Harry Thaw's mother."

I heard that when the grapevine flash reached the Tombs that "Thaw's found not guilty" there was a great hurrah until Owney Madden cut it short by yelling:

"To hell with Thaw, how about Dick Butler?"

"Dick's not guilty, too," was the reply.

Then pandemonium broke loose inside those prison walls, with the keepers cheering and whistling just as loud as the inmates. Just one big happy family—all friends of Dick Butler.

I wasn't there to hear the demonstration because I had gone home to break the news to Mary and the kids.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

WAR—GERMAN SPIES—BRIBES

WHEN the World War broke out I was president of the New York District Council of the International Longshoremen's Association with complete control over 20,000 longshoremen in the Port of New York who were loading cargoes of munitions and foodstuffs for the Allies. If those longshoremen went on strike and tied up shipping, as they demonstrated they could after the war was over, Germany might have gotten closer to Paris and London.

The air was full of spy talk. My friend, Chief William Flynn of the United States Secret Service, was doing a man's job in running down all the thousands of tips and rumors that reached the government. Every German and German-American in the country was suspected of being an under-cover spy. Anybody who spoke with a Teutonic accent was liable to be arrested for blowing up bridges and ammunition dumps or dropping bombs in Wall Street. It was Flynn's job to sort out the baloney from the real information.

Bill Flynn exposed the secret activities of the German Ambassador to Washington, Count Von Bernstorff, and his helpers, Captains Von Papen and Boy-Ed and Doc-

DOCK WALLOPER

tors Dernburg and Albert. Flynn also dug up the dirt on Bolo Pasha, Von Rintelen, Wolf Von Igel and Lieutenant Robert Faye.

Incidentally, Chief Flynn told me the inside story about those valuable papers that Doctor Albert lost on the Sixth Avenue Elevated train. The press said at the time that Albert absent-mindedly left them on his seat. What really happened was that as Doctor Albert was about to get off the train, Secret Service agents tripped him and swiped his brief case containing the papers. The conductor of the train was in on the scheme and Doctor Albert was pushed off the train and the door slammed in his face before he knew what it was all about. The train went on with his papers, and Washington thus learned what he had been doing on the sly in this country.

In the spring of 1915 word reached Flynn that German agents were prepared to offer us longshoremen leaders \$1,000,000 to call a strike for four weeks, which they figured would be long enough to let the Germans win the war. The offer was supposed to come to us through Irish-Americans in Boston, one of them Matthew Cummings, a wholesale grocer who had no love for England.

Chief Flynn had been out on the Pacific Coast investigating suspicious strikes there, and when he came back to New York he asked me down to see him at the Marlborough Hotel on Broadway. He warned me to watch out for the double-cross from a certain labor leader. For the time being I'll call this fellow Blank,

WAR—GERMAN SPIES—BRIBES

and I'll be glad to fill in the blank any time a grand jury wants to go into this matter with me.

Chief Flynn had an idea an effort would be made to make another Tom Mooney out of me—put me in prison for something I didn't do.

"You be careful," the Chief told me at the Marlborough. "Blank is coming on from the coast to see you."

Chief Flynn mentioned the Cummings angle to me.

"That's a lot of bunk," I told him.

"Well, strikes are getting pulled out on the coast," he said. He showed me some telegrams.

"What's it all about?" I wanted to know.

Chief Flynn was always a straight-shooter. He held nothing back from me.

"They're going to try to pull strikes here," he said. "You're going to be the fall guy. Be very careful. This is my advice, and I don't want it to go any further. You're in a bad spot, and don't you stand for any strikes in the Port of New York. Blank's told everybody that he's got you, and he's on his way East now."

"Let me handle him," I said.

Blank came to town and got in touch with me by calling my Mary at Bayside, Long Island, where I was then living. I happened to be at 711 Seventh Avenue, where I had the district headquarters of the union upstairs over Dick Butler's saloon. I went down to Blank's room at the Marlborough. He got right down to business.

"Listen," he said, "there's a lot of bloodshed in this war. There's only one way it can be stopped, and that is

DOCK WALLOPER

to stop the ammunition from going abroad. And there's only one way we can do it."

"How's that?" I said, playing dumb.

"Well, you're president of the District Council and boss of the docks," he said. "A four weeks' strike will end the war."

"That's a big undertaking," I said. "If the men are called out on a strike for four weeks, who's going to pay them?"

"Well, I have a backer in Boston," said Blank.

"Who is he?" I asked.

"Never mind," said Blank, getting too mysterious for words.

"Where does he come from?"

"He comes from Boston."

I wanted to know more about the paymaster, but Blank acted more mysterious than before. I then asked him how my men were to be paid while on strike, and Blank said:

"You'll collect ten dollars a week for them. Out of that ten dollars, you can take a couple dollars for yourself. The men will like being paid for just laying around the docks."

I had an idea there was a nigger in the woodpile somewhere. Of course, the Germans and the Irish-Americans would have been delighted if we shut munitions and other supplies off from the Allies and England took a good beating from the Germans. But I had a suspicion, in view of Chief Flynn's warning, that there might be more than that to the whole scheme, and that Blank might be fixing a double cross for me, with some-

WAR—GERMAN SPIES—BRIBES

body listening in on our talk. So I gave him no answer.

Instead, I called a caucus up at district headquarters at 711. There I conferred with T. V. O'Connor and Paul Vaccarelli, who were president and vice-president of the International Longshoremen's Association. We discussed the \$1,000,000 offer.

"I think it's too big a proposition," I said.

They agreed.

"Now, gentlemen," I said, "we're upstairs here, all alone, and we'll let the subject drop. Never say any more about it."

On leaving me, O'Connor and Vaccarelli hot-footed it down to *The World* and spilled their guts. Louis Seibold, who was assigned to the story, came up and told me about their visit.

"Holy Geel!" I said. I told Louis there would be no strike.

That night I went in Shanley's with O'Connor. Chief Flynn was sitting in a corner.

"T. V., meet Chief Flynn," I said, introducing the two Irishmen.

They shook hands.

The World ran a sensational scoop, making heroes out of T. V., Paul and Dick Butler and villains out of Matthew Cummings and two men he was supposed to be in touch with—George Sylvester Viereck, editor of *The Fatherland*, and Professor Edmund von Mach of Harvard University. Dr. Bernard Dernburg, the Kaiser's press agent in the United States, also had a finger

DOCK WALLOPER

pointed at him in the story, which was followed up by an editorial:

Few Americans can have read the exposure in *The World* of yesterday of the German attempt to corrupt the Longshoremen's Union without renewed pride in their country and their countrymen. Most of the members of this organization are poor and all are hard working. If they could have been hired to strike and to riot, the foreign commerce of the United States might have been paralyzed, atrocious crimes might have been committed and charged against unionism, and public sentiment in this country relative to the war might have been very emphatically influenced.

After praising T. V., Paul and myself as three honorable gents who couldn't be bought, the editorial said that, although Viereck and his friends "claim some sort of connection with an occupation supposed to be more intellectual than dockwalloping, their one great misfortune seems to have been that they never had the advantages of association with the honest men of the Longshoremen's Union."

The World certainly stirred up a hornet's nest. Day after day everybody rushed into print.

The Times ran a long story in which they said:

Dick Butler, President of the District Council of the local union, would not commit himself yesterday as to whether or not he thought German influence was in back of the agitation which he found on the docks in many quarters.

Sam Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, issued a statement, saying he knew about the plot for months and months.

WAR—GERMAN SPIES—BRIBES

O'Connor was quoted as believing Doctor Dernburg was the big money man behind Cummings.

"Do you know Cummings had the figures of our organization down better than I did," O'Connor said. "We have nearly 24,000 members in deep water unions. For a month's strike at the rate of \$45 per month strike benefits it would figure up to \$1,035,000. Cummings had this all figured out."

But Cummings contradicted this.

"I never asked O'Connor to declare a strike," he said. "I doubt very much if O'Connor had sufficient authority to declare a strike. I believe that power rests in the local organization, and if I desired to bring about a strike O'Connor is the last man I would approach.

"Some one is being 'buffaloed' badly if they are foolish enough to believe that certain labor leaders were offered \$1,000,000 and refused it."

O'Connor came from Buffalo! Catch on?

I admit it was nice to be heroes. President Woodrow Wilson praised us and papers all over the country hailed us as labor leaders who were brave and honest enough to turn down a \$1,000,000 bribe. Labor leaders, you know, had the reputation of never turning down a dime.

I've often wondered if there was any truth to the beautiful yarn or whether it was all cock-and-bull. I know Cummings never offered me so much as a cigar. In fact, I never met the gentleman, and if he had wanted a strike around New York, I would have been the man to see.

The fact that Viereck and his friends were never

DOCK WALLOPER

prosecuted leads me to doubt the whole thing. A Federal grand jury did investigate German propoganda plots in 1916 and called O'Connor and others before it to testify, but nothing came of this. Chief Flynn told me O'Connor never gave him any evidence.

The poor Germans were accused of so much, but I don't think they were so stupid as to offer \$1,000,000 to labor leaders who were too virtuous to touch it!

One drawback to all the publicity about the Germans wanting longshoremen to go on strike was that it tended to keep us from striking when we had a right to in order to get better wages and working conditions. At the risk of being hanged as a traitor instead of being exalted as a hero, I finally had to speak out, and in my capacity as president of the District Council I notified the press:

"We are not allowing this talk of pro-German influences or pro-German corruption funds to interfere with the movement in this city for higher wages and better conditions."

What a strange bunch of heroes we were—Dick Butler, Paul Vaccarelli and T. V. Of the three, I liked myself best, and Paul came next. My history you all know. I'm no saint, never claimed to be. Let me tell you something about the others.

About the time that I was breaking into politics on the West Side and running for Assembly, Vaccarelli bobbed up on the Bowery as a prizefighter under the name of Paul Kelly. He was a little Italian fellow with no great beauty. From prizefighting he went into the saloon business and politics, a natural enough step. His

WAR—GERMAN SPIES—BRIBES

saloon in Great Jones Street, called "Little Naples," was a mecca for slumming parties.

Some tough babies used to hold forth there—Monk Eastman, Big Jack Sirocco, Jack Zelig, Nigger Mike Salter, Humpty Jackson, Nine-Eyed Donnigan, Six-Fingered Murphy, Eat 'Em-Up-Jack McManus, Razor Riley, Yaky Yaky Brady, Pockmarked Paddy Bock, Big Mike Donovan, Jimmino Brennan, Bill Harrington, Dutch Melling, Kid Joyce and Jack Rotta.

I was a West Side Boy, but I used to take my fun where I found it, and sometimes I found it over on the East Side in Paul's neighborhood. I always liked the little fellow; maybe as the police said he was no better than he should have been, but he was good enough for me.

Big Tim Sullivan of Tammany was the little fellow's patron saint, and the Paul Kelly Association used to roll up a nice vote on election days. Some writers credited the little fellow and Monk Eastman with inventing the modern system of repeating at the polls; but I'll maintain until my dying day that I invented the system when I was running for Assemblyman and got Mary to iron the ballots together so every man could vote ten instead of one at a time.

Now we come to T. V. O'Connor. T. V. was never as well liked along the Hudson or the East River as Dick Butler and Paul Vaccarelli were. T. V. came from Buffalo and he didn't speak our language. Besides, we looked down upon him as a minor leaguer; we were used to working on ocean liners and he was ignorant of the ocean traffic. He got his experience working on the

DOCK WALLOPER

Great Lakes tugboats as a deckhand and fireman. Then he branched out into politics as one of Fingy Conner's men. He became a labor leader in 1906 when he was elected president of the Licensed Tugmen's Protective Association of the Great Lakes.

As for me I was active in labor circles before the Spanish-American War. My first knowledge of labor unions came as a young man when Edward McHugh arrived here from London to organize longshoremen in this part of the country to affiliate with the dock workers of Glasgow and London. McHugh, a Scotchman, was a leader of English labor, and he believed the United States should have a Labor Party the same as England. Maybe he was right; if we had a Labor Party holding the balance of power, workingmen could expect better treatment from the Republicans and Democrats. We might even elect our own President.

McHugh has been criticized for tying up the Labor Party movement in this country with Henry George, the Single Taxer. When George died, our party died with him. If it hadn't been for his death, McHugh would have put over a big labor movement in this country.

The Scotchman picked me out as a promising young fellow who knew the ropes, and he paid me two dollars a day as secretary to him and the American Longshoremen's Union, which he was organizing. It succeeded the old Longshoremen's Union Protective Association to which my father had belonged. We held noonday meet-

WAR—GERMAN SPIES—BRIBES

ings for which he charged a fee of two-bits a man, to pay our expenses.

I learned from McHugh that it doesn't pay to be too frank with people. McHugh was almost mobbed at a meeting at Cooper Union when he admitted labor had its faults as well as capital. He pacified his listeners by adding that they had fewer faults than the big money men.

The Scotchman was a good influence in my life. All the good I know about union labor I learned from him. He was a fine talker and made a good appearance on a platform, a wiry fellow with a face full of whiskers.

When McHugh took us into the Single Taxers in 1897, Henry George was running for Mayor. The Democrats and Republicans pictured George as the worst kind of a radical, but he had some distinguished young men speaking for him, among them Samuel Seabury, Bolton Hall and Lathrop Brown, and I had the honor of introducing them to audiences of dock workers.

From then on I was quite the gentleman on the docks—a black-derbied labor organizer and leader rather than a cargo worker in overalls. When McHugh returned to England, I revived the L.U.P.A. and was its president. I got the men their first increase in pay—from thirty cents an hour to thirty-three. I managed this by going down and having a heart-to-heart talk with P. A. S. Franklin, who is now head of the International Mercantile Marine. Franklin has always been a real friend.

Our union went on along minding its own business for years until T. V. O'Connor muscled in with his

DOCK WALLOPER

International Longshoremen's Association. We had a membership of 12,000 and had branches in Manhattan, Brooklyn, Queens, Staten Island, Jersey City and Hoboken. Our dues were low, fifty cents a month, and we were five or six hundred dollars in debt. O'Connor saw his opportunity and offered to have his organization pay off our debt if we would amalgamate with them. I regarded the merger as more feasible than fighting one another, and so I became president of the District Council of the I. L. A., continuing in that office until the World War. Some of my members opposed the merger and accused me of selling out for five hundred dollars.

Imagine a man who wouldn't take \$1,000,000 from the Germans taking five hundred dollars from T. V.!

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

THE BIG STRIKE

MOST revolutions start along the waterfront. There must be something in the salt air that makes radicals out of seamen and dock workers. They seem to have more red blood and guts to battle for their rights than factory and office slaves have. A real longshoreman is never so happy as when he is using his fists or his steel bail hook on an enemy. If he has a principle to fight for, all the better.

Maybe the United States was close to a revolution in 1919. That was the year we pulled our big strike. We were under the impression we were merely fighting for a living wage, but our enemies called us Bolsheviks, I. W. W.'s, Left Wingers, Insurgents, Rebels and Outlaws.

You would have thought Dick Butler and his men were Russians with red beards instead of clean-shaven Irishmen with red noses. Nowadays Americans are wised up and don't fall so easily for the old mahooey, but in those days Bolsheviks were something you frightened little children with.

Yet I don't want to minimize the importance of that 1919 strike. For far-reaching effects and all-around

DOCK WALLOPER

violence, it made bloody Herring look like a picnic grounds. For one whole month shipping between America and Europe was tied up in the palm of Dick Butler's dirty hand. The business of the Port of New York was paralyzed. Food shortages in Europe became alarming. Porto Rico saw a famine coming on. The United States was forced to ration its sugar. Two million dollars' worth of perishable fruits and vegetables rotted in the holds of vessels at the piers.

With the Christmas holidays coming on, thousands of crates of dolls, toys and gifts sent from Germany, France and England were gathering dust. The ocean was almost empty of ships. One hundred passenger liners and five hundred freighters were laid up in New York harbor. Some of them were anchored in the bay and the others up along the Hudson, which looked like it did when Germany's submarines were operating at large and ships were afraid to venture out to sea. Unable to book passage, Americans were stranded in London and Paris.

Very few ships managed to pass our blockade. The *Mauretania* came here with one hundred tons of cargo and had to carry it right back to England because none of our longshoremen would touch it. The French line alone had five of its ships tied up—the *France*, *Rochambeau*, *Touraine*, *Savoie* and *Chicago*. The *France* came here with a heavy cargo, and her own crew had to do the unloading. The White Star liner *Cedric*, instead of sailing for England, sent its five hundred passengers by train to Montreal to board the *Megantic* there.

The total loss involved in the prolonged strike was

THE BIG STRIKE

estimated around \$20,000,000, including close to \$5,000,000 our men lost in wages.

In the long run the strike was well worth while, but at that time it looked like we were merely fighting for the fun of it. Tom Weldon, one of my lieutenants, summed up our sentiments:

“We gave them a damned good fight,” said Tom.

Living costs had climbed sky-high, and the longies felt they were entitled to more than what they were getting, sixty-five cents an hour and a dollar for overtime. They wanted one dollar an hour and double for overtime. The National Adjustment Commission of the United States Shipping Board looked into the matter and granted us seventy cents and \$1.10. The commission was composed of Professor William Z. Ripley, representing the government; President T. V. O'Connor and Vice-President Joe Ryan, for the International Longshoremen's Association, and two representatives of the steamship companies, Frederick Toppin of the International Mercantile Marine, and Oakley Wood, of the Barber Steamship Company.

Oakley Wood began life as a dock laborer like myself, and rose to the top in the steamship business. Our men respected him, and if the situation had been left entirely in his hands the strike and bloodshed could have been avoided.

Our men were disgusted with the petty five-and-ten-raise. They called it the Woolworth raise. They were sore over O'Connor's failure to get more, and they felt

DOCK WALLOPER

he was too friendly to the shipping interests at the expense of the dock wallopers.

So, when the five-and-ten increase was announced, thousands of longshoremen laid off work in a spontaneous walkout. At first it was a case of passive resistance. Passive, that is, as long as the companies didn't attempt to hire strikebreakers. Wherever a strikebreaker showed up, murder and mayhem were just around the corner.

Unable to control his own men, O'Connor made the mistake of declaring for publication that the business of the port was being tied up by "an irresponsible mob of longshoremen who have been stampeded into an unauthorized strike by I. W. W. and Bolshevik influences."

That was dragging the red-white-and-blue herring across the trail. It's a clever gag if you can get away with it; lately it's been tried too much. T. V. got away with it to the extent of lining up Secretary of Labor William Wilson and Professor Ripley, the shipping companies and some of the newspapers on his side.

On our side we had Mayor John Hylan of New York, Mayor Frank Hague of Jersey City, and the mighty strong arms of more than twenty thousand dock workers in Manhattan, Brooklyn, Staten Island, Jersey City and Hoboken. That was enough; we asked no quarter from anybody. If we had been Bolsheviks instead of Micks, we might have called for a sympathy strike of thousands of other workers, and then maybe there would have been something more like a revolution. But we preferred to fight our own battles.

THE BIG STRIKE

The whole river front had a war-time look about it. Secretary of War Newton Baker moved troops to the city to patrol the docks.

Some of the ship owners tried to use strikebreakers, without success. Mayor Hague of Jersey City adopted a policy of not allowing professional strikebreakers in his territory and he sent them back to Manhattan as fast as they were shipped over. Hoboken police acted likewise, and when the scabs were returned to our side we took care of them in our gentle way.

Every day O'Connor promised the ship owners that the longshoremen would positively return to work in a day or two. But when the foremen blew their shaping up whistles along the waterfront, no one obeyed the familiar call to labor and the foremen got nothing but horse laughs and maybe some Irish confetti.

Reporters from the various papers dogged my footsteps as I walked up and down the "beach" along the Chelsea piers to see that our men stayed away. "The steamship men are leaning on a mighty weak reed when they cling to O'Connor and his crowd," I told the reporters. "The sooner they deal with the real representatives of the men, the quicker this thing will be settled."

I drew a mythical deadline in the middle of West Street and dared anybody to cross it and go to work at the piers. At noon every day, the Cunard stevedores blew their whistles as a signal for the strikers to come home and be forgiven, but none obeyed. Then the Cunard people complained that the workers were being scared away by our gangsters with knives and pistols.

DOCK WALLOPER

O'Connor called a meeting at Cooper Union to order the men back to work, and it turned out to be one of the stormiest meetings in the history of organized labor. Three thousand strikers packed the hall and the street outside and booed and hissed O'Connor and his guests on the platform—Ben Tillit, leader of the London dockers, who made the mistake of mixing in our local troubles; Hughey Frayne, organizer for the American Federation of Labor, and "Smiler" Johnny Riley, my successor as president of the District Council.

I went to the meeting with a committee consisting of Matty Donovan, head of my local; George McVetty and John Latchford. From all parts of the hall the men called for Dick Butler to speak and shouted down the fellows on the platform who wanted to talk for hours. When I took the floor, O'Connor instructed Riley to adjourn the meeting to keep me from speaking.

"The meeting has adjourned," Riley said.

"Who said so?" I wanted to know.

"I did," he said.

"We will go right ahead," I said, and I spoke as I pleased, telling the men they had a right to be discontented over their poor wages and their worse leadership.

The men hooted O'Connor and let him know in plain, unprintable language what they thought of him. Was he worried? "Call the police and put the lights out, there's going to be a riot here," he whispered to his henchmen.

He was right. There was a riot, with bluecoats and black eyes and everything.

THE BIG STRIKE

A week later, surrounded by bodyguards with drawn pistols, O'Connor invaded a meeting of the pier men in St. Mary's Hall, Hoboken, and caused another riot. Earlier in the day O'Connor had told the papers that the strikers had voted to return to work, and this didn't make him any more popular with the men.

Bedlam broke loose when O'Connor arrived at St. Mary's accompanied by Joe Ryan, William Dempsey, organizer for the New York district, and six husky bodyguards. They came in without an invitation and they didn't linger long. Maybe they expected a friendly welcome, but what they got was catcalls, curses and some extra choice billingsgate. The visitors lost their heads over this, and almost lost their lives to boot. One of the guards struck a striker and then fired several shots in the floor to intimidate the men. Instead of intimidating, this action only made the strikers more furious and they closed in on O'Connor's gang, shouting, "Lynch him! Lynch him!"

A riot call was sounded in the nick of time. Police rescued T. V. and his cohorts and sneaked them out a back door to a police station, where Joe Ryan and two of the bodyguards were pinched. I learned later that O'Connor on his way out of the hall was offered a shotgun by the parish priest to defend himself, but T. V. was too anxious to get away from there.

Secretary of Labor Wilson, alarmed over the growth of the strike, appointed Mayor Hylan, Paul Vaccarelli and James L. Hughes as a conciliation commission to

DOCK WALLOPER

settle the strike. The Mayor stood by us to the end. He issued statements from time to time, lambasting O'Connor and the shipping interests and putting our position before the public.

In one of his long statements the Mayor pointed out the situation as follows:

The longshoremen say they are not making a living wage because of the high cost of necessities and owing to the fact that they are obliged to go from one dock to another to seek employment, often wait many hours, sometimes days to secure work, and that they average only about \$28 a week.

I couldn't have phrased it better myself.

It so happened that on the day the Mayor issued that statement, I called a meeting of twenty-four locals at our headquarters, Twenty-fourth Street and Eleventh Avenue, and formally called a strike of 22,000 men. The delegates left the hall, shouting:

"It's a fight. Don't forget your hooks, fellows! Don't forget your hooks!"

"Up until now our men were just out on vacations," I explained to the reporters who were waiting outside for the news. "From now on it's going to be a fight to the finish."

There was a grand riot the next day along the Brooklyn waterfront. The trouble started before breakfast when fifteen hundred of our so-called insurgents tried to persuade strikebreakers from going to work at the Bush Terminal piers. Rifles, pistols, stilettos, clubs, bricks and fists figured in the battle royal that was staged along two city blocks. It was a miniature war in itself with sniping

THE BIG STRIKE

going on from roofs and from behind telegraph poles.

A hundred cops charged our men with nightsticks and revolvers, and several hundred shots were fired. The streets were littered with wounded longshoremen, heaps of bricks and discarded weapons. Two men were shot, ten were badly beaten and scores were injured by Irish confetti. One cop got a fractured skull; another was bitten on the arm. Fourteen arrests were made.

John Sullivan, who is now Assistant Chief Inspector, was in charge of the Brooklyn police that day, and only his tact saved us from a massacre. Even so, it was a gay shindig.

Life then was one riot after another. One battle was hardly over before another began. The striking longshoremen were losing their pay, but having a whale of a good time. I was reliving the days of my youth when a fight a day was the natural order of things.

Many of our skirmishes were planned in Matty Donovan's saloon on Twenty-fourth Street. Matty, a game little rooster only as big as my walking stick, was president of 866, my local.

I sent a letter to Police Commissioner Dick Enright, assuring him there would be no trouble on the docks, and he replied, thanking me; but some of the police were not so friendly. One day five coppers came into Matty's bar and arrested me for disorderly conduct, because some playful fellows had been tossing dornicks at the cops. They dragged me off toward Jefferson Market Court with three hundred of my men heaving bricks at them all the way and hitting nobody but me. The lieu-

DOCK WALLOPER

tenant in charge of the cops ordered his men to draw their revolvers and shoot to kill.

"Put those guns back in your pockets," I told them. "This is no Wild West performance."

A riot call was turned in. Inspector Griffin of the city police, Inspector Spencer of the Pennsylvania Railroad police, and Police Lieutenant Mickey McNamara responded to the alarm, threw me into a rig, and took me to Jefferson Market Court, saving my life from my brick-heaving friends.

The courtroom was crowded with my men. Magistrate Frank McQuade adjourned the case. My men shouted "Hurray for the judge!" and carried me out on their shoulders.

When the case came up again, this time before Magistrate McGeehan, one of the coppers testified that I called him names. I admitted it. The court said:

"Officer, he had a right to insult you and call you any names he wanted to. Butler, you are discharged, but try and get a better command of the English language."

Again I was carried out on the shoulders of my loyal followers. I rewarded them by making a speech from the window of Matty's bar.

"Be calm," I told them.

Poor Matty, he was later lost at sea on his rum boat.

In the beginning of our strike, we held a meeting at the old Tammany Hall on Fourteenth Street, between Irving Place and Third Avenue, and Mayor Hylan came there with Commissioner Grover Whalen, the carnation

THE BIG STRIKE

kid, to ask us to go back to work. He wanted me to make a motion to that effect.

"I won't make the motion and no other man in the hall will make the motion," I declared flatly.

The Mayor made the motion—"All in favor signify by saying 'aye.'"

There was not one "aye."

"Contrary, 'no.'" The house roared with "noes."

"I can readily see," the Mayor said, "that you men don't like your leader, O'Connor. Who do you want for leader?"

"We want Dick Butler," they chorused.

"Just a minute, Mayor," I spoke up. "These men are fighting for a principle and are opposed to the present leaders of the union. They are going to stay out. Come back in four weeks and see how we stand."

Four weeks later I telephoned City Hall.

"Hello, Mayor," I said. "This is Dick Butler. The men are ready to go back to work now. Be at Tammany Hall this afternoon and put the same motion and they'll vote for it."

The Mayor came up and put the motion. Everybody voted "Aye" and we all went back to work.

Now what did our men gain by the big strike of 1919?

Well, first of all, they demonstrated that they wanted more money and new leadership, and it wasn't long before they got both. Instead of sixty-five cents an hour they got eighty and instead of T. V. O'Connor as head of the international they got Joe Ryan, which was some improvement at least.

DOCK WALLOWER

And they showed the country at large that a down-trodden little army of 20,000 can raise a hell of a fuss. That's something to think about in case 10,000,000 unemployed ever rise up and begin tossing dornicks or whatever's handy.

Of course, for leading that strike I was almost hanged for treason, which is strange when you consider how I worked for the country on the piers to help it win two wars.

During the Spanish-American War, when I was a green young stripling of a dock foreman for B. J. Hall & Sons, I helped load the men, munitions and foodstuffs on transports *Sheridan*, *Sherman*, *Burnside*, *McClellan*, *Crook* and *Kilpatrick*. They were old ships which had been sold to the government, and the embalmed beef they carried to Cuba appeared nearly as old. Some of the bulk beef was shipped back and forth without being unloaded and acquired a green mold, which was cleaned off by scrubbing with brushes, dipped in benzoate of soda. The canned beef was old, too, and the cans had to be scrubbed to make them look O. K. No wonder that General Miles told Secretary of War Alger that the Chicago packers were sending poisoned beef to our soldiers in Cuba.

The S.S. *Crook* took coffins down to Cuba. The dead soldiers were put in the coffins and brought up to Brooklyn, where we carried the coffins off on our shoulders, after which they were sent to the families of the soldiers all over the country.

We heard the bodies were identified carelessly and

THE BIG STRIKE

that there was more than one unknown soldier shipped under the wrong label. That's war for you.

When the United States entered the World War, I went to the Western Union office in the Pennsylvania Railroad station and sent this telegram to President Wilson, Secretary McAdoo and all the rest of the cabinet:

During the entire term of this war, I will guarantee that there will be no strikes in the Port of New York.

Later in 1917 I called a meeting of the delegates to the District Council and made them a speed-up speech as follows:

“Men, there is some talk going on about strikes on the docks. I will not be responsible for any man walking off the docks. I want you to work faster and I want those ships to go out faster than ever before. Get that ammunition and food over to those boys so they will know the longshoremen are doing their bit behind the men behind the guns. I have a son over there, and you have yours, and don't let it be said that any lives were lost through neglect on the part of the longshoremen. Move faster on the docks with your trucks, keep the winches moving, keep the drafts landing, stow the cargo as it was never stowed before; keep Pershing, who has charge of your son and my son, talking good about you. Keep up the good work and when the war is finished, we'll let the world know that the longshoremen never shirked their duty.”

Franklin D. Roosevelt, who was Assistant Secretary

DOCK WALLOPER

of the Navy then, sent out my message to all the ship-yards.

My patriotic services were recognized not only by the Washington government but by the English government, from which I received a scroll of honor signed by His Majesty, King George.

The press also boosted me. I have a faded old yellow clipping before me. The headlines read:

BIG BUTLER NIPS STRIKE IN BUD

FRENCH LINE LONGSHOREMEN, PRE-
PARING FOR GREAT WALKOUT,
SOOTHED BY HIS DIPLOMACY

RIVER FRONT TIEUP AVERTED

I made the mistake of supporting O'Connor for president of the International Longshoremen's Association at our 1915 convention in San Francisco at the Labor Temple. Young Joe Ryan, now president of the international, was one of my delegates that year.

In 1917 I ran against O'Connor for president of the international at the Toledo convention. Paul Vaccarelli, who was vice-president of the international, went to my friend, Billy Considine, to induce me to run.

All the big gamblers up and down Broadway contributed to my campaign fund—Arnold Rothstein, Frank McDougall, Lou Betts, Lew Ludlum, Maxey Blumenthal, Frank Davis and Billy Considine, among others. Rothstein gave fifteen hundred dollars, and the others

THE BIG STRIKE

gave five hundred to one thousand dollars each. The gamblers were grateful because I protected them during the Gaynor régime.

I had so much money I hired a special car to travel to Toledo in style. O'Connor warned Chief of Police Delehanty of Toledo that I was bringing in a bunch of gunmen to blow up the convention hall, and for the police to chase me out. The Chief was surprised to find out we were such high-class gents. Frank Coates, vice-president of the Toledo Light and Power Company, turned over his private car and a band of music to entertain my crowd.

I developed a lot of strength against O'Connor. I won the delegates from the Atlantic Coast District with the aid of Al Marinelli, who is now Tammany's head man over the Italian voters. All the New York delegates, including Joe Ryan, indorsed me against O'Connor.

At the last minute Vaccarelli, who got me into the race, turned and voted against me on the grounds that I couldn't be managed. When the opposition saw I had a chance to win, Marinelli was offered \$20,000 to pull his Italian friends away from me, but he remained loyal.

On the floor of the convention, I denounced O'Connor as a strikebreaker. It was a hot fight on both sides. I was defeated by only seventy-seven votes.

O'Connor obviously was slipping. Just before the 1919 convention was held at Galveston, I called a caucus and picked Joe Ryan to run against O'Connor, but Joe refused to go along with us at that time. For my opposition to the O'Connor régime, I was punished by being

DOCK WALLOPER

denied a seat at the Galveston convention. Vaccarelli also was kicked out. The credentials committee voted us out after six hours of hot debate.

I had my say. I accused O'Connor of working for the interests of the ship owners instead of the pier men, and of double-crossing us on strikes. Smiler Riley stuck up for O'Connor and said all I had done all my life was to teach the men to steal goods on the docks. He also made some remarks about the Kenmare Detective Agency which weren't exactly true.

With Al Marinelli as my partner, I had organized the detective agency in Vaccarelli's office in the Times Building. The object was to prevent our boys from being slugged and shot down by private detective agencies in the employ of the ship owners. Private detectives are allowed to carry guns, and I wanted the same privilege for our side. By means of our agency, I could turn our boys into private detectives and give them guns whenever the occasion warranted self-defense. To support this good work, we collected one dollar a year from each man, which is a common enough practice in organized labor. O'Connor knew all about this, but he elected to use it for propaganda against us.

I must give O'Connor credit at that, for he was a shrewd person. Do you know he used to always have at least one woman at our convention meetings to make us act nice, and be careful in our language?

As a reward for saving the nation from us terrible Bolsheviks during the big strike of 1919, T. V. was appointed to the Shipping Board by President Harding

THE BIG STRIKE

and was made chairman of it by President Coolidge. President Hoover retained O'Connor in office, but President Roosevelt gave T. V. the air, which I regard as just another proof that F. D. R. is a mighty sweet President.

The destinies of the longshoremen, from whose ranks I have retired after a strenuous thirty years, are now in the hands of Joe Ryan, who succeeded Vaccarelli as vice-president of the international and later on took O'Connor's job as president. He broke in under me in 1913, and if he hasn't forgotten the tricks I taught him he ought to get along.

I wish him well.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

AL SMITH-WHITMAN-MILLER-GAYNOR- CURRY-T. R.

ALL my life I've been jumping in and out of politics. Mostly in. Politics is like quicksand—hard to get away from. Even when you're not running for office, you find yourself kissing the neighbors' babies and doing favors for people who wouldn't vote for you anyway. Politics is a lot of fun and worry and not much money, although truth compels me to admit I never passed up a dollar that wanted to change hands.

I've mingled with politicians, high and low—and there's nothing lower than a low politician. All kidding aside, it's been my privilege to mingle with some of the big boys behind the scenes, and now I'm going to let you in on our secrets, starting off with my friend, Al Smith, as is meet and proper, whatever that means.

While I was working on the West Side docks and breaking into politics under Chief Bill Devery and going up to the State Assembly, Al Smith was working in the Fulton Fish Market on the East Side, breaking into politics under Sheriff Tom Foley and being elected to the Assembly, too. Afterwards I branched off into the labor racket, but Al Smith never stopped running for

SMITH—WHITMAN—MILLER—GAYNOR

office until Franklin Roosevelt beat him to the White House and broke his heart.

I became acquainted with Al in the Devery-Butler battle against Tammany in 1902. Chief Devery sent over his strong-arm men to help Al's political godfather, Tom Foley, beat Judge Paddy Divver, for district leader, and Foley reciprocated by helping Devery to beat the Tammany candidate for leader of the Ninth. When Devery became leader and I was elected to the Assembly, Foley and Smith came over and marched in our victory parade.

Al was always a chesty little fellow with a sawmill voice and a weakness for brown derbies, loud shirts and big cigars stuck in the corner of his mouth. I had occasion to see him many times, but the one time that stands out in my memory was in 1918 when he was hardly known outside of the city.

The Atlantic Coast District Convention of the International Longshoremen's Association was being held at Moose Hall, on Fourteenth Street west of Seventh Avenue. We invited Mayor Hylan to address the meeting and to pass out the keys of the city and all that blarney. The Mayor was busy with a prior engagement, so he delegated Al Smith, who was President of the Board of Alderman, to speak for him.

Little Billy Ward was chairman of the convention. I called him aside and said: "Al Smith is coming, and as soon as he comes in I want you to give three cheers for the next Governor of New York. I'll give you the signal."

I went to the door and waited for Al to arrive.

DOCK WALLOPER

"Hello, Dick," he said, without removing that big cigar from his mouth.

"Hello, Al," I said.

"Now, Al," I tipped him off, "as soon as you go inside, you're going to get a great ovation, so be prepared."

I waved to Ward as we started in, and little Billy shouted:

"Three cheers for the next Governor of New York, Alfred Emanuel Smith."

Smith was cheered for fifteen to twenty minutes. He responded with a swell speech that caused more hurrahs. He was tickled to death when he finally walked out with me.

"Al, you heard that ovation," I said. "You're on Fourteenth Street now—why don't you go right over to Tammany Hall and tell Mr. Murphy to give you the nomination for governor."

Al was serious as hell about it.

"Well, Dick," he said, "that's fine of you, but they won't stand for one of our kind upstate." Al meant an Irish Catholic candidate couldn't win. Until then no Catholic had been elected governor.

Jim Farley, now Postmaster-General, was one of the first men to realize the importance of Al Smith. Jim went in to see Charley Murphy, the Tammany boss, when the convention was held upstate.

"Smith is the man you ought to nominate," Farley told Murphy. "I think he's a sure winner."

"I don't," said Murphy.

But eventually he came around to our way of thinking.

SMITH—WHITMAN—MILLER—GAYNOR

Smith was nominated and beat the Republican nominee, Charles Whitman. He made such a good Governor that the Democrats had to nominate him for President of the United States, which wasn't at all bad for an ex-Assemblyman.

Although I voted for Smith against Whitman, on the theory that a good Democrat is better than a good Republican, I was sorry that both men couldn't have won. I had been a friend of Whitman since years ago when he sat on the bench as a Magistrate. I could always go to him whenever the neighbors' children were in trouble. He made a fuss over me, which was a good thing for a fellow in politics.

One of my off-color friends was "Paper Collar" Joe Gray, who use to hang out at the Metropole, the Gilsey House, the Stag and the Haymarket. Joe was something of a con man. He wore paper collars and wore them backwards, so he looked like a priest or a David Belasco. One of his rackets was selling art pictures—he could peddle a Woolworth painting and make the buyer believe it was a genuine Mike Angelo.

When Whitman was District Attorney, before being elected Governor, Paper Collar Joe sought me out at one of the bars.

"Hello, Dick," he said, with that English accent of his. "Have a drink?"

We drank, and he told me his troubles.

"There's a young Assistant District Attorney downtown that's trying to force me to trial," he said. "I'm

DOCK WALLOPER

seventy years old, Dick—too old to go to prison. I'd die in prison. I'd like to go to Florida for the winter."

I went down to Whitman's office to see what could be done.

"Judge," I said to the future Governor, "I've got an old pal, a little off-color, but seventy years old. He don't mind going to trial next summer, but he wants to spend this winter in Florida for his health. He found out through the grapevine route that I'm your friend, so he asked me to speak for him."

Mr. Whitman called in the assistant who was handling the case, and ordered the trial put off until the next summer.

Some weeks passed. On Christmas morning, I woke up, blue as hell, without a solitary dollar to my name. Then the letter carrier's whistle blew outside. I leaped out of bed, put my trousers on and went to the door. There was a letter for me from Paper Collar Joe, and inside were two \$100 bills. I slipped one in my pocket, and brought the letter with the \$100 in to my Mary. Out of respect to Judge Whitman, I went over to his home on Madison Avenue and reported the Christmas gift.

"Well, Judge," I began, "Paper Collar Joe sent me up two hundred dollars, but I don't want you to think that I'm accepting money for favors you did. Here it is."

I held out the \$100, all folded up to make it look like \$200.

"Keep it and buy your wife some Christmas presents," said Judge Whitman.

SMITH—WHITMAN—MILLER—GAYNOR

Which, of course, was what I intended to do right along. If he'd tried to take the money off me, I'd of broke his arm.

The Judge and I had a nice chat after that and he waxed confidential.

"Well, Dick," he said, "I think I can be Governor."

"I think you can be elected," I told him. "Let me go through the state for you and get the feeling of the people. I'll go from Poughkeepsie on up."

He agreed that was a good idea, and he expensed me on my travels. After I made my survey, I sent him a telegram from Buffalo:

"Go ahead and run. Sure winner. Everybody with you."

He ran and was elected and made a good Governor.

I visited him when he was at Albany to ask a favor for George McCrea, a friend of Paper Collar Joe. George was in trouble; the authorities in Pittsburgh wanted to extradite him from New York to Pittsburgh to stand trial for some crooked work. He asked me to go to Albany and see the Governor, and I never turned down anybody who was in trouble.

I met the Governor on a Sunday as he was leaving church with his wife. He was wearing a high hat, but he didn't high hat me.

"Hello, Dick," he said.

"How are you, Governor," I said. "I want to ask a little favor."

He smiled, and said to his wife: "Please walk ahead. I want to talk to Dick."

So I told him about George McCrea. He could 't

DOCK WALLOPER

grant the favor I asked, because as he explained it the extradition proceedings were a formality and he couldn't turn down the Governor of Pennsylvania's requisition for the prisoner.

As we talked on, Governor Whitman said to me:

"Dick, I'm going to be the next President of the United States."

"Governor," I answered him truthfully, "you're a very popular man, but I think the stand you've taken on prohibition will hurt you."

"Oh, no," he said, "that will elect me."

But he wasn't elected or nominated either, which was too bad. The fact that he had joined forces with the prohibitionists hurt him in his own state. Otherwise he might have been a candidate instead of Warren Harding, and he would have made a much better President.

The only bad feature about Whitman was that everybody knew he took a little drink. But so did Harding for that matter. In fact, Senator Harding used to week-end in New York, and part of his week-ends he spent at one of my favorite spots, Tim Shine's saloon, a few doors from the Pennsylvania Station, which was convenient for Washington commuters.

When Nathan Miller, the only Republican who ever beat Al Smith for Governor of New York, was making his race, his campaign managers asked me to help line up organized labor in his behalf. They suggested me putting out a circular in his behalf, mentioning some instance in which he had appeared as a friend of the laboring man.

SMITH—WHITMAN—MILLER—GAYNOR

“I don’t know of any,” I said.

“That’s all right, we’ll dig one up,” they said. “All you’ve got to do is sign the circular. Will you?”

“I’ll sign anything,” I said.

So they issued 3,000,000 circulars, bearing the signature of Richard J. Butler, former President of the District Council of the Longshoremen’s Union, Port of New York and New Jersey. The papers were headed:

LONGSHOREMEN AND SHIP WORKERS ATTENTION!!!

JUDGE NATHAN L. MILLER, the Republican candidate for Governor, began life as a laboring man and during the fifteen years on the bench demonstrated his human sympathies in his decisions.

The circulars went on to tell how he had decided a claim in favor of a man named Walker—not Jimmy Walker—who was injured while unloading a Clyde Steamship Company boat which was lying at a pier on the Hudson.

That circular naturally influenced a lot of pier workers in Judge Miller’s favor, and helped to put him over in his close race with Al Smith.

Now let’s go way back to the wicked old days when Judge Gaynor was running for Mayor of New York. As a ruse to fool the people who were against Tammany, Gaynor was to run as an independent candidate with Tammany withholding its indorsement of him until after he got the nomination. Judge Gaynor even said:

DOCK WALLOPER

“Why, I don’t even know where Tammany Hall is.”

Bud Fisher and the other newspaper cartoonists poked fun at him for this, and drew maps showing him how he could find the Hall on Fourteenth Street.

Tammany wanted the public to believe that the laboring men, not the politicians, were sponsoring Judge Gaynor. Charley Murphy, head of Tammany Hall, summoned me for a conference to find out if I would help out with the plans. Bill Warren, the East Side politician and sporting man, was present at this meeting, and he okayed me to Murphy with a nod of his head.

As a leader among laboring men, I circulated petitions to nominate Gaynor, getting the signatures at the docks and at dance halls where we gave balls. I became acquainted with Gaynor through Mirabeau Towns, the famous shaggy-haired criminal lawyer, who lived next door to Gaynor in Brooklyn, opposite the Montauk Club. Every night in the week I’d be sitting around Shanley’s with Towns, Alfred Henry Lewis, Bat Masterson and Judge “Battery Dan” Finn.

At the suggestion of Towns, I went over to see Judge Gaynor at his home, and he welcomed me into his library upstairs.

“What are they saying about me?” he began. “I’m an old man, and they’re saying terrible things about me.”

I showed him a copy of the *Western Watchman*, a Catholic paper published by Father Phelan, a priest out in St. Louis who had a nationwide reputation like Father Coughlin of Detroit has over the radio today.

SMITH—WHITMAN—MILLER—GAYNOR

Father Phelan's paper denounced Gaynor as an adulterer, and made no bones about it.

"Oh, my God," said Judge Gaynor when he saw the story against him. "What am I going to do, Butler?"

"Sit tight," I advised him. "None of my workmen care about your private life. Just have your picture taken showing you pitching hay on your Long Island estate, and we'll circulate that and prove to the people that you're a hard-working farmer."

Judge Gaynor calmed down then.

"I'll never forget you, my big boy," he said to me.

"They tell me," I whispered to him as we parted, "that you're an old devil, but that's all right with me. I'm not a saint myself."

Well, Gaynor was elected Mayor with the aid of Tammany and Dick Butler, and Towns sent me out to see Gaynor at St. James, his estate at Syosset, Long Island, to get my reward. I had to borrow eight dollars from Mary, all she had, to make the trip.

"When I come back this evening," I assured Mary, "I'll have a few shillings for you. From now on we'll always have plenty of ham and eggs on the table, and the landlord won't have to worry about his rent money."

Judge Gaynor welcomed me like a brother. He said he wanted to make me Dock Commissioner or Deputy Street Cleaning Commissioner, and finally decided on the latter.

"I'm going to make you happy," he said. "I want you to go home and tell your wife you're Deputy Street Cleaning Commissioner."

DOCK WALLOPER

But I didn't land the job after all. When Tommy Smith, secretary to Tammany Hall, heard I was in line for it, he went down to Gaynor and threw a ton of manure on me.

"Look up Dick Butler's record," he said. "Mixed up with the notorious Sam Parks. Fights in the Devery primaries—blackjacks, guns, brickbats, crowbars. Aided and abetted a prisoner to escape from Jefferson Market Court. Mixed up with that notorious Haymarket woman. Arrested for having two barrels of stolen wine in the cellar of his saloon."

And so forth. Politics is a nice game.

Mirabeau Towns quit Gaynor when he welched on me. I went down and saw Gaynor at City Hall.

"You dirty old ——" I began.

He shook in his chair until I thought he'd die.

"I'm an old man—" he begged off.

Later on he was shot by an assassin, so I forgave him.

Mayor George B. McClellan, who preceded Gaynor in office, was grateful for my support when he was seeking election, and he sent his secretary, Frank O'Brien, now editor of *The Evening Sun*, to offer me a job as city marshal. I declined the job because a marshal has to evict people who can't pay their rent and I've always had trouble enough keeping a roof over my own head.

I supported Governor William Sulzer and made speeches for him when he ran for office, and he talked about making me Port Warden, but then he got impeached, and all his successor, Governor Martin Glynn,

did for me was to have me indicted in the Thaw kidnaping case.

Mayor Jimmy Walker never forgot that I worked for him, and also that the oldest person to vote for him was my dear mother who cast a ballot when she was ninety-seven. Jimmy knew me from the good old "Question Mark" saloon days, and he gave me an easy job as superintendent of the Bronx Terminal Market, an \$8,000,000 white elephant of a warehouse. It was an easy job until the civil service examinations came along, and then I quit in disgust after filling out two pages in answer to questions about how many times I was arrested.

Johnny Curry, present leader of Tammany Hall, served in the Assembly with me, and we've always been the best of friends. He has his critics, but there's no better practical politician in the country. He started life as a clerk for the New York Central at the West Side stockyards.

Years ago when he was running as an independent Democrat for leader of the Thirteenth District against Dan McMahan, who was backed by Charley Murphy, I sent my longshoremen, ironworkers and teamsters up there to help him out. There were some terrible fights with axes and baseball bats, and he would have been murdered if it hadn't been for my mob. He was defeated for leader the first time, but won the second race.

We were with him again in 1929 when he ran for leader of Tammany Hall to succeed Judge George W. Olvany. It looked like he was going to be whipped, and

DOCK WALLOPER

he was pretty gloomy a few days before the race was decided. He was up at the John F. Curry Association headquarters in a brick house on Fifty-seventh Street. I was there with my pals, Harry Baldwin and Dan Chappell, a lawyer friend from Miami. The Curry crowd wanted the support of Charley Hussey, my district leader, but I said that Charley was going to vote for Curry's opponent, Eddie Ahearn, and I wouldn't ask Charley to break his word. Then Billy Lee, who was there, advised Curry to sell himself to Jimmy Walker and get the Mayor behind him.

"I wouldn't go down and do that," Curry said doubtfully, but Lee went and did it for him.

"Why not take Curry and make him the leader, and he'll be your man," Lee argued with the Mayor.

Mayor Walker was won over to the idea, and put pressure to work on some of his department heads. He threatened to ask for the resignations of Dock Commissioner Mike Cosgrove, who intended to vote for Eddie Ahearn, and the same with City Clerk Mike Cruise. The result was they deserted Ahearn and put Curry over as the boss of Tammany Hall.

Now Jimmy Walker is out of the picture, but Johnny Curry carries on.

Teddy Roosevelt was a Republican, but he was a good friend of mine and even entertained me at the Harvard Club. We met under peculiar circumstances. I was running the Sagamore Spring Water Company, with Charley Hussey, the Tammany district leader. We did a

SMITH—WHITMAN—MILLER—GAYNOR

good business with all the city offices, but we wanted the Republican trade, too.

We bottled our product at a spring at Oyster Bay, Long Island, near the estate of former President Roosevelt.

I had an advertising pamphlet prepared, in which I said:

Forty years ago, when the now noted Theodore Roosevelt was a lad just entering his teens, his parents were greatly concerned as to his physical welfare, as his physique was far from robust.

His father, learning of the health giving properties of the water and the salubrious climate to be found at Oyster Bay, with his brother purchased some hundreds of acres on Sagamore Hill, which property is still held by their descendants.

The then physical weakling, Theodore Roosevelt, had scarcely partaken of the noted waters when a change for the better took place, and today he is one of the most robust men of the world.

There was more to the same effect, and I ran pictures of T. R. in the advertising matter, without even asking the ex-President for his permission. Amazed at my nerve, he called me on the carpet.

“What do you mean by this, Butler?” Teddy demanded, showing me my circular.

“Why, Mr. President,” I said, “you ain’t going to deny you drink the water and that it made you healthy, are you?”

That made him laugh and he forgot about bawling me out.

DOCK WALLOPER

"If my name will do you any good, go ahead and use it," he said.

I continued to use the Roosevelt testimonial until a fire put us out of the business.

I was glad to do a favor now and then for T. R. There was the occasion when he arrived in New York from the West on the eve of a Harvard-Princeton football game. He had not expected to be back in time for the game, and so he had parted with his tickets. Now he wanted to go, but the game was a sell-out and tickets were not to be had for love or money.

He telephoned his friend and my friend, Alfred Henry Lewis, and asked if he could wangle any tickets for him. Alfred Henry could not.

"Do you know anybody who can?" asked the ex-President of the United States.

"Have you tried Dick Butler?" he was asked.

"By George! I should have thought of Dick first," said Teddy.

He got in touch with me, and bright and early the next morning I was at his house, delivering the tickets.

"Bully for you, Dick," T. R. said, flashing his teeth in that broad smile of his.

"Don't mention it," said I.

CHAPTER NINETEEN
COURTS AND FIXERS

THE most neglected public servant in American life today is the fixer. The fixer has proved himself an absolute necessity in politics and the courts, and yet no one dares to put him on a salaried basis—and a good salary at that—as he deserves. Instead, he has to make a living on a sort of commission or fee basis, charging as much as the traffic will bear. He never gets mentioned as a useful arm of the government; when his work does come to light the newspapers write him up like he was a conniving crook. It's a case of giving a dog a bad name, I guess.

Around the criminal courts, and the civil courts, too, to some extent, the fixer is just as important as the judge, the lawyers and the jury. Quite often the fixer is working for the same interest as the lawyer and can accomplish under cover what the lawyer can't do in open court.

The lawyer, if he knows his onions, tries to get a friendly judge and jury. If the lawyer fails, then the fixer goes to work to win over the jurors or at least enough of them to keep out a verdict of guilty. He also

DOCK WALLOPER

induces the prosecutor or the witnesses to pull their punches and give the defendants a break.

If everything else fails and somehow a verdict of guilty is returned, then the fixer intercedes with politicians or directly with the judge to the end that the guilty party is put on probation or left off with the minimum punishment.

A fixer, if he is versatile and has a lot of friends, doesn't confine his activities to the courts, but branches out to City Hall and the municipal bureaus.

Let's assume you own a house or a hotel and your property is assessed too high, or that you're running a saloon or a shirt factory and you've been handed a summons for violating the health regulations or the fire laws. You have the choice of letting the law take its course, or you can get in touch with a fixer and have him use his influence to get the tax assessment reduced or have the summons torn up. You have to pay the fixer something, but not as much as it would cost you otherwise.

After all, a fixer has to live, and many of them live high. There's no sensible reason why they should give away their services, although some do just like a big-hearted doctor treats a few charity patients now and then.

It takes years for a fixer to build up the connections that are essential to success in his line. He must know judges, sheriffs, bailiffs, court clerks, City Hall moguls, building inspectors, and so forth. He must be able to call them by their first names, and to be in a position where they can't very well refuse him a reasonable re-

COURTS AND FIXERS

quest. That means he must do favors for them in return and slip them some cash or tickets for shows and prize-fights.

Every politician is a fixer, and vice versa. The two go together like ham and eggs, pork and beans, Babe Ruth and Lou Gehrig. Most lawyers are fixers too, or have fixers in their employ.

In fact, the art of fixing is one of America's leading professions, though never recognized as such. It has no code of ethics or honorary degrees, but its practitioners are always welcome when somebody wants to get out of trouble.

I've done a little fixing myself, not as a regular business but to accommodate a friend or get some fellow out of trouble, like in the Harry Thaw case. Kidnaping Thaw out of Matteawan was a grand example of successful fixing and the newspapers played it up big, but for every one of my cases that's broken into print there have been hundreds that were never heard of outside a confidential circle.

Mostly I've helped neighbors' children, as the saying goes—poor people who have been arrested or evicted or threatened with any kind of misfortune. On the other hand, I've figured in cases involving such notables as Andy Mellon, Jack Dempsey, Tex Rickard and Jimmy Johnston, the Boy Bandit of Madison Square Garden.

Andy Mellon's divorce suit was an international scandal long before the frail little Pittsburgh multimillionaire became Secretary of the Treasury and Ambassador to the Court of St. James.

DOCK WALLOPER

Mellon married a much younger woman, Nora McMullen, daughter of one of the founders of the Guinness brewery in Dublin. The May-and-December marriage went on the rocks in 1910 when Mellon sued for divorce, naming as corespondent a Boer War hero, Captain George Albert Curphey, who happened to be a childhood friend of Mrs. Mellon.

Andy was in the banking business in Pittsburgh and worth about \$35,000,000 and naturally the courts out there were on his side. Mrs. Mellon raised a cry that she was being persecuted and appealed to the King of England and to Parliament to save her. Nations have gone to war over less.

Like knights of old, Captain Curphey and his buddy, Captain T. W. Kirkbride, started to the lady's rescue. They came voluntarily to this country to testify that she was a good woman and that her husband's suspicions were groundless. But when they reached Pittsburgh, they were tossed around and had subpoenas clapped on them.

That wasn't fair play or cricket, so the two captains hopped a rattler for New York to consult lawyers and find out what it was all about. The Pittsburgh authorities promptly indicted the pair for contempt of court and obstructing public justice, and they were arrested at midnight at the Ritz-Carlton at the request of the District Attorney in Pittsburgh.

That was the situation when Dick Butler entered the picture. I was sitting in Shanley's with Alfred Henry Lewis and some of the newspaper boys when Morgan

COURTS AND FIXERS

Mann, attorney for Mrs. Mellon, came in and asked me to bail the two British heroes out of jail. It was going on toward 2 o'clock in the morning, but I got in touch with Judge Mulqueen who was over at the Democratic Club on Fifth Avenue and he agreed to hold court there. I took a man of money, George Considine, owner of the Metropole Hotel, over with me.

Judge Mulqueen was a dignified old Hibernian with side whiskers. The two Britishers were just as dignified. When the judge inquired as to their occupations, they reared back like they were insulted.

"Occupation, sir?" snorted Captain Curphey. "I have no occupation. I am an officer in His Majesty's service!"

Us Irishmen laughed over that, and then Judge Mulqueen let the two captains out under bail bonds of \$2,500 each, which Considine and I arranged. Leaving the judge, we all went over to Considine's bar and had a great time for the rest of the night. As a practical joke I had the drinks charged to Judge Mulqueen, and maybe he didn't roar when he got that bill.

The two captains never went back to Pittsburgh. The cards were stacked against them out there, so after I talked it over with my friend, ex-Police Chief Devery, we advised them to beat it to Canada and forget about the bonds, which they did.

Andy Mellon got his divorce on a desertion charge in 1912. Mrs. Mellon married somebody else in 1923. She was supposed to be a beauty, but very mysterious. Her own lawyer, Morgan Mann, never saw her face, he told me. In all her visits to his office, she wore a heavy veil.

DOCK WALLOPER

When Jack Dempsey knocked the tar out of Jess Willard at Toledo in 1919, he won the world's heavyweight championship, but he also let himself in for a peck of trouble.

His ex-wife, Maxine, a dancer, saw a chance to get some revenge. She let out a yelp that Jack had been a slacker during the World War. She charged that Dempsey had induced her to sign an affidavit that he was her bread-and-butter, while as a matter of fact she was supporting him, and that when her earnings fell off he broke her jaw with a blow of his fist.

The American Legion posts throughout the country took up the cry of slacker, and Jack Dempsey was just about the most unpopular champ that ever lived. The Department of Justice stepped in and made an investigation, and Jack was indicted at San Francisco for conspiracy to dodge the military draft.

Jack was ruined as a boxer unless he could beat the rap. On the other hand, if he could clear himself, he stood to make a fortune fighting Carpentier, the French war hero. Dempsey's manager, Jack Kearns, knew I was a good friend of Chief Flynn of the Bureau of Investigation of the Department of Justice. So he got in touch with me.

I was in Canada at the time on business, but I wired Kearns, suggesting that Dempsey offset the slacker propaganda by coming to Canada and fighting for the benefit of the disabled war veterans. Dempsey was in no mood to fight, though, so I returned to New York to see what I could do.

The strongest evidence against Dempsey consisted of

COURTS AND FIXERS

letters he wrote to Maxine during the war. He wrote some indiscreet things about his draft status, and he also went out of his way to call Maxine some strong names which can't be printed here. Maxine saved the letters and turned them over to the Department of Justice when the time was ripe.

I happened to know that there were fifty-two letters, although the newspapers only referred to thirty-five. They made juicy reading for the insiders.

The two Jacks—Dempsey and Kearns—were worried sick.

“We stumbled into dough overnight, but now we're in a jam,” Kearns told me.

Chief Flynn was stopping at the Astor, and I took Kearns up to his room.

“Chief, meet Jack Kearns,” I said, and they shook hands.

“Jack is my friend,” I explained. The Chief nodded. He was my personal friend, loved me, would do anything for me.

“You've got some letters there,” I went on.

“I have fifty-two,” said the chief.

“Don't publish those letters,” I pleaded. “You're a man of family, and you know those letters are liable to ruin Jack Dempsey.”

Chief Flynn agreed not to use the letters in which Jack called Maxine bad names. I knew I could rely on his word.

Jack Kearns and I took a bottle of Scotch up to my friend Harry Baldwin's place, and we toasted Jack Dempsey.

DOCK WALLOPER

Well, Jack Dempsey was acquitted of being a slacker. Maxine was not allowed to testify about their married life, and the important letters were suppressed.

Jack took the stand and testified about really working hard in the shipyards during the war, although the newsreel pictures showed Jack wearing patent leather shoes at his job. Jack denied breaking his wife's jaw, and said she accidentally broke it herself when she tripped. His old parents came to his aid and testified that he was always a good boy and the main support of his folks.

"I'm the happiest boy in the world," Jack said when the verdict of not guilty came in.

From then on he was on his good behavior, and stopped writing naughty letters. He made a fortune fighting Carpentier, Firpo and Gibbons. He won back his popularity and the nation went in mourning when he lost the championship to Gene Tunney.

P.S. I got two Annie Oakleys for the Carpentier bout.

Gene Tunney was another of my boxer friends, but he never asked me to fix up any of his lawsuits. I knew Gene when he was a checker on the Chelsea piers before he joined the marines and went to France.

Gene got his early experience as a boxer at the Avonia Club, just off Abingdon Square, and in the basement hall of St. Veronica's church, where the longshoremen held meetings. We all boosted him because he was a West Side boy.

Now that we're both retired from fighting, Gene and

COURTS AND FIXERS

I write letters back and forth like two authors. He discusses all his "experiences in literature"; and what jaw-breaking words he uses!—"autobiographically," "variegated" and "parochiality."

I'm afraid now that Gene's on Park Avenue he doesn't speak the longshoremen's lingo any more.

Tex Rickard, world's greatest promoter of prizefights, was arrested in 1922, accused of corrupting the morals of several wild little girls, who swore to visiting him in the tower of the old Madison Square Garden and in a West Forty-seventh Street apartment. Tex was locked up in the Tombs and the inmates razzed him because that's one offense that even burglars don't approve. Tex had one advantage over the ordinary prisoner, though, because the sheriff took him out to lunch at Luchow's.

Tex and I weren't speaking at the time, because he had double-crossed me and my pal, Harry Baldwin, in a deal for control of the Garden. We had an option to buy the Garden and stage hockey games and we assured Tex that he could continue to hold his bouts there as our main interest was in hockey. He pretended to go along with us until our option expired, and then he brought in other people to take over the Garden.

Now that he was facing trial on the complaint of the delinquent girls, Tex sent for me to get him out of his trouble. I wouldn't go to see him, I was so sore, but Harry Baldwin saw him in some vacant rooms up in the Garden's Tower. Looking around the place, Harry realized he was in one of the famous rooms of mirrors

DOCK WALLOPER

where Evelyn Nesbit testified she was ravished by that great big bear, Stanford White.

Tex, the icy, poker-face man from the wild and woolly West, almost broke down and cried.

"My God, what an awful disgrace I'm in," he told Harry. "I need all the help I can get. I'll never forget your assistance. That little matter of the hockey—I'll make good our differences if it's the last act of my life."

Harry told Tex what lawyers to get if he wanted the best in town, and Tex took his advice. Tex sent his agents around to see me, but I refused to touch the kids in the case. I had an idea he wanted me to get them to change their testimony.

Tex pleaded not guilty to the charge, and his wife stood by him like a loyal soldier. He had some embarrassing moments at his trial, but was acquitted. What saved him was an alibi.

The most important issue in the case was where Tex had been on a certain afternoon. The girl complainants testified that Tex had been in their company. But Tex denied this, and asserted he was out at the Polo Grounds, watching a football game. A flock of his friends, very prominent people, took the witness stand and said, yes, that was true, because they were out at the same game and they saw Tex right there, without any little girls around him.

I hate to spoil a good alibi, but to the best of my knowledge and belief Tex Rickard never saw a football game in his whole life. I understand two of his friends, one of them an old college star, coached him on the fine points of the game just before the trial. Even so, he

COURTS AND FIXERS

fell down under cross-examination and his description of a football game sounded more like crap-shooting or hockey on ice.

Jimmy Johnston, who succeeded Tex Rickard as matchmaker at Madison Square Garden, was convicted in Federal Court in 1921 of holding out from the government a lump of amusement taxes he collected from patrons of some bouts he promoted at Manhattan Casino. He was in a tough spot, and I felt sorry for him. He had been born in England like myself, and brought up along the New York docks, and had about a dozen kids to support.

I was asked to do what I could to help Jimmy. I learned the judge from California who tried the case was stopping at the Belmont Hotel, so me and Harry Baldwin went over there, and ran into His Honor as he was coming out of an elevator in a cutaway coat.

"Judge," I said, "meet Harry Baldwin, an old pal of Colonel Teddy Roosevelt," and I introduced myself too.

"Judge," I went on, "you have a little boy before you, the father of eleven kids, about to be sentenced. I hope, judge, that I'm not doing wrong in speaking to you about the case."

The judge happened to be in a good humor.

"No," he said, "I'm glad to hear about men coming before me, especially men with large families. It enables me to judge them better."

We shook hands, and then I went to Arthur O'Connell, assistant manager of the hotel. I learned that the

DOCK WALLOPER

judge was a great friend of Jim Woods, the manager of the Belmont and the man who held the purse for the Dempsey-Carpentier fight.

The Department of Justice only allowed the judge eight dollars a day for expenses while he was away from home, but Jim Woods let him have a fourteen-dollar room at cut-rates for his wife and self. I got Woods to speak to the judge for Jimmy Johnston, and I got Father Malone, another guest at the hotel, to put in a good word too.

When Jimmy came up for sentence, his lawyer, Arthur Sager, noticed that the judge treated him like a son, instead of crushing him as he did during the trial. Sager told the judge that he used to be Circuit Attorney out in St. Louis, and the two of them put their heads together and recalled that Arthur had helped the judge's son out of some trouble in St. Louis years ago.

The upshot of all these maneuvers was that Jimmy Johnston got a suspended sentence, and me and Mary and Arthur Sager and Harry Baldwin went over to the Pennsylvania Hotel and staged a celebration over the act of mercy to little Jimmy and his eleven kids.

Now for a prize example of fixing involving not a celebrity but a mere nobody. I was called in to help one of my dumb, flat-footed delegates to the longshoremen's union who was to be tried for stealing rabbit skins from the White Star line. He had been arrested some time before when he was caught with the goods concealed about his person as he was coming down the gangplank.

COURTS AND FIXERS

We fixed up a fine excuse for the fellow, that it was bitter cold and he had the furs tied around his belly under his shirt to keep him warm. It was a fine story, except that we found out at the last minute that the theft occurred on a very hot July day. In a jiffy we had to change our yarn and I got my cue when I noticed that Judge Zeller, who was to try our man, was flat-footed like the defendant.

I cornered the judge in his chambers and explained to him that our longshoreman was an honest, hard-working fellow who had borrowed the furs to use as insoles to ease the pain from his flat feet. The judge then went on the bench and not only discharged my man, but bawled out the complainant for persecuting a poor fellow with flat feet.

CHAPTER TWENTY

MAN-ABOUT-TOWN

I HONESTLY believe I know more people in all ranks of human society than any other New Yorker. I know everybody up and down Broadway and I'm equally at home over on Tenth Avenue or down at City Hall.

I have friends among politicians and thieves, judges and con men, cops and palookas, yachtsmen and gandy dancers, authors and forgers, rum runners and speak-easy managers, stock brokers and pickpockets, show girls and waitresses, prison wardens and ex-convicts—and so on right down the list. In politics, business and sport, I know Who's Who and Why. If I have a weakness in any circle, it's in Park Avenue society, and even over there I know Gene Tunney.

They tell me O. Henry wrote a story about looking for a perfect man-about town. Too bad he never met me. He used to hang out around Madison Square, while I ratted around more to the north. I was sort of an honorary member of the writing fraternity; I liked to drink with the scribblers and I guessed they liked me to give them the lowdown on things and tell them how the other half of the world was living and loving.

MAN-ABOUT-TOWN

David Graham Phillips, who wrote all of those best-sellers, including that one about the fall and rise of Susan Lenox, and Frank Harris, the editor of *Pearson's Magazine*, were two of my literary buddies.

The night before Phillips was shot by an insane violinist he was in Shanley's at the round table with me and Alfred Henry Lewis and Bat Masterson. He asked me to walk down with him to Gramercy Park where he lived, and on the way he told me something of his plans.

"I'd like to go around the docks with you tomorrow, Dick," he said. "I'm going to write a story about long-shoremen, and I want to get the atmosphere of the docks."

I was glad to help him out, and we made an appointment to meet the next afternoon at Twenty-third Street and Fourth Avenue. I arrived there ahead of time and went in a bar to have a drink. Time passed, and I had a few more drinks, but still he didn't show up. I finally went home, cussing him for not keeping the appointment.

When I picked up the papers that night, I realized what kept him. The headlines told the awful story. It seems that a nutty musician by the name of Fitzhugh Goldsborough had been reading Phillips' novels and got the idea in his head that the characters in the books defamed American womanhood, including Goldsborough's own sister. Anyway, the poor nut got himself a pistol and when Phillips walked out of his apartment at the National Arts Club to keep his engagement with me, this Goldsborough steps up and shoots him, and then kills himself.

DOCK WALLOPER

The dying Phillips was carried into the Princeton Club, which by a coincidence happened to be the former home of Stanford White, who was shot by another nut, Harry Thaw.

Now, for a second coincidence—one of the pallbearers for Phillips was Alfred Henry Lewis, the friend for whom I did the favor of kidnaping Thaw from the Matteawan bughouse.

Frank Harris wrote a beautiful story in *Pearson's* about me on the docks. He was a queer fellow, but I got along with him. He had made a lot of enemies with his writings, and he carried a little pistol in his pocket. He had been told by a joker friend of mine at the District Attorney's office that John Jacob Astor could have him bumped off. Astor went down on the *Titanic* without attending to that.

After Harris went to Europe to live, I didn't see him any more, but I heard from him not long before he died. He had concocted a spicy book about his life, and the government wouldn't let it come into the United States. He wrote me about helping him to smuggle in five hundred copies of the book.

"I know they won't pass the customs without expurgations," Harris wrote me, "but I remember your ability to do things. I want to reveal certain truths that Americans should know."

I was sorry I couldn't help him out with his truths. I didn't want to get mixed up with the Federal government; I'm getting too old for that.

MAN-ABOUT-TOWN

Never forget a friend is my motto. Arnold Rothstein, the big-time gambler who was murdered in the Park Central on the day Herbert Hoover was elected President, did me a favor when he contributed to my campaign fund when I was running for president of the longshoremen's international. Sometime later, when I was in the midst of a big strike that tied up shipping in the harbor, Arnold came to me and asked a favor in return.

Our mutual friend, Morris Gest, son-in-law of David Belasco, was about to open the new Century Theater with his "Aphrodite" show, but he couldn't get the scenery in from Europe because of the strike. The ship with the scenery on board was laying out in midstream in the Hudson, off Twenty-fourth Street, opposite my local, 866.

Rothstein came to me and asked me to help Gest. He said Gest would be ruined if his show failed to open. Gest himself offered me five thousand dollars to help him out, but I refused the money and did it for nothing as a favor to Arnold.

At the risk of being put in the position of breaking my own strike, I arranged with little Matty Donovan, president of my local, to release that scenery. Matty got a gang together at his saloon and the men went out on a couple of lighters and got all the scenery off the ship and over to the dock, where I had teamsters ready to haul it to the theater.

"Aphrodite" opened on time!

DOCK WALLOPER

I met Helen Gould, of the society-page Goulds, in very informal fashion. The Jay Gould mansion was on Fifth Avenue, around Forty-seventh Street, as I remember, and across the street was the Windsor Hotel. The hotel caught fire on March 17—this was way back in the '90s—while I was standing on the Avenue in a crowd waiting for the St. Patrick's Day parade.

Before the fire engines arrived on the scene, the hotel was all in flames. It was an old-fashioned hotel with a lot of elderly codgers living there, so I ran in the lobby to see what I could do. I saw a couple of old ladies on the mezzanine and I grabbed hold of them and led them out to the street.

There weren't any fire escapes, but from all the windows upstairs guests were throwing fire ropes out of the windows and sliding down. I spied two girls on a narrow ledge six floors up. They couldn't slide down their ropes because the flames were directly underneath, so I caught the ends of the ropes and pulled them across the street, so the girls could slide down at an angle, away from the flames.

Being an ironworker, I knew the best way was to slide down hand over hand, and I called to the girls to do that, but they became hysterical and half way down they let go and dropped to death on the sidewalk. Some others were burned to death.

Helen Gould threw open her house to the homeless people from the destroyed hotel, and I went in to help the Goulds serve hot coffee and sandwiches. That was my first and last visit with the Goulds.

MAN-ABOUT-TOWN

Disaster seems to be always just around the corner from where I am. I remember how us longshoremen were all keyed up waiting for the *Titanic* when she sailed for this country on her maiden voyage. She was supposed to be non-sinkable, and naturally we were all shocked when instead of arriving safely at her Chelsea pier she rammed an iceberg up north and went down.

I was president of the longshoremen's district council at that time, and heard different stories concerning the sinking of the so-called non-sinkable liner. One story was that the men in charge were trying for a speed record; another was that the officers had been celebrating to excess.

When the *Carpathia* brought in the passengers and sailors who survived the wreck, the bos'n and the rest of the *Titanic's* crew were almost as poor as the day they were born, having lost all their personal belongings. Most of them were wearing borrowed clothes that fitted like tents. The seamen made me custodian of the gifts that were pouring in from the public that appreciated their heroism. There was a government investigation of the sinking and I went down with the men to Washington, expensing them for drinks and sandwiches.

There was a big collection for the *Titanic* crew. Mayor Gaynor received \$67,000, and I went down to get it. He told me he gave it to the Red Cross. In the meantime most of the sailors had gone back to England, broke. I went up to the Red Cross offices at Madison Square and asked about the money.

"None of the sailors came here for it," they told me.

DOCK WALLOPER

"They're strangers in this country and wouldn't know how to get here," I replied.

Since then I've often wondered what became of that money.

That's enough of tragedy for a while. Let me tell you how I entertained President Harding's two sisters when they came to New York on a vacation. There was Abigail Harding and her sister, Carolyn, the wife of a fellow named Dr. Heber Votaw, who was head of the pardon board at the Atlanta penitentiary.

My friend, David J. Allen, the Republican leader in New Jersey, who was purchasing agent for federal prisons, asked me to show Abigail Harding and Mr. and Mrs. Votaw around the town. We started off by getting limousines from my friend, Al Marinelli, Tammany leader of the Second Assembly District.

We had a nice dinner in a private room at the Belmont Hotel, of which my friend Jim Woods was manager. I didn't have any money, but I just put my John Hancock on the check and told the waiter, "Now you take this to Jim Woods and tell him to hold it."

I suppose he's still holding it.

The Harding girls wanted to see a show, so I took them to the "Old Soak." Nobody told me Mrs. Votaw was hard of hearing; after the show I learned she hadn't heard a damned word of the play. Maybe it was just as well. The Votaws were Seventh Day Adventists.

Our next stopping place was Billy Gallagher's cabaret and speakeasy, "The Garden," under 711 Seventh Avenue, where I used to have a saloon and union head-

MAN-ABOUT-TOWN

quarters. While the dancing was going on, I introduced Billy Gallagher to Votaw.

"Now, Bill," I said, "if you have any friends down Atlanta way, Mr. Votaw will help you out."

"I'll do what I can," Votaw agreed.

Billy spread a nice table of food for us. I introduced the people in my party to Magistrate Frank McQuade. He wouldn't believe I was traveling with President Harding's sisters.

"What a nerve that Dick Butler has," he whispered to Billy Gallagher.

To show what a nerve I did have, I took the party on a tour through the Tombs, where I had been a prisoner in the Thaw kidnaping case. I had a lot of friends there on the warden's staff, and whenever I took a party of tourists through they pulled a stock joke on me about smuggling people out of prison.

"Mind you took in five people; don't come out with ten," the Warden said to me this time. "No Matteawan business," he added with a grin.

The Harding girls were anxious to go slumming in a big way, so I took the party down to Al Marinelli's headquarters at the Occidental Hotel, Broome Street and the Bowery. From there we went to "The Glue Pot," a basement dive, where the management faked a fight, throwing dishes and knives at each other. The Harding girls liked that.

We wound up the night at little "Chuck" Mazza's restaurant, where we listened to the piano player and the singing waiters until 1:30 o'clock in the morning. Suddenly there came a loud knocking on the door. It

DOCK WALLOPER

seems that somebody had called Police Headquarters and said that the President's sisters were down in this dump. A squad of detectives were dispatched to rescue them, not knowing how they got there. I convinced the cops that the Harding girls were having a good time and in no danger.

"Ladies, put your hats on," I said after the cops left, and we went back to the Belmont. Mrs. Votaw confided to me that she thought the slums of New York were very tame compared to the slums in Turkey where she had been as a missionary.

The next day Abigail Harding wanted to go out to Manhasset, Long Island, with a friend, so I called up Chief Inspector John O'Brien, my friend for thirty-five years, and got a motorcycle police escort for Abigail. She liked that, too.

Now for a laugh. Dave Allen had warned the Harding girls that they mustn't mind Dick Butler if he used strong language or made any breaks, because he didn't have much education.

"Why, Dave," protested Abigail Harding after she met me, "Mr. Butler is an intellectual. Look at those characteristics—that big head, that large nose, and those strong features—they all denote intelligence."

Can you beat it! Everybody in New York thinks I'm a low-brow, but the President's own sister calls me intellectual!

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

THE KAISER'S YACHT—MY SHIP COMES IN

I'M the world's supreme optimist. Every night I go to sleep, dreaming sweet dreams, fully expecting to wake up a millionaire. Every morning I'm just as broke as the night before, but not the least bit downhearted. Prosperity is always a pretty bubble for me.

Harry Baldwin, my educated friend, the best lay lawyer in the country, a man who can quote by the hour and the yard from Shakespeare and the Bible and all the other books I never found time to read, says that I'm the spittin' image of one of Dickens' characters, a guy named Micawber, I believe, who was forever waiting for something to turn up. That's me all right, never tired of hoping for a break—looking for my ship to come in.

Mine's been a stormy life, and my ship hasn't reached a snug harbor so far, but I'm not one to toss the towel in the ring and give up fighting. After all, I'm not yet sixty, and my mother lived to be a hundred.

I've had a wealth of experiences that money couldn't buy (don't make me an offer). And speaking of money, I've tried making it in a variety of ways—back-breaking labor on the docks, putting up skyscrapers, laying street

DOCK WALLOPER

car tracks, betting on the ponies, opening saloons, organizing union labor, playing politics, running for office, engaging in the rum and radio rackets, mixing in the prizefight and hockey industries, and doing favors for friends. I'm always willing to take a sporting chance, and I'm proud to be known as a sportsman.

The easiest money I ever made was on "The Imp." Back in the days when I was a young fellow breaking into politics and the labor racket, I took an afternoon off from my duties and went over to the Brooklyn Suburban. I knew nothing about racing, but I had plenty of money—I was making all kinds of dough. I rode over in a barouche with a stevedore boss who had a tip on a horse called "The Imp." We went into the paddock and looked her over. "The Imp" was a quiet mare, as coal black as Jockey Clay, the nigger who was riding her. I patted the nag on the rump and bet one thousand dollars on her nose. The bugle sounded for the parade to the post, and I walked along with "The Imp."

"That's my horse," I told everybody, and, dumb as I was, I really believed my one grand had bought her.

While the other horses were acting up and jumping the barrier, "The Imp" behaved like a lady. I thought she had no spirit, and I began to weaken on her.

"What kind of a horse did you give me?" I demanded of my friend. "That's not a horse, but a dog."

But as soon as the starter gave his signal, and the crowd shouted "They're off!" "The Imp" sprinted to the front and ran like the thoroughbred she was.

THE KAISER'S YACHT—MY SHIP COMES IN

"Looks like I'm in the money," I said to myself, and sure enough I was.

"Imp wins!" the crowd roared.

Still under the impression that I had bought the mare, I tried to take hold of her reins and lead her in to the judge's stand, but the jockey set me right.

"That horse is worth fifty thousand dollars," he told me.

As it was, I won nine thousand dollars on her race. It was fool's luck for me, and I acted like a fool. I went to celebrate at a resort in the Red Hook section of Brooklyn and ordered wine for everybody. For four weeks, as long as my money lasted, I never left that place. I wound up without a dollar.

What a greenhorn I was!

I'm a boxing fan, and I've been a promoter and manager in my time. Where the moving stairway now is in the Pennsylvania Railroad Station, there used to be an abandoned church building and that's where I opened the Hudson River Athletic Club around the turn of the century. I hired the hall and put on bouts featuring Kid Rock, Dutch Miller, Jabber Cary, Jim Judd and others that you never heard of.

William Travers Jerome was campaigning for District Attorney then on the Black Diamond ticket and the Democrats and Republicans wouldn't let him speak in the neighborhood. I was always a rebel in politics, so I let him speak at our club, and I spoke for him, too. He was elected and became famous later as the prosecutor of Harry Thaw. He was always my friend.

DOCK WALLOPER

I have a cousin, James W. Butler, who is one of the best known newspaper writers in London and a leading sports authority. When English boxers were coming over to invade the United States, Cousin Jim sent them to see me, and in that way I met Jimmy Wilde, Bombardier Wells, Phil Scott, Len Harvey and other champions from across the sea. I arranged a fight between Jimmy Wilde and Patsy Wallace in Toronto.

At the time of the Dempsey-Carpentier fight, Major Wilson, the English promoter, came over with a letter of introduction from Cousin Jim, and we became good friends. Later on Major Wilson was promoter at the new Wembley Stadium at London and wanted to match an American heavyweight to box Jack Bloomfield, the English champ. The Major sent over an agent named Harry Levine to me to have me line up the American.

Mike McTigue wanted one hundred thousand dollars for the bout; Tommy Gibbons set his terms at sixty thousand dollars; Willie Stribling asked forty thousand dollars and Jack Renault was willing to work for a mere thirty-five thousand dollars. I decided Gibbons was the best attraction, as he had just made a strong showing against Jack Dempsey out in Montana. I had known Tommy and his manager, Eddie Kane, for years, so I called up Eddie out in Chicago and told him:

“Eddie, there is a chance to get Gibbons that fight with Bloomfield. They have the Wembley Stadium there. It sits from 125,000 to 150,000 people. Levine is over here and if you can arrange terms at the price that Major Wilson wants to give there is a chance for you to get the fight.”

THE KAISER'S YACHT—MY SHIP COMES IN

"Fine, Dick," Eddie says. "How much is it?"

"Well, now," I says, "they are all talking \$90,000, \$100,000, but the best Major Wilson will give is \$50,000. If you will take that fight for fifty, I can get it for you."

"All right," Eddie says, "if you'll get that fight for \$50,000, Dick, I'll give you \$2,500."

So the bout was held at Wembley in 1924, and for the next five years I had to fight Eddie Kane in the courts of New York, Chicago and Miami to get my \$2,500. I got judgment for the full amount, but after I finished paying court costs and lawyer fees nothing was left. Which is one reason why I have little respect for the processes of justice and even less for the promises of prizefight managers.

On the witness stand, Eddie Kane made one of the truest statements ever spoken. He said:

"Boxing, of course, is a little different than regular business."

It sure is!

Did you know I was a yachtsman? Yes, even before I bought the Kaiser's yacht, I had a hankering to sail the ocean waves. Sir Thomas Lipton was trying to lift the America's Cup, so every day of the races me and Harry Baldwin used to go out on the press boat to watch the races. Damon Runyon, Ring Lardner and a lot of other writers were aboard, and when they were busy with their typewriters or ginger ale and forgot about their duties as yachtsmen, I used to stand on the deck and exchange salutes with J. P. Morgan and the other yachtsmen who sailed by. Damon kidded me along in a story,

DOCK WALLOPER

and the *Morning Telegraph* made me its special nautical correspondent.

That wasn't my first newspaper experience at that, for I ran a labor column in the now defunct *New York Bulletin*.

The history of Madison Square Garden has been round after round of double-crossing and foul play, starting with the old Garden, where Harry Thaw bumped off Stanford White, and carrying on at the new Garden, where the owners and managers are always fighting among themselves. The Thaw case and the double-crossing I got from Tex Rickard on professional hockey must have put a curse on the joint.

In 1913, when I was hiding out in Canada waiting for the hue and cry over the Thaw kidnaping to die down, I couldn't help noticing the popularity of the ice hockey game up there, and I got the idea that the sport could be put over in the United States. In 1920 the old Madison Square Garden property was in receivership, and I thought the time was right to buy it up and start hockey games there. Judge Sam McCall, head of the *New York Life*, was approached and agreed to sell the place to us.

I went up to Toronto with Harry Baldwin and Colonel Charles Crowley, a friend of Judge McCall, and we lined up some leading Canadian sportsmen—Percy Quinn, who was captain of the Shamrocks team, Eddie Livingston, and Dick Green, the Crown prosecutor, who had been my host and protector during the Thaw exile. Quinn and Livingston had a backer by the name of Sir

THE KAISER'S YACHT—MY SHIP COMES IN

John Fleming who agreed to put up the \$4,500,000 to take over the Garden.

Percy was to organize the teams in this country to form a league. We set about promoting teams in Boston, Pittsburgh and New York. I introduced Percy and Livingston to my friend, Charley Stoneham, owner of the New York Giants baseball club, and also interested Colonel Huston, one of the owners of the New York Yankees baseball club, in the proposition.

Tex Rickard, who had staged the Dempsey-Willard championship fight at Toledo, was breaking into the boxing racket in New York and was afraid that we would take the Garden away from him. We assured him that our main interest was in hockey, and that we would let him lease the arena for his bouts.

I made the mistake of confiding my plans to Tex and his gang. I never figured there would be any hitch in the deal as I had the Tammany leaders, Tom Foley and Eddie Ahearn, on our side. Foley wanted us to take care of his friends, Joe Humphreys, the ring announcer; Charlie Harvey, the fight promoter, and Tommy Gorman, the police reporter.

There was a delay in signing the papers because Judge McCall was out in San Francisco attending the Democratic National Convention that nominated Governor James Cox of Ohio for President and Franklin D. Roosevelt for Vice-President. In the meantime Rickard had lined up John Ringling, the circus man, as his bankroll, and when McCall got back in town Rickard immediately got in touch with him and took over the Garden himself, without a word to us.

DOCK WALLOPER

I couldn't believe Tex would double-cross us that way. One night I dropped into Shanley's and Bat Masterson was at a table. Bat was my friend as well as a friend of Tex and he knew what was going on on both sides. I ordered drinks and Bat told me I had been double-crossed.

"Rickard is at Southampton right now signing up with Judge McCall," Bat said.

"Jesus Christ, Bat, how can he do such a thing?" I asked him.

But it turned out that Bat was right, and all my friends were left out in the cold, including Harry Baldwin who had spent \$4,500 in promoting the deal.

"Don't get excited, keep cool," Bat advised me. "Tex is pretty foxy. He has done some shady things before."

I walked in on Rickard in his office in the Tower of the Garden and told him what I thought of him for conning us along until our option expired and then signing up with the other side.

"I never did like you at any time," I said. "You, supposed to be a square guy, sold phoney stock to a lot of poor waiters and hat-room boys."

Tex promised to see that we got our expenses back in the hockey deal, but I had no faith in him

"Let me tell you, Tex," I warned him, "that it's as sure as the fates that the double-cross will happen to you. You won't be able to sleep nights thinking of the dirty deal you gave us, and right now you're expecting the cross from some of your own associates."

Which was true, but it didn't do us any good. I had

THE KAISER'S YACHT—MY SHIP COMES IN

tried to take over Madison Square Garden on a shoe-string, and had been tripped up.

But I had the right idea about bringing professional hockey to the United States. It is a thrilling sport and is here to stay. So put me down as a pioneer in the hockey game, even though I never made a cent out of the most ambitious promotion of all my life.

When prohibition is repealed and the statute of limitations runs its course, the big rum runners will be safe in turning author and telling all about the amazing industry that Volstead and his gloomy crowd wished upon this country. Being up and down Broadway day and night, I learned a lot, and I'm not one to hold back anything. Some of my best friends are rum runners—in fact, I was one myself in a modest way. Rum running is one of America's leading industries, with a world of comedy and tragedy connected with it.

For comedy, consider the case of a certain bonded warehouse in Brooklyn where whisky was stored. The owners were convicted of transferring the liquor illegally, so in order to carry on the business they turned it over to me to organize a different corporation. General Pershing was very much in the headlines at that time, so we made it the Pershing Warehouse Corporation in his honor. We had \$200,000 worth of liquor stored there in barrels, but later on when the government agents checked on the barrels it was found that they contained water, not whisky.

I, of course, was amazed at the miraculous conversion of whisky into water. I blamed the rats that infested

DOCK WALLOPER

the place, but there must have been some other explanation. I could figure out how the rats might drink the whisky out of the barrels, but I never could understand how the rats got the water back in.

There's a tragic side connected to the booze business that cost me several of my friends—Matty Donovan, dearest of them all. Matty was the game little rooster who was president of my longshoremen's local and fought beside me in the big strike of 1919.

One day Chief Billy Flynn of the Department of Justice sent for me at the Astor. He informed me that President Wilson had received a letter tipping him off that me and Matty and two prominent government officials had each made \$200,000 in the rum business.

That wasn't true—I wish it was.

“Chief,” I said, “don't pay any attention to that. Some people have a habit of writing letters. The only man who's doing any business is Matty.”

“Tell him to cut it out,” commanded Chief Flynn. “And if I catch you, our friendship ceases.”

“That little fellow is my friend but I have nothing to do with liquor,” I said.

When I told Matty that the Chief wanted him to get out of the rum business, the fiery little Irishman snapped back: “Let him go to hell.” But I took him over to the hotel to see Flynn.

I've always had a few irons in the fire, and at that time I was in the radio business at 1133 Broadway with Matty and Harry Baldwin. We were pioneers in that, too, trying to sell the early crystal sets with ear phones and cat-whiskers.

THE KAISER'S YACHT—MY SHIP COMES IN

"I see you're associated with Dick in the radio business," Chief Flynn said to Matty. "And I understand you're also associated with him in the running of liquor. I want you to stop it."

Matty, who was only knee high to a grasshopper, refused to be intimidated.

"Chief," he said, "you might get the big fellow to quit"—meaning me—"but I'm going to stay in."

Stay in he did. One night not long afterward he brought me a bottle of Scotch up at our Broadway office.

"I'm coming back in the morning and I'm going to have plenty of money," he declared. "We'll buy that radio factory and a couple Packards and baseball bats, and we're going to ride up Broadway and bat in a couple of guys that's knocking Dick Butler."

"Good-by, Dick," were his last words to me.

Matty Donovan went out to sea in a terrific storm that night. He had been warned to remain on land; even the pilot boats wouldn't venture against the rough water. But Matty was daring as hell.

The tug he was on made a contact off Rum Row and started back, loaded to the gunwales with three thousand cases of booze, worth \$90,000 or more. What with the storm and the heavy load on the old tug, it was too much, and the boat sunk off Sandy Hook, with the loss of Matty and his cargo and his crew of fourteen.

Matty died like the hero he was, but Broadway wouldn't have it so. He was out on appeal for a ten-year term for smuggling, so Broadway whispered:

"He wasn't lost at sea, he just sneaked away."

DOCK WALLOPER

It's bad enough to lose your shirt in the radio business and everything else you try your hand at, but to lose your home is worse still.

My home for many years has been what I laughingly call "The Castle," a frame house in the heart of Hell's Kitchen in the shadow of the Ninth Avenue L. There I raised my big family and had some of the happiest times of my life. My lovely Mary and my dear old mother, who lived to be a hundred, are dead now, and my raft of kids are all grown up, but The Castle is still my home and I like to go back there now and then when I'm not batting around Broadway.

You can imagine my state of mind then when I got an anonymous message not long ago from some of my friends in the underworld, warning me to clear out of the house because they were going to bomb the non-union barber shop directly downstairs. It pays to have friends like that; otherwise the Butlers might all have been blown out of bed some fine morning.

Just the same, I didn't want to move. I was sentimentally attached to the old shanty, and besides I didn't have to pay rent there. The property is owned by the Trinity Church corporation, which is so rich it can afford not to dispossess poor people who haven't the rent money. They just take it for granted you'll pay if you have the money. I had been going along there month after month, without ever being bothered by a collector or a city marshal.

After I was tipped off to move out, I was between the devil and the deep blue sea. I hated to stay and get dynamited into little pieces; on the other hand, I was

THE KAISER'S YACHT—MY SHIP COMES IN

reluctant to move some other place where I'd have to pay rent.

The solution of the problem was so simple it was a wonder I didn't think of it right away. I merely went downstairs and persuaded the barber to get the hell out of there.

Thank God, I still have my home, and my home is my Castle.

While the Florida boom was on, I ran into my old friend Captain Tom Kehoe of the Admiral Oriental line in Johnny Hogan's bar on Greenwich Street—Johnny's the Mayor of the Battery, you know. Captain Tom suggested that I go into the stevedore business in Florida, where an embargo was in effect because there weren't enough men to unload the ships down there.

I hired sixty husky Swedes and then went out to see Carl Fisher, the Indianapolis race track man, at his Port Washington, Long Island, estate. He owned Fisher's Island near Miami which I wanted for housing my longshoremen.

"If you get to Florida with sixty Swedes," Fisher told me, "the competition for their services will be so keen you won't be able to hold them."

But just the same, like the prince that he is, he let me have the use of Fisher's Island. When I arrived there with my Swedes, we were like a pack of Robinson Crusoes. There was no water, gas, electricity or plumbing on the island; nothing but sand. I had brought along some knives, forks and beds I bought on the Bowery, and we dug up some oil lamps, put up some tents and

DOCK WALLOPER

started a commissary. We used a couple of rowboats to connect with the mainland.

We could see dozens of big ships laying out in the ocean for lack of men to unload their cargoes. I proposed to lift the embargo with the aid of my Swedes, and I did. We took 10,000 drums of asphalt off one boat, 225 Fords off another, and so it went.

A gang of Swedes can eat you out of house and home, and just when we were about to make good in a big way my chief backer ran out on me. With nothing to eat, the Swedes quit me, and there I was all by myself with nothing but a ham sandwich between me and starvation.

But why should I worry? Something always turns up more promising than before. I'm the damnedest one for having the strangest adventures.

Moping along the Miami waterfront, I run across a brave old salt, Captain Dinny Haynes, graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, a brilliant master of the sea, known in every civilized port and a lot that weren't civilized. For some time he had been engaged in smuggling South Sea islanders into Peru and other South American countries where the islanders were sold into slavery.

Now Captain Dinny had another proposition, and he wanted me in as a partner. It seems that two lawyers down there were looking for a buyer for the magnificent steel yacht *Nohab* that had belonged to the first wife of Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany, the guy that had to beat it to Holland without time to worry about his yachts or anything but his skin. The ship had been built

THE KAISER'S YACHT—MY SHIP COMES IN

by the Krupps originally for Bertha Krupp, and cost a million, but when the Kaiserin saw it and admired it, Bertha Krupp made her a present of it. It had an imperial suite for the Kaiser and Kaiserin, and gold dishes and a silver-lined bathtub.

"We can buy it for \$85,000," said Captain Dinny, who was as flat broke as I was. "They'll take \$2,500 or \$3,000 down, and notes for the rest to be paid off at \$5,000 a month."

We figured we could run the ship from Miami to Havana and Nassau and back, making two trips a week. We got a promise of sixty-eight passengers a week from Cook's at twenty-five dollars a round trip per passenger. Then there would be American, English and Cuban mail contracts which would put us on velvet.

The *Nohab* was a coal burner, and I planned to do a little rum running on the side, having the booze slipped under the fuel when we coaled at Havana. It looked like a sure-fire proposition all around, so I dug up the necessary down payment from the Miami sporting element, four or five fellows I knew from Broadway, and I sold them the gambling concessions on the *Nohab*. The ship was to be a floating gambling house with roulette and everything.

We bought some paint and metal polish, and Captain Ermann set his crew of Germans to make the *Nohab* ship-shape.

At last I was the owner of a ship of my own. It had been my dream for years to own some kind of a boat, and now I had one of the classiest yachts on the ocean.

DOCK WALLOWER

Not bad for a greenhorn who came over in the steerage. My bad luck was over it seemed; I'd gotten the good break that I was eternally looking for. My ship had come in.

I was living in grand style in the Fleetwood Hotel, paying one hundred dollars a week for my room. I had a man to take me out in a launch every day to my yacht, which was flying the Peter for me. I was sailing high, wide and handsome.

All my friends wanted to bathe in my silver tub and eat off my gold dishes. I had to watch them closely because I was afraid they'd steal the valuables.

The ship was a beautiful picture, lying out in Bis-cayne Bay, riding at anchor.

I was leaving my hotel one evening to hunt up a little whisky when I heard whistles blowing. They were storm warnings—a hurricane was coming up from the Caribbean. I went back to my hotel room and stayed there for hour after hour as the worst storm I'd ever seen played with poor Florida.

The hotel was shaking like it had the jitters. The wind blew hard all evening. Around ten o'clock the electric lights went out. It was raining cats and dogs. The steady roar of the wind and the rain was terrible.

I went down into the lobby and found it crowded with nervous wrecks who expected the roof to fall in on them any minute. I decided I'd just as soon be killed in my own room, and so I went upstairs again.

For the first time in many years, I knelt down and said a prayer—mostly for those at home and a little for me.

THE KAISER'S YACHT—MY SHIP COMES IN

Towards morning the water was running waist high through the streets and into the doors of buildings. It looked like everybody would be drowned soon, but suddenly the water receded and the wind died down. The worst seemed to be over.

I went down into the street. Everything imaginable was floating around—household utensils, children's toys, uprooted trees, crippled birds and dead animals.

People put on bathing suits and waded out on the beach. Then the trees began to blow again, and a second storm struck more furious than the first. Walls and roofs of stucco and frame houses near my hotel were smacked down, and entire houses were washed away. Even skyscrapers were bent and twisted. As if the wind wasn't enough, the ocean rolled in on us, covering everything with sand and water.

The next day the sun peeped out, but everybody and everything was ruined. Walking down to the beach, I had a premonition that all was not well with Dick Butler's fortune. All the palm trees and shrubbery were down and blown away. For two blocks in from the ocean, the streets were deep with sand and looked like one large beach. The houses facing the ocean were filled with sand a story high. The beach was littered with dead fish that smelled to heaven. The trolley tracks on the causeway were swept away. The dredges that had been in the water were tossed up on the land.

The *Rose Mahoney*, a five-masted schooner, was stranded up on a main street. The Kit Kat Club, a gambling house on Miami Beach, had been heaved up on my Fisher's Island.

A Word from

JOSEPH DRISCOLL

Joseph Driscoll, a newspaperman on the staff of the *New York Herald Tribune*, who describes himself as "one of the biggest writers before the American public today"—standing six feet four in his stocking feet and weighing around 200 pounds on the beach—says in his introduction to "Dock Walloper": "It was a pleasure to help Dick assemble his narrative, and this was done in the fitting atmosphere of a Broadway hotel room, to the accompaniment of gay parties in the adjoining suites, speakeasy smells and taxi horns. Dick's method was to sit on the edge of his bed, remove his black derby, coat, vest and shoes, loosen his tie and let down his suspenders. Then, in that unforgettable fog-horn voice of his, he would boom forth his yarns of days that were gone. At the risk of losing his trousers, he would now and then jump up from the bed, extend his fists, and act out some of the hand-to-hand battles in which he figured. A pint of 'Lincoln Inn' on a bedside table served to oil the cogs of memory.

"By one or two o'clock in the morning, we'd have enough material for a chapter. Dick would put on his shoes, vest and coat, adjust his suspenders and tie, cock his derby at a rakish angle, and sally forth to prowl like a tom-cat about the city he knows so well."



BIG DICK BUTLER

. . . is an original living character right out of Hell's Kitchen who is not to be confused with Trader Horn, Baron Munchausen or Sinbad the Sailor. What he relates is the gospel truth, mellowed and strengthened by age like the whiskey of which he is so fond.

For unabashed frankness, the memories of Butler are akin to the "Confessions" of Jean Jacques Rousseau. The comparison would please Butler. Not long ago he picked up a copy of Rousseau at a cut-rate Times Square shop because the book was cheap, and he reads it over and over because he thinks Jean was one swell guy, a bozo who was content to be himself and not a plaster saint.

Seemingly Butler knows more people in all ranks of human society than any other New Yorker. He has friends among Governors and gangsters, politicians and thieves, judges and con men, cops and palookas, authors and actors, rum runners and speakeasy folk, show girls and waitresses. In politics, business and sport he knows Who's Who and also Why.

He has been on familiar terms with Presidents and Mayors. He has rubbed shoulders with reformers, grafters, gamblers and bawds. He is the Peck's Bad Boy of the Big City.

If you are tired of ordinary books, if your literary appetite is jaded and you want something different, read the story of Big Dick Butler.

DOCK WALLOPER

The Story of "BIG DICK" BUTLER

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